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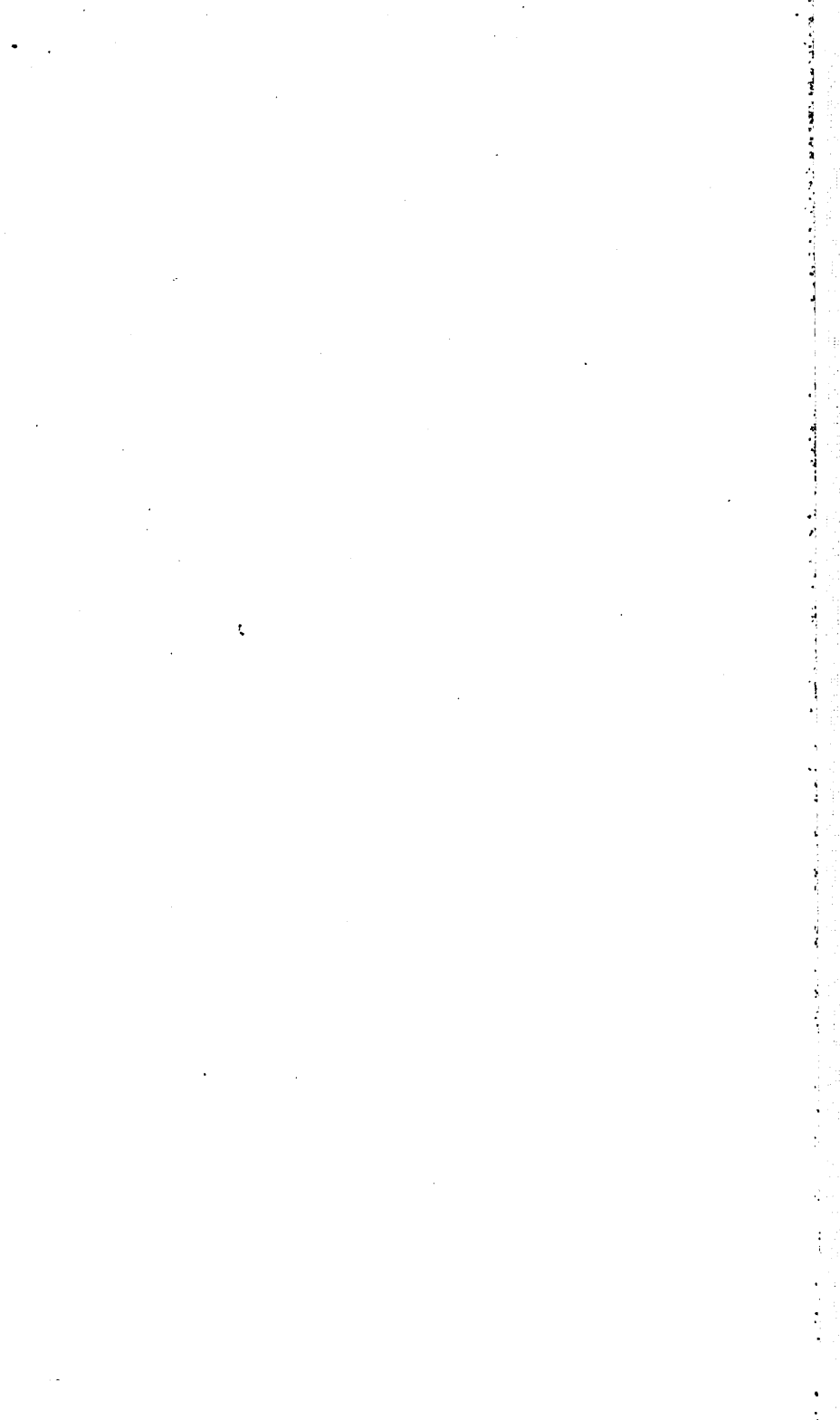
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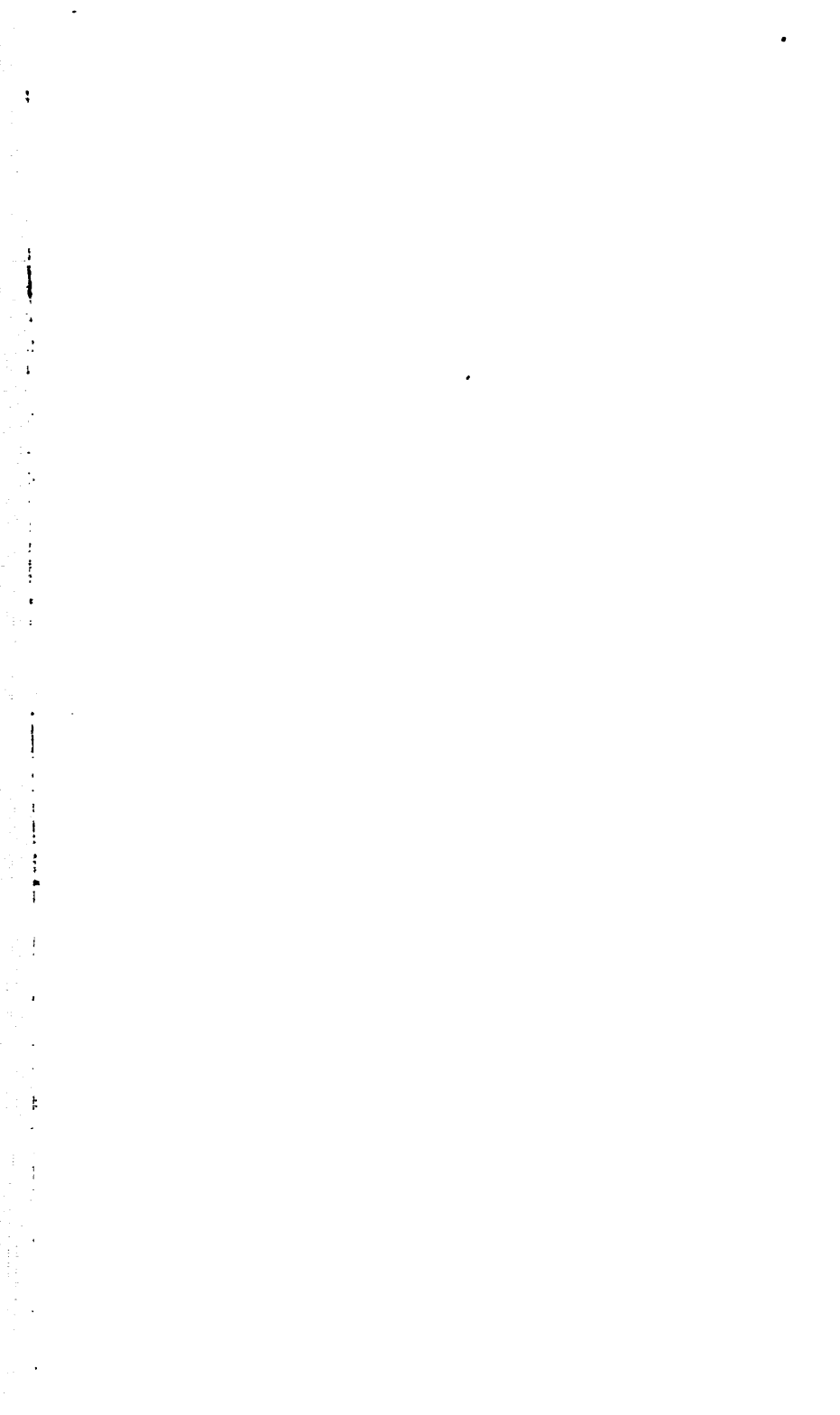
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HISTORY  
OF THE  
BRITISH TURF.

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# History

## of the British Empire

OF THE  
BRITISH EMPIRE

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON

1857

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HISTORY  
OF  
THE BRITISH TURF,  
—  
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO  
THE PRESENT DAY.

BY  
JAMES RICE  
(Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; formerly of Queens' College, Cambridge).

"Thou that mayst fortune to be of myne opinion and condytion to love horses, take hede tha thou be not beguiled as I have been an hundred tymes and more."—*Boke of Husbandry, by Sir A Fitzherbert, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.*

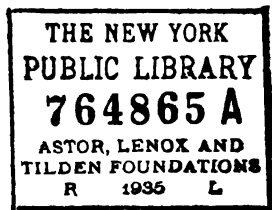
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VOL. I.  
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1879.

70



ROY W. B.  
CLUB  
Y. A. S. L.

TO  
THE MOST HONOURABLE  
THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON, M.P.,  
AND TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, P.C.,  
MASTER OF THE BUCK-HOUNDS,  
TWO OF THE STEWARDS OF THE  
JOCKEY CLUB,  
THIS  
"HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TURF"  
IS DEDICATED,  
WITH THEIR LORDSHIPS' PERMISSION,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

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### VOL. I.

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Page 99, line 5, for "107" read "187."

Page 125, line 5, perhaps for "Marsh" read "Marske."

Page 128, line 9, for "off-wheeler" read "near-wheeler."

Page 129, lines 20, 22, for "Marsh" read "Marske." The name is spelt indifferently in both ways.

Page 139, cause *Jockey Club v. Hawkins*—an action exactly like this was tried at the Cambridge Assizes in 1866, against the sporting correspondent of the *Morning Post*, with like result.

Page 142, line 22—The Turn of the Lands to the Winning Post is the last mile of Beacon Course, not quite a mile therefore—for "the whole" read "that part."

Page 173, top line, for "Baron" read "Chief Baron."

Page 211, line 29, after "this name" insert "originally called Maccabæus, and next Zanoni."

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## P R E F A C E.

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PERHAPS the Centenary of the Derby is not an unfitting time for the issue of a History of the British Turf. For some two hundred years the pursuit of Horse-racing has been attractive to more of our countrymen than any other out-door pastime, yet no popular account of the Sport has hitherto appeared. It is true that in 1840 Mr. Whyte published a history, in two volumes, chiefly filled up with lists of the principal Stakes run for in successive years; while in 1863 an anonymous author, whose name I have been unable to discover, though I have been at considerable trouble in the effort to do so, issued an account of Horse-racing, which gave some valuable topographical details of the places of Sport, but rarely, if ever, mentioned a horse.

The present work is a humble attempt to supply the deficiencies of the two former accounts. It is mainly a compilation from the Sporting Magazines and newspapers, and from books relating to the subject—a list of which is appended. The plan of the work was entirely approved by the late Admiral Rous, from whom I received

several valuable hints, and to whom, with his permission, the book would, had he lived, have been dedicated.

2. The object I have steadily had in view in writing this work has been to collect all the most interesting facts connected with the Turf, to give the pedigrees of some of the best horses, short historical notices of those localities famous in connection with the sport, and biographical sketches of the principal actors in its varied scenes, from its earliest period to the present day.

The matter contained in these volumes has been collected from various sources of information, too scattered and difficult of access to be obtainable by most readers, even had they the time and inclination to pursue their studies in this direction so far. For instance, a set of the *Sporting Magazine*—an invaluable repository of information about the Sport—now sells, when in the market, for about one hundred guineas; and the difficulty of finding anything in the bound volumes of a newspaper, even when procurable, needs no comment.

At the present day no apology is needed for the existence of a History of the Turf. Never before were the great Meetings so largely attended, or the funds at the disposal of Race Committees so large. At the recent Ascot Meeting, no less a sum than £14,550 was given in added money to the various Stakes during the four days—£2,000 being added to the Hardwicke Stakes (the richest prize of the Meeting) alone, a race named in compliment to the Master of the Buckhounds; while £8,000 have been



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expended since last year in replacing the old Alexandra Stand by a new and handsome structure.

Let us turn now to the representation of the interests of what has been called with justice the National Sport in the Press. There are at the present time 1,763 newspapers published in this country, whereas at the time Mr. Whyte's book appeared there were only 447; and in the vast majority of these organs of public opinion Racing has its regular place. Mr. Whyte says:—"In the literature of the country the Turf maintains two weekly newspapers and four monthly magazines—viz., the old *Sporting Magazine*, commenced in 1792; the new *Sporting Magazine*, started in 1824, by Nim South, a favourite writer for many years previously in the old *Sporting Magazine*; the *Sporting Review*, edited by Craven, who left the old *Sporting Magazine* to begin this *Review* in 1837; and the *Sportsman*, originated in 1829. . . . In addition to these, we have 'Weatherby's Racing Calendar,' the 'Sportsman's Pocket Reference Book,' the 'Turf Remembrancer,' and two Sporting Almanacs, all of which are published yearly."

This seemed an extensive Sporting literature forty years ago. Let us see the amount of pabulum specially provided for the followers of racing now. We have one daily, one bi-weekly, and six weekly papers wholly devoted to Sporting matters; while there are very few newspapers published in the country in which some space is not set aside for the same subject. Moreover, since the passing of

the Act which rendered illegal the publication of Sporting prophecies, a considerable number of circulars of tipsters are issued—some of them daily during race meetings—under the guise of newspapers, for the purpose of giving the selections of the prophets for the day's events.

Mr. Whyte's history was published just before the railway era, and he compares the stage coach of 1840, running down to Oxford from London (fifty-seven miles) in six hours, and the express coach between Gosport and Charing-cross, doing the journey of eighty miles in eight hours, with the coaches of 1742 and 1798, occupying twelve and nineteen hours in travelling over the same distances.

How much greater the change in our methods of locomotion since 1840. We can now run down to Portsmouth in two hours and ten minutes, and to Oxford in one hour and forty-five minutes.

This great change has affected all our institutions, and not least the Turf; and the fact that the last and first publication of a History of the Turf took place in pre-railway times may well be my reason for offering to the public a new work on the same subject.

*London, September, 1879.*

# HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TURF.

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## CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF HORSE-RACING IN ENGLAND—ACTS  
RELATING TO HORSE-RACING—TAXES AND RESTRICTIONS.

IT is probably of little importance, either to the regular *habitué* of the Turf or to him who takes only an occasional and *dilettante* interest in the national sport, to learn that the people of Thessaly were famous equestrians, that the Egyptians were the first nation which made the horse economically useful, or that it is a disputed point whether David or Solomon established for the first time an inconsiderable cavalry force among the Jews. Yet these recondite facts, together with a tangle of references, Biblical and classical, coupled with the information that the army of Xerxes, when he reviewed his forces in Thrace, contained eighty thousand horsemen; that Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots; that Homer, in the sixth book of the "Iliad," and Virgil, in the corresponding book of the "Æneid," wrote respectively, in unexceptionable Greek and Latin verse, spirited descriptions of the horse; that remote report attributed

the parentage of the chariot horses of Cœnomaus, King of Elis, to the Winds, while those of Achilles were got by Zephyrus out of Podarge; and much similar matter, have usually preceded any historical account of the horse in Great Britain.

It is apart from the design of this work to import into its pages, unnecessarily, any matter that is not covered by the title. Leaving Homer and Solomon, then, Greece and Judæa, for the first of our Stuart princes, Tregonwell Frampton, and the British Isles, we will endeavour to direct our attention to those matters which bear strictly on the history of the British Turf.

Precedent, however, makes it almost absolutely necessary that we should remark, on the authority of Cuvier, that the horse is a distinct genus, belonging to the order of *Pachydermata*; and, further, that Buffon “justly says of him” that he “possesses, along with grandeur of stature, the greatest elegance and proportion of parts of all quadrupeds”—an opinion which, in Great Britain at least, will be generally endorsed.

The horse is found in every region of the world, often in considerable variety of breed in the same country. In England, he exists in the well-known forms of the racer, hunter, charger, hackney, troop horse, machiner, cart horse, cob, pony—all of which trace their descent, more or less directly, from the gentil horses, the running horses, the palfreys, hobbies, clothseks, monteaux, curtals, gambakdynges, and amblynge horses of the merrie England of Elizabeth.

America, whose stock of horses is derived mainly from English importations, possesses also the trotting horse, now a distinct breed of great value and excellence.

Horses existed in England before histories, and the earliest of our historians do not appear to have taken the trouble to make any extensive inquiries as to where our native breed originally came from.

From all that can be gathered on the subject, it seems probable that the horse was not indigenous to Britain—at least, within historic times—and that the noble animal was first brought over to our shores from France. The native stock—remote descendants of these Gallic sires and dams—were by no means contemptible animals, when James I. gave £154 sterling (in his time and long afterwards a great sum of money) for an Arabian entire horse, with a view to improving the breed of horses in his new kingdom of England. The Markham Arabian was purchased by James in 1616, at which date horse-racing can hardly have been counted among the usual Sunday afternoon sports and pastimes of the people, or it would probably have been mentioned in "The Pope's Kingdom," published a few years previously, which says—

"Now when their dinner once is done, and that they well have fed,  
To play they go; to casting of the stone, to runne or shoote,  
To tosse the light and windy ball aloft with hand or foote;  
Some others trie their skill in gonnes; some wrastell all the day;  
And some to schooles of fence do goe, to gaze upon the play;  
Another sort there is that do not love abroad to roame,  
But for to passe their time at cards or tables still at home."

There is in this enumeration of the pastimes of that age no allusion to the bear-baitings, cock-fights, and other sports of the time; but a contemporary writer, quoted by Strutt, complaining of the indecent hurrying through the morning prayer, says the minister "posteth it over as fast as he can galloppe, for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenishe dauncing for the ring, a beare or a bull to be baited, or else a jackanapes to ride on horsebacke, or an interlude to be plaide; and if no place else can be gotten, this interlude must be playde in Church." This is from Thomas Cartwright's Admonition to Parliament, 1572; and there is little doubt that if horse-racing had proved part of the Sunday afternoon recreations of the less staid portion of the community, he would have noticed it, as well as the baiting of bulls and bears, the heathenish dancing, the interlude, and the jackanapes on horseback.

James, who thought proper to "rebuke some Puritanes and precise people" during his journey through Lancashire for prohibiting and unlawfully punishing his "good people" for using their lawful recreations and honest exercises on Sundays, published a declaration (May 24, 1618) setting forth what games might be played, which included dancing, both for men and women, archery for men, leaping vaulting, or any other harmless recreations. May games, Whitsun-ales, morris dances, and the sports

of the Maypole are especially permitted. To these amusements of his subjects James added by the establishment of public races in several parts of the kingdom, and by giving his royal countenance and patronage to the sport, especially at Newmarket.

With the reign of James I. horse-racing, as a public sport, may be said to have had its origin. It is true that the horse was valued in England at a high rate from a very early period, and that matches were made between animals belonging to noblemen and gentlemen, and the more opulent class of yeomen; but they appear to have been races or matches of an irregular kind, and not of annual recurrence at stated dates. There were no jockeys, the owners or their grooms riding the horses; the races were ridden at catch weights, there was no attempt at weighing before and after the race; the courses were any stretches of turf that served, without starting or winning posts; and these early races appear also to have been run purely for amusement, and without any element of gain except some small prize or stake.

As early as the ninth century, when Hugh Capet was a suitor for the hand of the sister of Æthelstan, he sent over to that prince, as a present, several running horses, caparisoned with saddles and bridles ornamented with gold. This fact, however, does not establish the existence of the practice of horse-racing among the Anglo-Saxons; on the contrary, the running horses of Hugh Capet were, it is sufficiently

proved, animals swift in the chase, and called running horses on account of their superior speed.

Races were run in Smithfield in the reign of Henry II.; but they were either contests for the public amusement on great holidays, or run for the purpose of selling the horse that had the best of the struggle. Fitzstephen says of these races, after describing the jockeys:—"The horses, on their part, are not without emulation; they tremble, and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they strike, devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity."

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," quoting several contemporary authorities, supports the opinion that horse-races were run in the middle ages. An old black letter pamphlet, containing the poetical legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton, mentions Whitsuntide as a season of the year at which races took place, and goes on—

"Whiche horse that best may ren,  
Three myles the cours was then,  
Who that might ryde him shoulde  
Have forty pounds of redy gold."

That horse-racing was commonly practised at Easter in some parts of England is proved by the fact that, at the end of the seventeenth century, it was prohibited "as being contrary to the holiness of the season."

At Chester, racing, first for a wooden ball "embellished with flowers," and afterwards for a silver bell, on Shrove Tuesday in every year, is of great



antiquity. These races were run over the Roodee, as at present; but the course was five times round it. The silver bell, value three shillings and sixpence, was substituted for the wooden ball in the thirty-first year of King Henry VIII. The first record we find of precise rules, and penalties in the nature of forfeits for disregarding them, occurs in connection with a race at Chester, in the reign of Charles II. The Sheriffs of Chester, instead of indulging in their annual calves' head feast, did without it, and applied the money it would have cost to the purchase of a piece of plate, to be given to the winner of the race to be run for on that day. The High Sheriff borrowed a Barbary horse of Sir Thomas Middleton, and won the piece of plate himself, not allowing the horses of Sir Philip Egerton and Mr. Massey to start for the race, because "they came the day after the time prefixed for the horses to be brought and kept in the city." This high-handed conduct of the Sheriff, however, had the lamentable effect of causing "all the gentry to relinquish these races ever since."

In those days a horse-race occasioned the gathering together of a great crowd, and formed only one of several items provided for the day's sport. "Two centuries back," writes Strutt, in 1801, "horse-racing was considered a liberal pastime, practised for pleasure rather than profit, without the least idea of reducing it to a system of gambling. It is ranked with hunting and hawking by an old Scotch poet, and one of the Puritanical writers of the reign of

Elizabeth, who, though he is very severe against cards, dice, vain plays, interludes, and other pastimes, allows of horse-racing as 'yielding good exercise,' which he certainly would not have done had it been in the least degree obnoxious to censure."

Such races were of purely local interest, though undoubtedly provocative of much innocent amusement. With the reign of James I. and the establishment of public races, came the laudable attempt on the part of that Prince to improve the breed of horses in the kingdom. The prize was almost invariably a silver bell, and for this reason the races were called bell courses. In the reign of Charles I. races continued to be held, the most noteworthy being the meetings in Hyde Park and at Newmarket. The Commonwealth checked for a time the progress of the sport; but with the Restoration there came a revival of horse-racing, Charles proving himself a good and zealous patron of the sport, and attending the races at Newmarket, Datchet, and Epsom.

Of the last named place Baskerville writes, in 1690:—

"Next, for the glory of the place,  
Here has been rode many a race—  
King Charles the Second I saw here;  
But I've forgotten in what year.  
The Duke of Monmouth here also  
Made his horse to swete and blow;  
Lovelace, Pembroke, and other gallants,  
Have been vent'ring here their talents."

It did not require, however, the patronage of the

nobility at horse-races to secure a due amount of care in the breeding of our horses, or a just regard for the importance of maintaining a superior breed of horses, for all the purposes of war and peace within the nation. Our ancestors were ever careful of their horses, and their foresight and painstaking are evidenced by several Acts of Parliament. The 27th Henry VIII., c. 6 (1535-6), is an Act passed for the laudable purpose of improving the breed of horses; the exportation of horses from England had previously been prohibited by the 11th Henry VII., c. 13, in 1495.

For many years previously it had been the custom to turn horses out to graze at large over the great pastures and commons of England. This promiscuous herding of a large number of animals of varying size, merit, and breed, led to, bad results, as a matter of course, as regards their progeny; it was therefore enacted by 32 Henry VIII., c. 13—"That no person shall put on any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares and fillies are used to be kept), any stoned horse above the age of two years, not being fifteen hands high"—here follows a list of twenty-six counties of England, and the whole of North Wales. It was further enacted by the same useful statute, that in any county no horse under fourteen hands should be turned out under the circumstances mentioned, under penalty in all cases of forfeiture of the animal.

There was every inducement to the loyal subjects

of that day to see that this law was carried out to the letter, as the statute provides that anybody who happens to notice a horse in one of the forests, commons, or pastures, which is under the legal stature, may go to the keeper of the forest, or to the constable of the nearest town, and require that officer to go with him, catch the horse, and bring it to the pound, where, in the presence of "three honest men," it is to be measured forthwith; and if found to be below the standard of height appointed by law, it is to become the property of the informer. Further, the constable who refuses to carry out the law is to be fined 40s.; and it is likewise imposed upon him that, at Michaelmas in every year, a careful inspection of all the horses and mares on the common lands is to be made, with the object of weeding out the undersized entire horses, and likewise of "killing and burying" such mares, fillies, foals, and geldings as "shall not be thought able, nor likely to grow to be able, to bear foals of reasonable stature, or to do profitable labours;" and this responsibility is vested in the constables, forest keepers, and others who make the yearly examination. When we consider the wide extent to which the practice of turning out horses, the property of a number of owners, upon the same unenclosed pastures to graze obtained at this time, we shall be able to recognize the importance of this statute. To its enactment we may attribute the gradual dying out of the smaller native breeds of horses, and the universal appearance in their stead of a race of useful and stout

animals, well calculated to take part either in the battle, the chase, or the pageant, and to carry their heavily-weighted riders with credit.

In the reign of Henry, also, it was enjoined upon various classes of his subjects that they should keep a certain number of horses of a certain kind. A man of the rank of an archbishop or a duke was ordered to keep at least seven trotting stone-horses for the saddle, all of which were to be at least fourteen hands high. The clergy holding benefices of the value of one hundred pounds per annum, and such laymen as had wives who wore French hoods or bonnets of velvet, were ordered to keep at least one trotting stone-horse; the penalty for not doing so being twenty pounds. By another Act passed in the reign of the same Prince (33 Henry VIII., c. 5), in 1541-2, the nobility were ordered to breed "great horses." In the reign of his successor, horses generally having become more valuable, it was a capital offence to steal a horse (1 Ed. VI., c. 12). "No person convicted for feloniously stealing of horses, geldings, or mares, shall have the privilege of clergy." The plural number being used in the statute, raised a doubt in the legal mind whether a conviction under it could be maintained against a man who only stole one horse, mare, or gelding; accordingly it was amended by a subsequent statute (2 and 3 Ed. VI.).

There can be little doubt that the increasing value of the horses roaming at large on the very numerous unenclosed spaces throughout the kingdom led to the

passing of this Act; and it may be worthy of notice that, in the reign of Edward I., a good horse sold for £10; in that of Henry V., there is a record of a horse sold for £50; in the reign of Henry VIII., two Friesland horses were purchased for £33, but two large horses cost respectively £37 and £53; on the other hand, in 1547 two horses were sold in Smithfield for £4 13s. 6d.

By the time of James, horses of merit had acquired a more settled value, being more commonly an article of commerce. Animals that had run with distinction at Garterly in Yorkshire, at Croydon, at Theobalds, became famous, and their pedigree valuable in proportion to their own quality and the achievements of their sires and dams. The races also began to be governed by rules—rigidly enforced—as to weights and distances, the methods in vogue for preparing the horses for their engagements being not very much unlike the practice of trainers in the present day. By the latter end of the reign of James, English-bred horses had acquired a Continental reputation as running horses and hunters, and they were exported to France in considerable numbers. Bassompierre, in his memoirs, writes:—"English horses were so much admired for their speed, that they have (since their first importation) been always employed in hunting and on the road," a practice till his time unknown. The French likewise endeavoured, at the same time that they imported our horses, to adopt the English method of training and managing them.

The troubled reign of Charles, and the Puritanical innovations of the Commonwealth, left little opportunity for further improving and cultivating the horse. Some noblemen and country gentlemen, however, who possessed good stock, appear during these years to have done their best to prevent it from degenerating. With the Restoration came the development of racing, and the Merry Monarch was hardly ever better amused than when witnessing the races on Datchet Mead, or gathering round him a gay Court at his palace at Newmarket; and from his reign we may trace the gradual and almost unchecked progress of the taste for horse-racing as we know it in England.

Although the sport from the first met with the patronage of the Court, the support of the nobility and squirearchy, and the hearty approval of the people, for whom it was calculated to provide holiday amusement of a kind that was highly appreciated, its progress met with numerous denunciations concerning its influence upon the reputed growing vices of the age. One old-fashioned writer says:—"And here I have an opportunity of doing justice to modern invention, by stating that horse-racing, as a system of gaming, is among the glories of the seventeenth century; and that the improvements of more recent times may, perhaps, bring the honour of this invention still lower down. At what precise time two horses began to supply the place of two dice or of a pack of cards is uncertain. But that this is a real improvement, and not a variety only, will appear plainly, if we consider

that horse-racing was originally practised by way of exercise, and then the owners were riders. That intrepid, able, and honest race of young men, the jockeys, is modern; and they first introduced the various uses of a rusty nail, or a pail of water seasonably administered."

Another writer proposes a remedy to check the extensive gambling that prevailed, which subsequently became law. He candidly admits that the sport is immensely popular with all classes of society, and allows that the "diversion of horse-races, peculiar to England, has its charms," which lie in the assemblage of persons of fortune or distinction, on horseback or in gay equipages, on the fine turf of a racecourse in the open country, where they may "observe the evolutions of the horses upon the course for two or three miles, watching them with eager eyes." "This," he adds, emphatically, "is no vulgar entertainment." But, as a blot upon it, remain the cruelty practised upon horses, the "villainy of jockeyism," and also "the frauds of horsedealers." This last grievance, however, can hardly, with justice, be charged against the practice of horse-racing. Having thus introduced his remedial measures with a suitable preface, he proceeds:—

"But the fraudulent practices committed at races are a reproach to those who interest themselves in them. It would be happy if a law were made to curb the licentious spirit of gaming which prevails at horse-races. . . . Horses of most speed are



of least use, unless they are also hardy and fit for the road. If premiums were allotted to those who produced the three largest or most beautiful horses, of best paces, for cart, coach, or saddle, it might produce happy effects. To prevent idleness, the meeting should be only once a year according to law. The horses must be brought to the raceground above ten miles from the place where they were foaled."

In 1740 it was judged by Parliament that horse-racing had become too common and prevalent a practice throughout the country for the welfare of the "idlers" who were supposed chiefly to attend race meetings. An Act to restrain excessive horse-racing was therefore passed, and it was thought that a stop could best be put to a number of county meetings at which very paltry stakes were offered for competition to indifferent animals, by raising the stakes run for.

It was therefore enacted that, after the 24th June in that year (1740), no plate should be run for in the kingdom of less value than £50—the penalty for transgression of the law being £200. Another provision of this Act was that no person should start or run any horse, mare, or gelding of which he was not the *bonâ fide* owner; and further, that no owner should enter more than one horse for any plate, the penalty for entering more horses than one being forfeiture of the animals illegally entered. This clause of the Act forms a strong contrast to the "any number of horses the property of the same

owner may start for this plate" condition of modern racing, or the practice of one owner entering a dozen colts and fillies for a great weight for age race. Parliament, at this time, further settled the weights to be carried in all races as follows:—Five-year-old horses were to carry ten stones, six-year-olds eleven, seven-year-olds and above that age twelve stones; the penalty inflicted upon the owner of any horse or mare carrying less than these weights being the forfeiture of the horse and the payment of a fine of £200 besides. Matches were allowed to be run at Newmarket and Black Hambleton only, for stakes of not less than £50 value, under a similar penalty of £200. The moneys received under this severely restrictive Act were, as far at least as one moiety of them was concerned, put to a good purpose; for though the informer took one-half of the penalties for his own share, the other was directed by the Act to be given to the poor of the parish, except in the case of such mulcts made in the county of Somerset, when the charitable half was to be given in all cases to the hospital at Bath.

Informations under this act—the 13th Geo. II., c. 19—were numerous, and the question early came before the courts whether, if two men contributed £25 each to the stakes of a match to be run between their horses, that was a stake of the value of £50. The judges decided that it was a stake of £50 within the meaning of the Act, though the owner would only receive £25 of his opponent's

money. The leading case is that of "Ridmead against Gale." Mr. Baron Perrot directed a verdict for the plaintiff, with leave to move in arrest of judgment. On appeal, Lord Mansfield delivered the judgment of the full Court, which was unanimously in favour of the defendant.

Nearly half a century later, race-horses became, for the first time, the subjects of a tax and a source of revenue to the Exchequer of the country. In 1785, in the second year of Pitt's first administration, it struck that "heaven-born" Minister, that a tax might be levied on every horse that ran for a plate without doing much injury to anybody, and without provoking much opposition. Lord Surrey, however (afterwards Duke of Norfolk), who was an ardent sportsman, rose and remonstrated very strongly against the proposed tax, affirming that it was both unjust and absurd, as it would fall on a large number of losers. Unfortunately, his lordship, before resuming his seat, made a suggestion. "I think," he said, "it would be much fairer, if we are to tax race-horses at all, to put a tax of £50 on every winner of a certain sum." To his surprise and annoyance, Pitt jumped up, smiled, bowed, thanked him for his suggestion, and announced his intention of laying on both taxes. Lord Surrey was very angry, and expressed his feelings on the matter in an audible tone aside, whereupon it is reported that an honourable member admonished him with—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold."

From the earliest times of which trustworthy accounts have reached us, it will be seen that the people of England were lovers of the horse, students of the art of horsemanship, and careful conservers and improvers of the breed of horses. The Scotch nation, boasting a breed of Galloways of great fame, said to be descended from the Spanish horses washed ashore from the wreck of the Armada; and the Irish, rejoicing in their "hobbies," a breed of native horses, maintained for centuries "a race of horses," we read, "much valued and admired for their easy paces and other pleasing, useful, and agreeable qualities," and whose "pleasing paces and perfections" led Dr. Sterne to apply the word hobby to any man's strong propensities or pursuits—ran an almost even race with the English in their regard for their horses and their love of sport.

Deriving from Arabian importations most valuable qualities of speed and stoutness, the Eastern graft upon the English stock gave horses to the world. Nearly a century ago, the English racer was first past the winning post on the Plains des Sablons, and on the springy courses of Kentucky and Virginia. The work has been well carried on by the successors of the early breeders, generation after generation; and it may now be said, without fear of contradiction, that the best horses in every civilized country are derived from English-bred sires and dams.

The race-horse of the last century and a half, possessing both speed and "goodness," or bottom, pre-

sents a remarkable contrast to the "runnyng-horse" of earlier times; but it must be remembered that the length of journeys, the rarity of wheeled carriages, the badness of the roads, and the custom universally prevailing for horsemen to fight in their armour, made it necessary to breed horses of great size and strength, rather than to aim at the production of speedy animals. With the reign of James came the common use of fire-arms, and the consequent abandonment of armour for all practical purposes. From that time the heavy horse, suited to the requirements of the knight armed *cap-à-pie*, begins to disappear, and the more modern types of racer, hunter, hackney, and machiner occupy the Turf and the road in his stead.

## CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER OF THE TURF—LONG COURSES—GIVE AND  
TAKE PLATES—PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS RACERS.

JUVENAL, in one of his most pleasing satires, invites his friend to leave Rome for a day, and dine quietly with him in the country. "I will give you," he says, "fresh eggs, a tender kid, a well-boiled fowl, a bunch of magnificent grapes, and a bottle of good wine. If you are wise, you will come; for to-morrow is the great day of the chariot races, and the whole city will be so mad—these for the success of the green jacket, those for the triumph of the red—that, as we sit over our meal, we shall hear the roar of their voices wafted across the whole breadth of the Campagna; while the excitement will be as keen as if news had come that the enemy were at our very gates." The poet plainly had no sympathy with the sport, and preferred the quiet of his country house to the roar of excitement on the course. The taste for that sport, however, which he briefly but graphically describes in the few lines above quoted from one of his satires, has been very general among both ancient and modern nations. It is

claimed for our own country that the practice of horse-racing dates from the earliest times. In the form in which we know it, however, we may consider that it has really flourished since the beginning of the eighteenth century; for although the Round Course at Newmarket was laid out in the year 1666, and horse-races, patronized by Charles the First and his Court, took place there as early as 1640, the first authentic published records of matches at Newmarket date only from 1718; while the turf annals of the county of York begin in 1709, nine years earlier.

Noblemen and country gentlemen, who prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century tried to break the monotony of a country life, remote from the capital, by occasionally matching their "bred" horses with those of their neighbours, took an equal interest in cocking and coursing, and left the breaking, physicking, and training of their horses to the same servants as fed and dubbed their game birds, and curbed the impatience of their hounds. Racing up to that date was almost entirely in the hands of amateurs. One name stands out, however, claiming recognition as the property of one who was strictly professional, whether he matched horse, cock, or greyhound, to win the guineas of his acquaintance.

Tregonwell Frampton, a gentleman of some small landed estate, originally, was perhaps Keeper of the King's running horses to the gay Charles; and if there is truth in contemporary stories of his cruelty to his horse Dragon, in adding him to the list the day after

he had won him a good stake in a severely contested match over Newmarket Heath, in order that, having beaten the best horse in England, he might be qualified to beat the best gelding, he was a monster of avarice. All the accounts of him tend to show that he cared for little else besides money; but he is accredited, possibly with as little reasonable foundation as in many other cases, with a proud title. Hippocrates has been called the Father of Medicine; Æschylus, the Father of Tragedy; Terpander, the Father of Greek Music; George Edwards, the Father of Ornithology; George Varley, the Father of Water-colour Painting; Oliver Baselin, "*le Père joyeux du Vaudeville*;" Tregonwell Frampton is styled the Father of the Turf.

Perhaps the owner of Dragon's right to the title is as well warranted as that of any of the others to their patriarchal designation. If the accepted definition of the "father" of an art is that it is he who is foremost in bringing that art to any notable degree of perfection, then there seems to be reason for applying the title to Frampton, in the absence of a better claimant; for there can be no doubt that he had a leading part in making the art of training horses what it had become by the middle of the eighteenth century, and that he likewise reduced the practice of the sport to orderly rules and methodical procedure. There are two portraits of Mr. Frampton; in one he is designated Royal Stud Keeper at Newmarket; in the other, dated 1791, by



J. Jones, "the Father of the Turf." On his monument in the parish church of All Saints, Newmarket, his death in 1728, at the age of eighty-six, is recorded, as well as the fact that he had been Keeper of running horses to William III. and his three Royal successors. From this it appears doubtful if he ever filled that post in the reign of Charles II. In the *Adventurer*, No. 37, he is referred to in connection with Dragon in as delicate a manner as the circumstances of the case permit. The essayist thus finishes his story:—"When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man." Nevertheless, there is probably not a word of truth in the tale, which is supported by no other evidence than that of the essayist in the *Adventurer*, and the portrait on which appears the extract from this paper.

In the early part of the eighteenth century we find horses running generally in matches, and over long courses, varying from four to twelve miles in length. In the year 1718, twenty-three matches were decided on Newmarket Heath, and in all but one of them the distance was four miles. In April, 1719, the Duke of Wharton, a leading patron of the Turf, made two matches of six miles each. In the county of York, during the same period, the races over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, and at Hambleton, were run over four-mile courses, and usually in three heats. Over the former course, the Earl of Carlisle's chestnut gelding Buckhunter, by the Bald Galloway,

ridden by Match'em Timms, won "her late Majesty's (Queen Anne's) Gold Cup, value 100 guineas." This race was for six-year-old horses, carrying 12 stones a-piece, three heats over a mile course. It was run originally in 1714, when Mr. Childers's bay mare Duchess came in first, ridden by Robert Hesselstine. The third heat was contested very closely by Duchess and Foxhunter, owned by Mr. Pierson. The heat was adjudged to the second by the tryers, owing to a charge of foul riding. A fight between the jockeys, and a dispute of no very amiable character between their masters, followed. Both Mr. Childers and Mr. Pierson claimed the gold cup, bets were drawn, and a lawsuit supervened, the Lord Mayor of York being entrusted with the care of the trophy in the meantime. The Court before which the cause was heard ruled that all the horses not distanced were equally entitled to the prize. Messrs. Childers, Pierson, Young, and Moore sold their shares for twenty-five guineas each. The Duke of Rutland purchased two, the Earl of Carlisle one, and Sir William Lowther the other; and they agreed that the race should be run over again. This accordingly happened on July 19, 1719, Lord Carlisle obtaining the coveted prize.

Saturday, the 8th of August in the same year, was remarkable for another race for a Royal Cup given by George the First, value 100 guineas, for five-year-old mares, carrying 10st. each. The distance was four miles, and the race was won by the

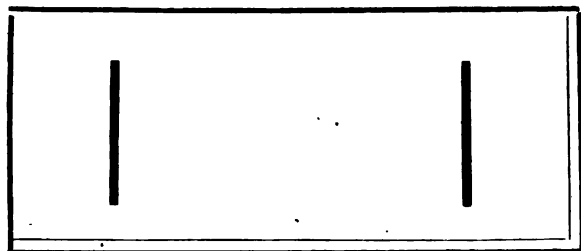
Duke of Rutland's black filly Bonny Black, one of the best, if not the best, performer of her day. She was by Black Hearty, son of the Byerley Turk, her dam by a Persian horse. No less than thirty-one mares and fillies went to the post for this race, and the judges placed sixteen out of the total number of starters. The principal North-country patrons of the Turf were represented on the occasion—Sir Ralph Milbank, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Ramsden, Sir James Pennyman, Sir Robert Cotton, and others, sending their competitors to the post. At that time large fields for the Royal Guineas—or Cups, as they were then called—appear to have been the order of the day; eighteen competitors, all placed by the judges, starting for the same race the next year, when Black Bonny again won the Cup for the Duke of Rutland.

In 1720 there were twenty-six matches run on Newmarket Heath. In none of these was the distance less than four miles, and in some it was six miles. In the month of October in that year, the Duke of Wharton's Coneyskins, carrying 11st. 10lbs., was matched against Lord Hillsborough's Speedwell, 12st., the best of three heats, twelve miles, for a thousand guineas. In 1721, twenty matches were run, or forfeit paid, at Newmarket, and in all these races the distance appears to have been four miles or upwards. But the published accounts of racing at Newmarket, except for the short period mentioned, disappear, and it is not until the latter part of the last century that we get regular records of

racers run at Newmarket. By the industry of Mr. John Orton, however, the Turf annals of York and Doncaster have been collected and published, the record making a complete list from the year 1709. York Races were run on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings up to the year 1731, when they were run over the Knavesmire, and have continued to be decided over that excellent raceground ever since. But for a very wet summer, the races might have been run on Rawcliffe Ings to this day; but in August, 1730, in consequence of continued rains, the River Ouse, which skirts the old ground, became swollen and overflowed its banks, and the racing set for decision on Wednesday had to be put off until the Saturday following. This disappointment made the worthy Yorkshire folk consider whether they could not have a racecourse so situated that such an accident was impossible. The Knavesmire was decided upon as the best ground near York upon which to lay out a racecourse; and Mr. Alderman Telford planned a course which, though at first very moist in wet seasons, a thorough system of drainage has made one of the best racecourses in the kingdom.

At this early period in the history of the national sport, what were known as "give and take" Plates were both common and popular. On the authority of Mr. Orton, the following were the conditions of these Plates:—The horses entered for them carried weight for age and weight for inches, each horse being required to be measured under a standard

before starting for the Plate. The general scale is said to have been, for aged horses and mares of thirteen hands, 7st., and for every additional one-eighth of an inch fourteen ounces extra. From this it would appear that if a horse stood fourteen hands he carried 9st., and fifteen hands, 11st. Six-year-old horses carried 4lbs. less, and five-year-olds 12lbs. less. One of the stones on which horses about to compete for give and take Plates were formerly measured was replaced in one of the rubbing-houses on York racecourse, where it had stood years before. Here the horses were led to be tried by the standard. It is a flat stone, 6ft. 4in. long by 3ft. 3in. broad, after this shape—



The two broad lines on the diagram refer to two deeply cut lines on the stone, which are 5ft. apart. The length of each line is 2ft. The length from one line to the other being the extreme distance allowed for the animal to extend his fore-legs from the hind ones, and the length of the line—2ft.—being the distance allowed between the two fore-feet: the same distance was allowed between the hind ones.

The author of "Turf Annals of York and Doncaster" (1844), says:—"This stone had long remained buried under an accumulation of rubbish, until a few years ago, when a give and take Plate was run for in Scotland, upon which considerable dispute arose as to how far it was right for the animal to extend his legs when measured." The dispute caused application to be made to Mr. Orton, who found some veteran who had been for many years employed on York racecourse, and had assisted in measuring horses. They made a search, and discovered the identical stone used, which was replaced in its old position in the rubbing-house, and the veteran labourer gave the explanation of the rules of measurement in give and take Plates set out above, and by these means the disputed question was settled.

This is a return of a give and take Plate, run over Knavesmire, Aug. 21, 1753:—

A PLATE of £50 for horses, &c., give and take; 14 hands, aged, 9st.—4 mile heats.

Mr. Hudson's br. m. Pickering Molly (afterwards Blacklegs),

by a son of Smiling Ball, 13h. 2in., 8st. ... .. 1 1

Lord Rockingham's ch. h. Silverleg, by Young Cartouch,

13h. 3½in., 8st. 8lbs. 12oz. ... .. 3 2

Sir J. L. Kaye's b. g. Adam, 13h. 3in., 8st. 7lbs. ... .. 2 dr.

"Reginald Heber's Historical List of Horse Matches," published in 1753, gives full tables of the weights horses are to carry that run for give and take Plates, from twelve to fifteen hands high, fourteen hands carrying 9st.

The weights are reckoned exactly as Mr. Orton's veteran said, viz.:—Twelve hands and a half, 5st.; and half a quarter of an inch, 5st. olbs. 14oz.; a quarter, 5st. 1lb. 12oz.; and so on up to fifteen hands, 11st.

By the middle of the last century the assiduity of the noblemen and gentlemen who were interested in improving the breed of our horses, the taste of the people throughout the whole country for horse-racing, and the interest of those whose livelihood depended upon the sport more or less directly, had caused the general spread of race meetings, most of which were well organized and largely attended, and at almost all of which added money was given. In the year 1752, for instance, Cambridgeshire had four meetings at Newmarket; Berkshire, Ascot Heath, Reading, and Lambourne, the counties of Bucks, Cumberland, Derby, Gloucester, Hants, Hertford, Leicester, Northampton, Nottingham, Oxford, Kent, Surrey, Warwick, and Wilts, had meetings in two places; the counties of Chester, Durham, Lincoln, Middlesex, and Northumberland had three towns where meetings were held. The following counties had a meeting in one place only:—Dorset, Essex, Hants, Lancaster, Norfolk, Somerset, and Sussex. Suffolk had four places at which race meetings were held or races run. Yorkshire, of course, occupies the first place in point of number of meetings or races held, and as appears from the returns, with the exception of Newmarket, in the quality of the sport provided;

there being, a century and a quarter ago, races at Black Hambleton, York, Doncaster, and at seven other towns within the limits of the premier county. This list of places of sport sufficiently indicates the widespread popularity of horse-racing at that period, and although (with the exception of racing in the county of York—at York, Doncaster, and Hambleton) we have at the present day few trustworthy records of the races run before that time, it was then proposed to publish by subscription a work called the “Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Breeders’ Useful Library,” which was to contain a treatise on the breeding of horses and farriery, “to which will be added a complete historical list of all the horses, &c., that have run for the Royal Plates, and also all matches, Plates, and prizes that have been run for in Great Britain and Ireland for near forty years last past, to be brought down to the end of the present year, 1752.” This advertisement fixes the year 1712, or thereabouts, as the first beginning of racing of which proper records were kept, not only of the results of the matches, sweepstakes, and Plates, but the pedigrees of the animals engaged, the weights, and (in some cases) the names of the riders.

• Pictures of famous racers, engraved from the original and spirited paintings of James Seymour, were popular with all classes of sportsmen then as now. The walls of the study in which the squire dispensed justice to offending poachers, and the



wainscot of the parlour at the sporting inn, were both hung with truthful portraits of such favourites as Bay Bolton, Old Starling, and Childers, Mr. Panton's Molly, and Mr. Williams's Squirrel. At this date (1750), no less than thirty-three such prints had been published, at a shilling or eighteen-pence a-piece plain, or five or six shillings "the horses painted the exact colour," with the arms of the nobleman or gentleman to whom the plate was inscribed emblazoned in heraldic tints at the foot. The low prices, in a "neat frame, gilt edge, and the best glass," and the number published, speak sufficiently for the popularity of the series, and for the general appreciation among the patrons of the sport of the proprietor's "willingness that the public in general should be serv'd with this genteel, entertaining, and useful furniture at as low a rate as possible."

Seymour was the first painter of the race-horse whose portraits of equine celebrities are worthy of attention. George Stubbs, R.A., his successor, attained perfection in the art of faithful portraiture of horseflesh; and he has been worthily followed, in modern times, by Herring and Hall.

The popular prices of Seymour's portraits of winners, published by Thomas Butler, in Pall Mall, about 1740 to 1756, contrast favourably with the four-guinea proofs and two-guinea prints issued forty years later from the original drawings of Stubbs; but the work was very different. Messrs. G. and G. T. Stubbs opened a gallery in Conduit-street on June 20, 1794,

where subscribers' names were entered, and where the pictures to be engraved were exhibited. At the head of the list, of course, stood the Godolphin Arabian, "the most valuable foreign horse ever brought to this country, and justly called the Father of the Turf," with his cat in attendance; Marske, the sire of Eclipse; next the portrait of the sire being that of his illustrious son—with him are the boy who looked after him, and Sam Merrit, his jockey. Beyond this canvas were the portraits of the compact Volunteer and Dungannon, sons of Eclipse; the beautiful little Gimcrack, Sweetbriar, and Sweet William; the stout yet delicately-limbed Mambrino; the famous Sharke; the Prince of Wales's Oatlands winner, Baronet; and His Royal Highness's Anvil completed the collection, which comprised sixteen pictures in all. Whether the following couplet, which concludes the prospectus of the *Turf Review* of the Messrs. Stubbs—

"Genius like this adorns the British shore.

Oh! may it flourish till the land's no more."—

refers to the art of breeding the subjects, or to that of placing their lineaments on canvas for the behoof of posterity, it is, perhaps, difficult in the present day to determine.

At the former date—1752—sixty thoroughbred stallions of merit covered in various parts of the kingdom, the fees being generally very moderate. Oronooko heads the list, at twenty guineas and five shillings; Bolton Starling, eight guineas and half a

crown. One, two, and three guineas were the most usual fees, such horses being generally the property of persons who had at heart the improvement of the saddle horse and hunter, and in this manner placed their stud horses at the disposal of their tenants and neighbours at an unremunerative fee. Of these sixty stallions, eight only were reputed imported Arabians; and there is reason to believe that some of these were not of the pure blood, but bred in this country from imported foreign sires. To the general lowness of the above tariff, Flying Childers, some years later, was a remarkable exception: his fee was 50 guineas, afterwards 100 guineas, and during one season 200 guineas a mare.

It may be interesting to compare some of the stakes in the middle of the last century with our knowledge of those of our own time. All horses then reckoned their age from May-day, instead of from the 1st of January, as is done at present. Matches to be contested over Newmarket Heath were often made many months before, between the sportsmen of the day, among the most prominent of whom were his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; the Dukes of Ancaster, Kingston, and Marlborough; the Marquesses of Hartington, Rockingham, and Granby; the Earls of Antrim, Godolphin, Gower, Northumberland, Eglinton, Portmore, and March; Messieurs Manners, Panton, Duncombe, Curzon, Townsend, and many others. The ages of the horses generally running in matches and sweep-

stakes, &c., on the Turf, were four-year-olds, five, six, seven (then reckoned separately from the aged horses), and aged. At that time, in England and Scotland, there were given fifteen King's Plates of 100 guineas each—no insignificant sum; thirty-two Plates, varying in value from nine guineas to 120 guineas; and one hundred and forty-five Plates of 50 guineas each, and one subscription purse of 260 guineas—the total amount being £10,906.15s. The stakes in matches and sweepstakes, contributed solely by the owners of the animals engaged, likewise amounted to a very large sum in addition. The stakes in races of this description were often very large, when we consider the enhanced value of money in our times—*e.g.*, in Easter week, 1757, some of the patrons of the Turf just mentioned subscribed a stake of 1,200 guineas to be run for over the Beacon Course at Newmarket. The race, however, was to be run each year for five years; the colts to be the produce of mares the property of the subscribers at the time of foaling, and to be named before they were two years of age. One hundred guineas was a very common stake in a match; and a thousand guineas was by no means uncommon, "run or pay."

All the races were run over what we should now consider long courses, and certainly the majority of them in heats. The King's Plates were for horses (and mares) four, five, six, and aged, generally in three and four mile heats—four-year-

olds carrying 9st., five-year-olds 10st., and six and aged 12st.

When, by the judicious intermixture of imported blood with the best-bred mares, our ancestors had succeeded in producing an animal better in most respects than his dam and his sire, they took the greatest care to ensure accuracy in all matters relating to the pedigree of their horses; and the pedigrees of their horses could be traced without dispute, not only to Darley's Arabian at the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, but to the numerous foreign horses imported during the reign of Charles the Second, or even, in some instances, to Place's White Turk, to the Helmsley Turk, or to Fairfax's Morocco Barb. Writing from Cambridge in 1755, a gentleman who desires to be sarcastic at the expense of breeders of horses, says—in a paper, the *raison d'être* of which is the supposed death of a racer called Whitenose, at Doncaster—that we hear of his rapid victories in the field, more surprising than Marlborough's, by which he won Tewkesbury, Chipping Norton, Lincoln, York, and other Cups, and “contemplate with reverence the illustrious names of his great-great-great-great-great grand-sires and granddams: there is not the least flaw in the blood of Whitenose's family.”

It is true that, a century and a half ago, breeders were as careful to avoid a cocktail stain as they are now, and kept a record of the pedigrees of racing stock with equal accuracy. The imported horses

introduced into England immediately after the Restoration were put to mares whose blood had already been ameliorated by foreign horses. The effect of such crossing is as follows:—The first cross gives one-half, or 50 per cent., the second 75 per cent., the third  $87\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the fourth  $93\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. It is plain that a horse having the last-named proportion of what is called pure blood in his veins ought to show but very little of the inferior quality of an under-bred horse, and that in the next and succeeding generations this proportion should constantly decrease. For several generations, however, he is a half-bred or cocktail, and the flaw in his breeding is carefully recorded—a racing cocktail being a horse not thoroughbred, but having some little stain in his pedigree traced as far back as his great-great-granddam or sire. Mr. Darrill says:—"Although a cocktail horse, in the common acceptance of the word, is not thoroughbred, yet he is so near of being so as to be able to beat any casually half-bred horse; which latter is generally understood to be a horse tolerably well, or, indeed, he may perhaps be very near thoroughbred."

The breeding of the half-bred was generally such that the flaw in the pedigree was accidental: that is, he became a racer by accident, having been bred for a hunter; but, showing good speed, was entered for races.

The cocktail, on the other hand, was bred from a dam having a very slight stain in her pedigree, suffi-

cient to qualify him to run in races for half-breds, hunters' Plates, and such stakes; the object being to get him as nearly thoroughbred as possible, at the same time that the law of such races was satisfied.

Our early breeders endeavoured chiefly to get a breed of horses of great staying power, bottom, or, as it was quaintly termed, "great goodness." Seymour's picture of Old Partner, painted in 1718, shows a horse of compact form, with a very capacious chest. Sedbury, painted by the same artist in 1739, was a son of Old Partner: he has powerful stifles and grand limbs. Both these horses were compact animals, and our breed of horses was undoubtedly of lower stature at the period when they ran on the Turf than it is now. Curwen's Barb is said to have been only a trifle over thirteen hands high, Cartouch stood fourteen hands, and the stock of the imported horses was certainly smaller than the average race-horse of the present day. But the suitability of the climate of certain parts of England to the breeding of these horses; the lucky cross of the Barbs, Turks, and Arabs with the native stock; and, much more than either, the skill and perseverance of our breeders, had produced, more than a century and a quarter ago, a breed of horses that was superior to that of any other country in the world, of greater swiftness than the Eastern horses, and capable of sustaining violent exertion for a greater length of time. Childers, who earned for himself the honourable sobriquet of Flying, started during his career on the Turf many times,

running against the best horses of his time without ever sustaining defeat. A calculation was made that this horse, in more than one race, moved at the rate of eighty-two and a half feet per second, or not far short of a mile in a minute; and it is said he ran round the course at Newmarket, at that time about four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. No wonder that it was an old-fashioned article of faith in sporting circles that Childers was the fleetest courser ever bred. Bay Malton, got by Sampson, ran, at York, four miles in seven minutes forty-three and a half seconds. Eclipse emulated the example of Childers, whose fame he shares in race-course story. Highflyer, Sharke, Match'em, and Dorimant were likewise heroes in their generation, and, while they earned glory for themselves, placed considerable sums of money in the pockets of their owners. Dorimant, Lord Ossory's famous horse, won prizes amounting to £13,363; Childers only about £2,000; the Marquess of Rockingham's Bay Malton, in seven prizes, £5,000; Highflyer, the best horse of his time, won and received nearly £9,000, though he never started after he was five years old. During his career he was only once beaten, and once paid forfeit. Sharke won for his owner eleven hogsheads of claret—wine with our grandfathers was a very common prize—a cup, value 120 guineas, and £15,507 in Plates, matches, and forfeits. Match'em's fees, received during his nine years at the stud, amounted to upwards of 11,500 guineas; and Eclipse's amount must



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have greatly exceeded this sum. When Walpole was Prime Minister, the Dukes of Bolton, Somerset, Bridgwater, Hamilton, Queensberry, and Rutland were represented, on all the better English race-courses; and from these figures it will be seen that the value of a good race-horse was not very much less "in the days when George the Third was King," or in those of the first monarchs of the House of Hanover, than it is in the reign of their illustrious descendant, her present Majesty.

## CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DERBY—COSTUME OF JOCKEYS—NEW-MARKET—E. O. TABLES—ASCOT.

TOWARDS the latter end of the last century, three weeks or so before Londoners were terrified by the Gordon riots, what was, even then, the race-ground most frequented by inhabitants of Cockayne and its dependencies was the scene of the first Derby Stakes. From about that time dates the flourishing period of horse-racing, the taste for which was afterwards annually augmented by the ever-growing interest taken by all classes of people in the sport, and by the easier and cheaper means afforded for the conveyance of horses and followers of the sport from one place of meeting to another.

The first Derby was, as everybody knows, won by Diomed, a compact, well-formed, chestnut colt, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury, by which stroke of luck the horse made himself and his owner famous in the annals of the Turf, *primus inter pares*, enjoying the unique distinction of heading the illustrious list of winners of the Derby. He was got by Florizel, out of a Spectator mare, bred by Mr. Panton, foaled in 1763, and counting among his ancestors on the dam's side, Childers, and two distinguished horses of

foreign blood, the Paget Turk and the Leedes Arabian. Diomed's first appearance on the Turf was in the same year that he ran for the Derby, where, at the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, carrying 8st., he won a sweepstakes of 500 guineas each, beating three respectable opponents. His next appearance in public was on the first Derby Day, the 4th of May, 1780, when, with 6 to 4 laid against him, he started first favourite, beating the celebrated Major O'Kelly's Badroo, second, and seven others, all of whom were placed by the judge. There were thirty-six subscribers, twenty-seven of whom paid forfeit. All the nine competitors were colts. The conditions of the race were thus set out on the day's card:—"The Derby Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft., by 3-yr.-olds, colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lbs.—the last mile of the course." From this it will be seen that the conditions of the great race have been materially changed since its institution by the Earl of Derby.

Subsequently, Sir Charles Bunbury's Derby winner appeared at the Newmarket July Meeting, where he scared away other competitors for a Sweepstakes across the Flat. At the First October Meeting he won a Sweepstakes, Ditch in, beating four opponents; and the next day he secured the curious Perram Plate, also from the Ditch in, beating ten other animals that were started in the hope of securing the "donation," to which the town authorities had added £50; but the chance was a slight one, for,

with odds of 3 to 1 betted on him, Diomed won in a canter. In the same week he received forfeit of 100 guineas in a match. His last appearance that year was at the Second October Meeting, where he won easily the First Year of a Subscription of 20 guineas each, for three-year-olds, with 4 to 1 laid on him. It has been the fashion to underrate the Derby victory of Diomed; but the history of his three-year-old career on the Turf, given above, shows that he was a good performer, and won or received forfeit in his engagements, proving himself thereby one of the best three-year-olds of his time.

Sir Charles Bunbury's colours were pink and white stripes, with a black cap; though at this period caps of all colours were used, as they are at the present time—originally, a black velvet cap, like that of a huntsman, was the only cap in use on the Turf—and the costume was also that of our own time. At the early period of the history of horse-racing, the jockey wore a black velvet cap, with long French peak, with a bow of black satin riband behind; long hair, falling to his shoulders; a white cambric neckcloth, of ample folds, tied at the back; a long body-coat, with flaps, wide skirts, and three buttons at the side, where it opened, as well as in front and behind; knee breeches, strapped just below the knee; white cotton stockings, and black leather shoes of the pattern now known as Oxford, but with a long "tongue" and silver buckles. The inconvenience of riding a close finish over the Heath at Newmarket or Ascot, with a high

wind blowing, in these long tails, naturally led to a compromise. Necessity is the mother of invention, and some early jockey—there is no existing chronicle that points out who he was—hit upon a happy idea, and tucked his skirts inside his breeches. Their then length, no doubt, made them cumbersome; and the next step towards the costume of the modern jockey was to curtail them. The jacket of the present day shows in its cut, most unmistakably, its origin: it is still a garment that might, from its shape, be worn over the breeches, but, for convenience sake, its skirts are invariably “tucked in.” The palmy days of the Turf can hardly be said to have begun before Diomed won the first Derby: they date in reality from a few years later, in the days of Pitt and Fox, just before the Prince of Wales was married to Caroline of Brunswick, and about the time that the first American Minister was received, somewhat ungraciously, at the Court of St. James’s.

At that time, when Mr. John Elwes, with a cold partridge in his pocket and no bread—because bread cost money, and partridges could be got off the estate for nothing—trotted to Newmarket in a bagwig to see the races, the purple waistcoat with scarlet sleeves, trimmed with gold, of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the purple and gold of the Duke of York, the sky-blue of His Grace of Grafton, and the deep red of the Duke of Queensberry, were everyday sights at Newmarket, Ascot, and Doncaster. The Turf also had regular *habitues*, and in

many instances enthusiastic supporters, in the Duke of Bedford, Lords Grosvenor, Clermont, Winchilsea, Sackville, Darlington, Egremont, Cavendish, and Belfast; in Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir H. Fetherstone, and Sir F. Standish; the Hon. C. Wyndham and Mr. Fox; Messrs. Vernon, Panton, Bullock, O'Kelly, Hamond, and many others, representing the best families in England; for in that day it was almost true that "only gentlemen raced." The good old house of Weatherby was represented at Newmarket by Mr. James Weatherby, Keeper of the Match Book; there was a Tattersall ready with his hammer when a stud, from ill-luck or other cause, came to be dispersed; Mr. Hilton was judge to the Jockey Club; Mr. Betts starter; and James Fisher, with a trusty staff of "eighteen pole-men to assist in keeping the course clear," did duty on the Heath in the days before the whipper and the rural constable had come into existence. There were seven meetings at Newmarket in the year, at which times the houses of the aristocracy and gentry, which had greatly increased there, were filled to overflowing. For the morning, there were the gallops to be seen, and cracks at exercise; at noon, the racing began, the card, for the most part, being what is now called "meagre." The races were over early in the afternoon; then came dinner—with port and walnuts, or port and dry biscuits, according to the season—the whist-table, hazard, and E. O.

The Craven Meeting, lasting four or five days,

began on Easter Monday; the First Spring Meeting, which lasted six days, on that day fortnight; the Second Spring, six days, on that day month; July Meeting, four or five days, according to the number of items set down for decision, as nearly to the 8th of July as Monday fell. The First October Meeting, six days, began on the Monday before the first Thursday in October; the Second October and the Houghton respectively on that day fortnight and on that day month, each lasting over the whole week.

But even this large amount of racing in the year does not appear to have been a day too much to please either the Newmarket tradespeople—who lived by the influx of gentry and their camp followers whom the Meeting weeks brought to their clean little town—or the zealous sportsmen of that age.

The Oatlands Stakes (named in honour of the Duke of York) was a great race, over the two miles and ninety-seven yards of the Ditch in, well supported by subscribers at 50 guineas each, and was run at Newmarket in two classes at the Craven Meeting. The Derby and Oaks at Epsom had already become very popular over the lengthened course (a mile and a half), and the list of subscribers included all the best-known names among breeders and owners—"the stakes to be made to Mr. Weatherby, at his office, No. 7, Oxenden-street; or at the Oaks, under the same penalty for non-performance as is established at Newmarket by the rules of the Jockey Club."

There seems to have been an intention of giving up the Oaks (happily not carried into effect) over the mile and a half course; for in 1793, the "third and last year of the Oaks Stakes of 50 gs. each, h. ft.," was advertised in the Calendar. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York entered all the youngsters they could for each race, with or without a reasonable hope of winning.

The subscriptions to some of these stakes were high (our Black Duck at York is a relic of our ancestors' love of gambling). The Port Produce Stakes at Newmarket was by subscription of 500 guineas each, the A. F. Sweepstakes of the same amount. There were several sweepstakes of 200 guineas each. In some cases the stake was limited to a certain number of subscribers, as the 1,400 Guineas Stakes, of seven subscribers of 200 guineas each. We are very familiar with this principle in the nominal Two Thousand Guineas and One Thousand Guineas stakes of a later time.

Plates and sweepstakes having smaller entrance moneys were very numerous at the head-quarters of the Turf, and matches filled up the card—*par excellence* the form of racing of that period. Ascot, York, and Doncaster had also excellent racing, and well filled stakes in plenty, the King's Plates all over the country usually producing good races.

Mention has been made of the game of E. O., which was for many years a very fashionable form of "punting" among English gentlemen at the West-



end of London, at Bath, Scarborough, and Brighton, as well as at Newmarket and York.

The E. O. table was circular in form, and, though made in various sizes, was commonly four feet in diameter. The outside edge formed the counter or *dépôt* on which the stakes were placed, and was marked all round with the letters E. O., from which the game took its name. The interior of the table consisted of a stationary gallery, in which the ball rolled, and an independent round table, moving on an axis by means of handles. The ball was started in one direction and this rotary table turned in the other. This part was divided into forty compartments of equal size, twenty of which were marked E. and twenty O. The principle was pretty much that of roulette without a zero; but the ingenuity of the proprietors appears, at an early date in the history of these tables, to have supplied this defect. At first the game was played on the same terms that hazard then was—viz., whoever won or threw in three times successively paid, when gold was played for, half a guinea to the proprietors of the table. This, however, as might have been expected, was too simple and unsophisticated a method of procedure to last. The game was too fair; but, as it was very popular, it must be made profitable to the man of business, who could not be expected to travel from race meeting to race meeting all over the country for half-guineas in cases of exceptional luck. Accordingly, he became obliged to take all bets offered either for E.

or for O., and made two of his forty spaces into "bar-holes." The name sufficiently explains the utility of the device to the keeper of the table. If the ball fell into either of these bar-holes, he won all the bets on the opposite letter, and did not pay to that in which it fell. Unfair tables, having the compartments of one letter larger than another, abounded; but there seems to have been little necessity to cheat at the game, as with a proportion of two in forty, or five per cent., in his favour, the keeper should have reaped a heavy harvest of profit from his venture. The gentlemen who had played the game at the time when the occasional half-guinea was thought enough to remunerate the proprietor could hardly have liked the innovation, regarding the five per cent. "pull" against them as "a circumstance which, in the long run, would infallibly exhaust the *Exchequer*" much more than the breeches-pockets of the young squires.

The booths on Ascot Heath and the taverns at Windsor were at race-time great haunts for the keepers of the E. O. tables, some of whom were respectable men in their calling, and might be trusted to give twenty, or even more, shillings for a guinea; but the majority, gambling for twopenny-pieces and sixpences, were little if anything better than the thimble-rig and prick-the-garter gentry of that or the three-card practitioners of our own time. Ascot, indeed, was then a race meeting of the first importance, and the week was a fair of the most attractive

character to the Berkshire landlords and their tenantry. The Oatlands Stakes was transferred to Newmarket from Ascot after a memorable race when a hundred thousand pounds changed hands; and we read that the Turf was a barren and dreary prospect—for the losers. "Horses are daily thrown out of training, jockeys are going into mourning, grooms are becoming E. O. merchants, and strap-pers are going on the highway."

The 28th of June, 1791, was a great day for Ascot Heath; the Oatlands Stakes above-mentioned—"the greatest race ever decided in this kingdom"—being run for and won by the Prince of Wales's Baronet, beating Mr. Barton's Express and seventeen others. It was computed that upon the event upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were lost and won. Originally there were forty-one subscribers of 100 guineas each, half forfeit; the net value of the stakes was 2,950 guineas.

No less than forty thousand persons were present on the Heath to witness the race, numbers of them coming from the most remote parts of England. The course was ill-kept, the crowds that lined the sides of the running track retarding the horses; and in consequence of complaints being made on this score, the Oatlands Stakes was next year run in April at Newmarket, the net value of the stakes in 1792 being 3,725 guineas—a sum not far below the value of the great April Stakes in our own day.

Ascot at that time was the most fashionable place

of sport in the kingdom; for many years George the Third and the "royal groupe" that surrounded his sturdy figure had been seen on the Stand at the Royal Heath. In 1792, the Royal birthday falling on the same day—June 4th—as that set for the first day's sport, the races were postponed for a week. From time immemorial Ascot races had begun a fortnight after Whit-Monday; they lasted a week, and afforded ample amusement for all who attended them. The horses started for the first race at one o'clock; there were usually about four races during the afternoon. The sport was followed by public dinners and assemblies at Egham and Windsor. The King was never absent when the 100 guineas he gave for horses that had been regularly hunted with the Royal staghounds were run for, and frequently attended with the Court on more than one day afterwards.

The distance of Ascot from any considerable market town tended to make it difficult to procure supplies; the wants of the hungry and thirsty, however, were satisfied by a couple of hundred booths erected in the middle of the Heath. Some of these were quite commodious inns under canvas, their owners paying to the authorities as much as five guineas for the privilege to erect them. A concourse of people was gathered from all parts of the country—Ireland and Scotland sending their due complement; large numbers of carriages came down from London; statesmen, noblemen, members of the House of Commons, the squire and the parson, everybody

who had the slightest pretence to fashion or pleasure was present. Thirty or forty covered stands, each seating from two to three hundred ladies, held the rank and beauty of the land. Sharks and pick-pockets, thimble-riggers and bonnets, flocked down from the metropolis to a rich harvest; the hazard table, dropping false dice, hustling in the hat, and pricking in the belt, held carnival. Ten marquees were allotted to the E. O. tables, for which privilege a hundred guineas was paid by the proprietors towards the stakes. Every farmhouse and decent cottage in the surrounding villages of Egham, Staines, Bagshot, Wokingham, and Sunninghill had its tenants for the week, who were made to pay smartly for the accommodation afforded them for holding jubilee at Ascot. But the troubles of inconvenient lodgings, the rapacity of landladies, and the fatigue consequent upon travelling many weary miles to the Royal Heath, might well be forgotten in the presence of such a scene. The sight of the King and Queen, followed by the First Gentleman in Europe and his three Royal sisters, condescending to pass along the booths between the lines, amidst the plaudits of the loyal crowd; the lords and ladies, the wits and celebrities, and the facilities for E. O., made Ascot in the race week a paradise to many who cared little for the sport that brought the motley assemblage together.

The business of the E. O. tables at Ascot was carried on in a comparatively primitive fashion,

though there were plenty of Puffs, Squibs, and Flashers always on hand to assist the proprietors in decoying and fleecing the public, such personages being dressed suitably to the rank of the usual frequenters of the table. Mere country play, however, did not require the retinue of officials which hazard in St. James's-street or the Haymarket demanded. A first-rate hell was supposed to be only properly supplied and managed when it boasted a list something like the following:—(1) A Commissioner—always one of the proprietors—who looked in every night, and, with two others of the proprietors, audited the accounts; (2) a Director, who superintended the room where play was going on; (3) an Operator, who dealt the cards at faro and other games; (4) two or more Croupiers, who watched the game, and gathered the money for the bank; (5) two Puffs, who decoyed the players with money supplied them for that purpose; (6) a Clerk, who checked the operations of the Puffs; (7) a Squib, who was a sort of apprentice Puff; (8) a Flasher, whose business it was to swear how very often the bank had been stripped or broken; (9) a Dunner, who went about to recover from gentlemen the money they had lost to the establishment; (10) Waiters, to fill the wine-glasses, serve refreshments, snuff the candles, and generally attend in the gaming-room; (11) an Attorney of the sharpest kind; (12) a Captain, ready to fight any gentleman who, being peevish at the loss of his money, attempted to

disturb the harmony of the evening ; (13) Ushers, to light the company up and down stairs, and give the word to the porter ; (14) the Porter, often a discharged Lifeguardsman ; (15) an Orderly-man, who walked up and down outside the door, in readiness to give the alarm of constables to the porter. The list is completed by runners (who received half a guinea reward for the earliest news of the constables being out), link-boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, common bail affidavit-men, ruffians, and bravoës, for the services of all of whom there was more or less often requirement in carrying on the business of the house.

This year saw the end of the eccentric Lord Barrymore, who had played a prominent part on the Heath even a couple of years before he came of age. His career on the Turf lasted little over four seasons. He soon made himself "as complete a jockey as any on the Turf," studied the difficult art of handicapping, and speedily arrived at such perfection in it that only Charles James Fox could dispute the laurels with him. The best horse Lord Barrymore owned probably was Rockingham, for whom he gave 3,000 guineas ; but Chanticleer, a horse he sold to the Duke of York for 2,700 guineas, was a very good animal. Lord Barrymore's eccentricities were many, from cooking fowls in a billiard-room to uncarting a blind stag for his hounds and his friends to follow. His natural abilities enabled him to hold his own on the Turf, where he was a large winner ; but what he

won by his matches he too often lost in the card-room at night. No fortune, however large, could support such extravagance as this young nobleman's. His hunting establishment was more like that of Lewis the Fourteenth than of an English subject; his stud at Newmarket was kept up at an enormous outlay during the four years of its existence. With this young nobleman everything was done *en prince*, reckless of consequence or cost; and when he died, at a very early age, he had for some time been a hopelessly ruined man.

It was easy in those days for a young man to run through his property. Stakes and bets at cards, at hazard, and on the Turf were high, and Lord Barrymore's rent-roll was not of the largest. For the owner of a fairly good horse to make a match of a thousand guineas after dinner, and in the next fortnight to get on five times that sum in bets, was an everyday occurrence. When he was unable to find all the money in time to post it and save his forfeit, he would often borrow of his friends. For instance, when Lord Abingdon had made a match for 7,000 guineas at Newmarket, which he was likely to win, but was unable to find the necessary money by the day appointed, he was indebted to the celebrated miser, Elwes, for the loan of the sum. The owner of Marcham, who would lend at usury though he would not spend, was so much interested in the match that he rode from his seat in Suffolk to Newmarket to witness the event. He was accompanied



by a clergyman, who had eaten no breakfast. After riding almost all day, at four o'clock in the afternoon the parson ventured to suggest dinner, making an *apropos* remark about the keen air of Newmarket Heath, when Mr. Elwes bade him dine as he did, at the same time pulling from his great-coat pocket a piece of an ancient and crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, remarking that it was "as good as new."

By the year 1793 the Derby had grown into great popularity, and on the 18th of May the "renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 guineas each" was decided, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, many of the leaders of fashion, and as large a general company as had ever been seen on a race-course. Waxey won; but the event of the day was the appearance in the enclosure of Sir John Lade in *trousers*, which, a contemporary authority records, puzzled the crowd to tell whether he was the captain of a privateer or an ambassador from the Great Mogul.

Although the Derby, the Oatlands, the St. Leger, and some other stakes were eminently attractive, matches still retained their pride of place in the affections of sportsmen. They freely matched their champions in the cock-pit, on the walking-path, and in the prize-ring, as well as on the Turf; and large numbers were commonly interested in the decision of these events. Cheshire against Lincolnshire, or Staffordshire against Lancashire, with stakes of 20

guineas a battle and 500 guineas the main, with £20,000 in bets depending on the issue; walking matches for a thousand guineas, from the Standard in Cornhill to Guildford, to Leicester, or to York; illustrations of the noble art of self-defence, with fabulous sums staked upon the Chickens and the Pets; matches at Newmarket for a year's income, with bets equal to the anticipation of three or four years' receipts from a moderate estate, were the order of the day. Even cricket did not escape the love of wagering that prevailed, Lords Winchilsea and Darnley (among other similar instances) playing a match at Lord's for a wager of 1,000 guineas. In this year occurred the first match at cricket, "One arm *versus* one leg"—a young nobleman "of great notoriety in the *haut ton*" having made a match "Legs against Wings," which was played by Greenwich pensioners on Blackheath.

Sport there was in plenty in Merry England, but its zest was rather marred than aided by the ruinously high stakes and bets that were the mode. One gentleman, having lost upwards of £70,000 in one night's play at Brookes's Club, next staked and lost his carriages, horses, plate, and furniture—gambling on a scale that quite puts into the shade the baccarat and poker of our own day at certain London clubs. Being now completely ruined, a gentleman who was present proposed that an annuity of £50 per annum should be settled upon the ruined member, and paid out of the

general fund of the club. This proposal was carried *nem. con.* It was afterwards resolved that every member of the club who might happen to become completely ruined by play should be allowed a similar annuity, on condition that he never played in the house again.

A fitting illustration of the results of the high play and heavy betting that prevailed is to be found in the career of Thomas, Lord Foley, who died July 2nd, 1793. He was as liberal a patron as the Turf ever had: amiable, beloved, kind in all the relations of life, he left behind him a stainless name, but a bankrupt exchequer and an encumbered estate. He began his career on the Turf with £100,000 in ready money and a clear estate of £18,000 a year. By disastrous speculation he ran through all his fortune, and parted with all the interest he had in his landed estate.

In October, 1793, Highflyer, the property of Mr. Tattersall, founder of the celebrated firm of auctioneers, died, after a long and glorious career on the Turf and at the stud. Childers and Eclipse excepted, Highflyer was the most celebrated horse up to that time seen on the English Turf. He was got by King Herod, his dam (Mark Antony's dam) by Blank. During the time he was in training he won many valuable prizes, the chief of which was a sweepstakes of 2,600 guineas in the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, 1778, for four-year-olds.

Among his numerous engagements he counted only two that were not victorious; he paid forfeit once, and was beaten once, when a three-year-old. Highflyer was undoubtedly the best horse of his time in England. He won in stakes 8,920 guineas, though he began to race at three years old, and never started after he was five. Among the best of his progeny may be enumerated Rockingham, Delpini, Sir Peter Teazle, Young Highflyer, Skyscraper, Omphale, Balloon, Spadille, Walnut, Volante, and Slope.

At the time of his death he was earning his owner about 1,200 guineas a year at the stud. It is proudly acknowledged by the family of Tattersall that to this horse they owe the foundation of their fortunes. The death of Highflyer called forth an epitaph, of which the following lines are only part:—  
“Here lieth the perfect and beautiful symmetry of the much lamented Highflyer, by whom and his wonderful offspring the celebrated Tattersall acquired a noble fortune, but was not ashamed to acknowledge it. In gratitude to this famous stallion he called an elegant mansion he built Highflyer Hall.”

The owner of the famous sire did not long survive the horse in which his heart was bound up. Mr. Richard Tattersall died on the 21st of February, 1795, at his house at Hyde Park Corner, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was a native of the county of York, and in due time learned the mystery of wool-combing; but having the love of

horses and adventure that has from time immemorial distinguished Yorkshiremen, he found his way to London, and obtained employment at Mr. Beevor's Horse Repository, in St. Martin's-lane. Mr. Tattersall's good conduct and knowledge of horseflesh obtained for him a recommendation to the Duke of Kingston, into whose service he entered as superintendent of the stables; and in this capacity he remained until he began business for himself as an auctioneer of horses. He was well-fitted for the duties of his new avocation, and succeeded in making for himself such a reputation that all the great studs of his time came to be dispersed under his hammer. Mr. Tattersall was the architect of his own fortunes; he made a great name in his particular business, which flourishes and progresses year by year. The name of his family is a household word, not only in sporting circles at home, but all over the world: there is scarcely anybody in an English-speaking country but has heard of "Tattersall's." The founder of the house left his descendants an honest name, a good business, Highflyer Hall, and his estate near Ely; but they had, perhaps, occasion to regret that Mr. Richard Tattersall did not confine his transactions entirely to horseflesh.

Mr. Tattersall bought Highflyer of Lord Bolingbroke for £800, and he gained altogether about £25,000 by his purchase. At the time of his becoming the possessor of Highflyer, the favourite

stallion was Eclipse; but the chances of produce were very uncertain, and breeders were already getting tired of sending mares to him. Highflyer was very successful at the stud; and, seeing this, Mr. Tattersall bought a number of well-bred mares—for the most part at low prices—and in due course possessed as fine a stud of brood mares as any in the kingdom. In dealing with the produce of his paddocks, however, he pursued a policy just the opposite of that followed by Captain O'Kelly, who trained nearly every animal he bred. Mr. Tattersall, on the other hand, never trained any of his young stock, selling them all untried; and this course he found to be by far the most remunerative he could adopt.

Having now acquired a considerable fortune by his business as an auctioneer, he unfortunately decided to try his hand at managing a newspaper. It was pointed out to him that if he became part proprietor of a respectable morning paper, he would derive the profits from the large necessary expenditure in advertisements connected with his business. It had become proverbial that all Mr. Tattersall touched turned to gold, and it was with a firm belief in his own lucky star that he lent no unwilling ear to the persuasions of his friends—Skinner, the Lord Mayor, Church, the auctioneer, Bell, the bookseller, and others—and joined them in purchasing the *Morning Post*. The Rev. Mr. Bate was the editor, and the result was a profit of £3,000 a year—an

amount that would be an unconsidered trifle in the total profit of a leading daily paper now, but then considered a handsome return for the capital invested. Journals managed by committees are dangerous property; and though the parson appears to have been able to pit three against three at the council-board, he always had the seventh against him. Mr. Tattersall became disgusted with the doings of the committee, and established the *Morning Herald* in opposition to the *Post*. This speculation at first proved a bad one—the *Herald* could not hold its own against the *Post*; but the calm retirement of a prison cell gave Mr. Tattersall ample leisure to master the details of newspaper management. “I was fortunately,” he says, “convicted of a libel on the Duke of Richmond, and imprisoned in the King’s Bench.” After three months his Grace relented, and consented that Mr. Tattersall should be set at liberty. After his term of incarceration in the King’s Bench was over, his conduct of the paper was successful, and the *Herald* soon took the lead of its rivals. Scandal was a prominent feature in the paper—the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitz-Herbert being very roughly handled, and Fox libelled daily, until Mr. Tattersall changed his tactics and his politics at the same time, and all three became angels in the columns of his paper. He was also for some time proprietor of the *English Chronicle*; but after some years’ experience of the anxieties and risks of owning and managing newspaper properties,

Mr. Tattersall disposed of his interest in these ventures. He lived to a good old age, to dispense with liberal hand the hospitality of Highflyer Hall, to increase his fortune, and to give the toast of "The Hammer and Highflyer," with him an after-dinner rule without an exception.

Epitaphs in the papers were the fashion of that day, in which a man's qualities, good or bad, were recorded largely in capital letters. A few days after Mr. Tattersall's death the following lines were published. They may serve in this place at once to show the opinion his contemporaries held of the founder of the "house at the Corner," and to illustrate a custom once universal but now fallen into desuetude:—

Sacred to the Ashes of  
RICHARD TATTERSALL,  
Late of Hyde Park Corner, in the County of  
Middlesex, Esq.,  
who  
By his indefatigable Industry,  
Irreproachable Character,  
And unassuming Manners,  
Raised himself  
From an humble, though respectable, origin  
To Independence and Affluence.  
To the rare excellence of bearing Prosperity with Moderation,  
HE  
By his inflexible integrity  
united  
(As he justly acquired)  
The exalted Appellation of  
HONEST MAN!



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And continued uncorrupted even by  
Riches. Thus  
Universally respected and beloved by all who knew him  
He lived; and died as universally regretted  
On the 21st day of February,  
In the year of our Lord,  
1795,  
And in the 71st year of his age.  
But though  
His perishable part, together with this frail tribute to his ashes,  
shall decay,  
yet  
As long as the recollection of  
Honest worth,  
Sociable manners,  
and  
Hospitality unbounded  
Shall be dear to the memory of man,  
The remembrance of him shall live: surviving the  
Slender aid of the proud Pyramid,  
The boasted durability of Brass,  
and  
The wreck of Ages!!!

## CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE THE FOURTH AND CHIFNEY—DISPUTE WITH THE JOCKEY CLUB—RETIREMENT OF THE PRINCE FROM THE TURF—DEATH OF CHIFNEY.

**I**N the year 1784, George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, made his first appearance on the Turf in the character of an owner of race-horses. Seven years later—namely, in October, 1791—his Royal Highness retired from the Turf for the second time, under the following circumstances. On the 20th and 21st days of October, in the year above-mentioned, a horse named Escape, the property of the Prince, was entered, and ran for two different races at Newmarket. On the first day the race was from the Ditch in; the stakes were sixty guineas, and four competitors faced the starter for it:—Mr. Dawson's Coriander, Lord Grosvenor's Skylark, Lord Clermont's Pipeator, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Escape. They passed the post in the order named: the betting previous to the race having been 2 to 1 against Escape, 4 to 1 against Coriander, and 5 to 1 against Skylark. The result, of course, led to no remarks. The defeat of a favourite was as common a thing on the Heath then as it is now. The fact that Escape was the property of the First Gentleman in Europe,

did not make his backers angry when they saw the Royal purple and gold buttons looming in the rear. But on the following day, the 21st, the Prince thought proper to start *Escape* for a race over the Beacon Course, a subscription of five guineas each, for which there were twelve subscribers, six of whom sent their representatives to the post. These were his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's *Escape*, Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, Lord Grosvenor's *Skylark*, the Duke of Bedford's *Grey Diomed*, Lord Clermont's *Pipeator*, and Mr. Barton's *Alderman*. They were placed by the judge in this order—the betting at the start having been 7 to 4 against *Chanticleer*, 11 to 5 against *Skylark*, 5 to 1 against *Escape*, and 6 to 1 against *Grey Diomed*.

Immediately after the race, angry remarks were made about the running of the Prince's horse, and insinuations against His Royal Highness's honour and the riding of his jockey, Sam Chifney, were general. The direct reversal of the running of *Escape* on the previous day certainly called for notice. The Jockey Club accordingly took the matter up. The stewards were Sir Charles Bunbury, and Messrs. Ralph Dutton and Thomas Panton, and they sent for Chifney and examined him upon the subject of their inquiry. To the Prince Regent and his connection with the Turf, and to Samuel Chifney as a great horseman, so much interest attaches that it is necessary to tell over again the oft-told tale of the *Escape* affair, of the Prince's

squabble with the Jockey Club, of his consequent retirement from the Turf, and of Sam Chifney's explanation and defence.

The explanation and defence, giving the full though ex parte history of the Escape affair, are to be found in "*Genius Genuine*," a book of some 170 pages, first published in 1795, when the author was in reduced circumstances, and four years after the events which furnished its interesting chapters with matter. The title-page of "*Genius Genuine*," by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket, sets out that his work contains "a fine part in riding a race known only to the author; why there are so few good runners, and why the Turf horses degenerate; a guide to recover them in their strength and speed, as well as to train horses for running and hunters and hacks for hard riding; to preserve their strength and their sinews from being so often destroyed; with reasons for horses changing in their running; likewise a full account of the Prince's horse Escape's running at Newmarket on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791; with other interesting particulars. Sold only for the author, 232, Piccadilly." The price was five pounds, or at the rate of almost eightpence a page. The sale was evidently greater than was expected, though there are now no data by which it is possible to determine the number of copies printed; for a second edition, likewise "price five pounds," appeared on the 9th of January, 1804.

Nor had the great jockey been silent in the

meantime, for in 1800 he advertised his publication at a moderate price. Half a crown was the sum he charged for the "Narrative, or address of Samuel Chifney (rider for life to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales), to the public in general, but more particularly to such of them as heretofore have been, now are, or hereafter may be, connected with the Turf."

Of the two effusions inspired by the Prince's jockey—for he was not without material assistance in the authorship—the cheaper is, for all practical purposes, by far the more useful. For although it may be admitted that in 1795 a number of owners and others engaged in training thoroughbred stock did feel an interest in penetrating the mysteries of riding, training and "preserving" horses—of which Chifney said he was the sole repository—yet five pounds a copy were given for "Genius Genuine," chiefly by benevolent patrons of the Turf, who thought that Chifney had been hardly used, and by curious people, who were still very much interested in all the matters connected with the Prince's second retirement.

The jockey could tell the story better than any one else. He had been party to all the proceedings which had driven his master from the Heath he loved. To Chifney, therefore, the public went for those "full particulars" he alone of the persons originally concerned in the Escape transactions of 1791 was able and willing to give. And mainly

because his five-pound book contained their recital were two editions of it sold; and solely from this cause was it that his half-crown pamphlet reached a large sale and enjoyed a high degree of popularity.

The influence of Johnson upon English literature was still very strong within the first twenty years after his death, and men who devote themselves to Turf pursuits are usually conservative to a very high degree. Accordingly, Sam Chifney's literary adviser in 1800 thinks it necessary to put forward his "Reasons for this Publication" in quite a Johnsonian strain. "Amidst the great variety of characters, from the highest to the lowest ranks of life, which are to be found on the Turf," we are told, "the number of those who make an unfair use of their knowledge and experience of it is comparatively small; but the effects of their unfair exertions are very extensive." Presently, however, we come to the actual narrative, doubtless told in Sam's own words, lengthened syllabically as the grandeur of the occasion requires.

He does not conceive that anybody can be ignorant of the sensation that was made on the Turf when he had the honour of riding his Royal Highness's horse *Escape* at Newmarket, on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791. Most wonders last only nine days—so the proverb says; but after a lapse of nine years the old jockey finds himself suffering from the effects of the occurrence of those days, with a family he is unable to provide for out of

his very scanty means. He is justly indignant at the imputation of dishonesty, and he presumes that the liberality of his readers will induce them to admit that his character, name, and reputation are as dear to him and as important to his family as if he had been placed by Providence in the most exalted situation in life.

With thus much of preface we come to the narrative of his connection with the Prince of Wales.

On the 14th of July, 1790, his Royal Highness engaged Chifney for life, at wages of two hundred guineas a year, to ride his horses.

Mr. W. Lake had then the superintendence of the Royal stable, and the Prince told Chifney that he was always to take his final orders from that gentleman:—

“Sam Chifney, if at any time it should happen that I give you orders how to ride, you will always go to Mr. Lake for your final orders; and Mr. Lake and you will make any alteration you like and where you please.”

Now nothing can be clearer than this: it was probable that the Prince would often give orders to his jockey how to ride; but, as a matter of prudence, he left it to better judges than himself—to the gentleman to whom he had entrusted the making of his matches and to his jockey—to decide at last what it might be best to do. This plan was adhered to to the letter—Mr. Lake was consulted in the last re-

source, as the Prince had directed; but where Mr. Lake's orders ran contrary to Sam Chifney's ideas his superior went to the wall.

Of this, in his "Address" and in "Genius Genuine," he gives four or five instances. The cases in point are those of the running of Scots at Lewes, on the 7th August, 1790, where he plainly states that Mr. W. Lake had laid money against the Prince's mare; a match at eight pounds between his Royal Highness's Magpie, and Lord Barrymore's Seagull, in which Mr. Lake seems to have been interested in getting Magpie beaten; and a match between his Royal Highness's Traveller against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, in which Traveller cut up very badly. Of this match Chifney says:—

"On the morning they were to run, his Royal Highness sent for me whilst Mr. W. Lake was in his room, and said, 'Sam Chifney, will Traveller run to-day?'"

"I replied, 'No, your Royal Highness; I don't think he will.'"

Mr. Lake took up the jockey with warmth, and praised the mare's merits so extravagantly that Chifney came to the conclusion that the Prince's sporting Mentor wished to "disguise the truth."

In the next case quoted by Chifney, Pegasus was going to run against Cardock and another horse for the King's Plate at Newmarket, and Mr. W. Lake ordered him to make play with his Royal High-



ness's horse. Chifney objected strongly, but Mr. Lake insisted. In the actual race, however, he played his own game, and won on the post.

Mr. Lake came up and said, "I give you joy, Chifney. I was glad to see the horse win. I mean, I was glad for the horse's master's sake, for I don't mind anything about them myself."

At this time it was Chifney's belief that Mr. W. Lake was not always on the side of his Royal Highness in betting transactions, and that Neale was a very incompetent trainer, or, as he was then called, groom to the Royal stud.

"I thought it," he says, "my duty to make known to the public the incapacity of Neale for his situation; which, whether known or not to Mr. W. Lake, I considered to be much encouraged by him, to the severe loss of his Royal Highness."

In fact, Chifney's opinion was that Mr. Lake permitted the Prince to employ an incompetent trainer, who constantly brought his animals to the post untrained in order that he might profit by laying against them when his Royal Highness and his friends backed them.

We now come to Escape.

Chifney had long had his eye on the horse. So far back as April, 1789, he had seen him beaten by Harpator when they ran the four miles of the Duke's Course together. In October, of the same year, he saw him beat Nimble, "a fast runner," across the flat; and so came to the conclusion that

Escape was a horse possessing a fine turn of speed.

At Ascot, in June, 1790, Escape lost the Oatlands Stakes, in Chifney's opinion through not running a waiting race. Then comes his personal connection with an animal that proved most unfortunate to him. In August, 1790, he was ordered to York, and to ride Escape. The Prince had taken in one bet 3,000 to 2,000 guineas that his horse won both the Great Subscriptions.

The first of these races Escape won, in the second he was beaten very easily by most of the other runners. The double event bets were consequently lost, and, as the jockey thought, solely because the Prince's horse was "very unfit to run."

On several important occasions he seems to have sent up a similar message to the Prince, and his master had the good sense to act upon his advice. Two animals, respectively named Traveller and Creeper, which the Prince had matched, or Mr. W. Lake had matched for him, for large sums of money, seem to have given a great deal of trouble to everybody connected with them; and, according to Chifney's account, were pretty nearly always "unfit to run." At York, owing to Chifney's advice, Mr. Lake had hedged nearly all the Prince's money—in fact, his Royal Highness only stood to lose 350 guineas by the result.

On the first day of the meeting, Chifney says that Escape was run very hard by a horse that was

publicly known to run but very moderately; on the second day, in better company, he was beaten very easily by all his opponents.

So far, then, it would appear that Escape was an uncertain horse—an animal that could not be depended upon; but one of which, when in condition, Chifney entertained a very high opinion.

This brings us to Newmarket October Meeting, when Escape's performances led to the retirement of his Royal Highness from the Turf—an event that was keenly regretted by lovers of the sport throughout the kingdom. Chifney had been accused of "tricks" on Escape before—notably, when Baronet, in his own stable, beat him for the Oatlands Stakes at Ascot, a race on which an immense sum of money had been betted. The Prince told Chifney he stood to win seventeen thousand on Baronet. But there is not a jot of evidence to show that Escape was not on that occasion beaten on his merits; and beaten, Chifney again states, because he was badly trained, by grooms whom he describes as "honest fellows who knew no better." However, he seems to have been trained by the 5th of October, for on that date he placed two races to the Prince's credit, who was so pleased with Chifney's master-like riding that he shook him by the hand, and said, "Sam Chifney, no person but you shall ride for me."

On the 20th, when Chifney was riding his cob on to the raceground, with his saddle tied round his

waist, he passed the Prince and a party of friends. As he went along at a hand gallop through the gap, the Prince called out in a loud tone, "Sam Chifney, Escape is sure of winning to-day, is he not?"

Chifney reined in his cob, and riding up to his master, said, touching his cap, "Your Royal Highness, I do not think Escape is sure to win to-day."

"Yes," replied the Prince, "Escape is sure of winning to-day."

"I then," says Chifney, "took the liberty of advising his Royal Highness not to bet upon him, as the odds, from his previous performances, were likely to be high upon him, and much might be lost, though little could be won."

"No," returned the Prince, "I shall not bet upon him, but he is sure of winning," and trotted on, to join the company already riding down the lower side of the running-ground to the turn of the Lands.

Chifney professes that he was now under a "peculiar embarrassment," as he very much wanted an opportunity of telling his Royal Highness that he thought it very likely that Escape was not quite fit to run. Nothing would have been easier for him to do than to turn his pony off the grass and ride after the Prince's party down the road. He did not do so, however. Nor did he communicate his reasons for thinking Escape would lose when, after a race or two had been run, the Prince was in Lord Barrymore's carriage at the rails by the turn of the Lands,

and called out to Chifney to come to him to receive his final orders about riding Escape.

"Sam Chifney," said his Royal Highness, "I wish you to make very strong play with Escape."

To this remark the jockey says he made no reply.

The Prince continued, "I am never afraid when I am giving South and you orders, for I know you are both too good jockeys to overwork your horses. But now I will not compel you to make play with Escape. If there is no other horse to make play, then you are to do so. I hope you perfectly understand me?"

Chifney replied, "Yes, your Royal Highness, I perfectly understand."

The Prince then drove with Lord Barrymore to the betting-post, and his jockey did not see him again till after the race.

Mr. Lake, however, saw Chifney immediately the Prince had left him, and asked what orders he had got about riding Escape. Chifney repeated the Prince's injunctions. They both agreed that it would be madness to make play; and Mr. Lake said, "I think, as you do, that Escape had better wait, so you will wait at all events; and as I see the Prince's carriage, I will go up at once and make everything perfectly pleasant."

At the saddling stable, Chifney says he asked if Escape had had a sweat since he ran his last race—a fortnight before; and the groom told him he had not.

The horses were started. Chifney waited with Escape, and was beaten.

On returning to scale, the Prince said, "Chifney, you have lost this race by not making strong play as I desired you."

He excused himself, and expressed a hope that the Prince had not lost any money over the race.

"No, I have not lost a stiver," his master replied, "but that don't argue. Escape would have won if you had made play. I am a better jockey than you and Mr. Lake together. You have lost the race by not obeying my orders."

At a subsequent interview with the Prince and Mr. Lake, the former said to Chifney, "What is the meaning of Escape's being beaten to-day? for you tell me Escape is the best horse in the world."

"I did tell your Royal Highness," replies the jockey, "that Escape was the best horse in England, and I think the same of him now. It is a fortnight since he ran last. He has not had a sweat since, and though he looks straight and handsome to the eye, he is unfit to run; and I believe that was the cause of his being beaten to-day."

The Prince announced to Mr. Lake his intention of running Escape the next day, when Chifney said, "I am very glad your Royal Highness does run Escape to-morrow. This sharp rally to-day will not fatigue him, has sweated him, opened his pores, and lightened his flesh. He will run both faster and longer to-morrow; and his running to-day is my only

reason for wishing your Royal Highness to back him to-morrow ; for had he not run to-day I should not have wished your Royal Highness to back him to-morrow."

According to Chifney's account, this is all that passed between him and the Prince on the subject that afternoon. The next day, October 21st, when they met on the Heath, the Prince told Chifney that he wished him to make play with Escape in his race if no other horse made play, concluding his instructions with the words, "God bless you!" as the jockey reports them, who adds, "As his Royal Highness was leaving me I said, 'I wish your Royal Highness to back Escape,' and he called to me saying, 'Yes, I will.'"

Chifney then thinks that, having thus advised his master, he had better, for the look of the thing, back the horse himself. Accordingly he applies to Mr. Lake to lose twenty guineas for him upon Escape, but that gentleman replies, "No, I will have nothing to do with it, there are so many unpleasant things happen." Why Mr. Lake should thus prophesy the unpleasantness that followed so shortly after does not appear in the narrative. Mr. Vauxhall Clark, however, was more accommodating, and laid Chifney the odds to twenty guineas, as he wished.

Then came the race, in which Skylark made play. Chifney waited with Escape, and won easily. Then there was a sensation produced among the *habitues* of the Heath—ugly things were said about Sam Chif-

ney's riding, and equally ugly things were whispered about his master.

"As I came from scale," he writes, "I was told Mr. W. Lake had been saying something severe to his Royal Highness concerning Escape's running."

The Prince, according to Chifney, only won a few hundreds by the success of his horse. "It was under four hundred guineas and it was near four hundred guineas," is his account.

The subsequent events in connection with the Prince's retirement from the Turf are thus summarized:—On the morning after Escape's second race at Newmarket the jockey was sent for, and met his master in his dressing-room.

"Sam Chifney," said the Prince, "I have sent for you upon very unpleasant business. I am told that you won six or seven hundred pounds the day before yesterday, when you rode Escape and was beat on him."

Chifney replied that he believed his Royal Highness had not such an opinion of him. But the Prince added that he had also been told that he won about the same sum in the race he had won with the horse. Chifney protested.

The Prince appears to have believed him entirely, but told him to make an affidavit specifying all the bets he had on both races. This was done. He was "had up" before the stewards of the Jockey Club, Sir Charles Bunbury and Messrs. Dutton and Panton. They were not satisfied, and in consequence of the



resolution of the Jockey Club he received a letter from Sir John Lade, telling him to attend at once upon the Prince at Carlton House. There he was told by his master that Sir Charles Bunbury had said that if Chifney were suffered to ride the Prince's horses no gentleman would start against him. It was a bitter pill to swallow; but the Prince behaved like a man, and gave up his favourite amusement rather than sacrifice his servant.

His Royal Highness told Chifney he should not be likely to keep horses again. "But if ever I do, Sam Chifney, you shall train and manage them. You shall have your two hundred guineas a year all the same. I cannot give it you for your life, I can only give it for my own. You have been an honest and good servant to me."

The racing season for the year 1791 was over, and early in 1792 his second retirement from the Turf was announced. In the month of December of that year, two stallions of his, eleven brood mares, and fourteen horses in training, with their engagements, were sold, together with six horses of the Duke of York's.

A country squire, who possessed a copy of Chifney's five-guinea edition of "*Genius Genuine*"—who treasured the volume and honoured the memory of the author—has left this account of Chifney's end in autograph on the fly leaf:—

"The author of this pamphlet was the most celebrated and favourite rider of races on the Turf. In

consequence, I believe, of the affair of Escape he fell into disgrace, and consequently into poverty. This little book was published at the high price of five guineas for the purpose of relieving his necessities. He died in the King's Bench Prison; and of his last moments I am told the following anecdote:—

“A gentleman who had long known him, and compassionated his forlorn condition, called on him, and said, ‘Sam, you should think a little of a future state. If you please, I will get a clergyman to come and pray by you, and give you religious consolation.’

“Chifney expressed his thanks, but wished for a little time to think upon it. The gentleman said he was going out for a short time, and would soon return. When he came back, he said, ‘Well, Sam, I have spoken to the parson of the parish, and he will come to see you whenever you please. What do you say to it?’

“‘Why, sir,’ answered Chifney, ‘I am obliged to you all the same, but I have thought upon it. I have made up my mind. I’ll stand it all. I won’t hedge.’”

He did not; but died, without seeing the parson, at his wretched lodgings in Fleet-lane, within the rules of the Fleet Prison, in January, 1807. Born in Norfolk, about 1753, we find him, after a short apprenticeship to the mysteries of his craft, recognized as one of the best of those jockeys among whom he afterwards became *primus inter pares*. His companions and contemporaries in the pigskin were the two

Arnolds, John and Sam, Clift and Oakley; and towards the close of his Turf career Buckle pushed him hard at a finish across the Flat or Ditch In.

He was "jockey for life" to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and he rode at different times for the leading noblemen and gentlemen who kept a stud of horses at Newmarket and patronized the Turf.

Stubbs took his portrait on Baronet, the property of his Royal master; and this picture well exhibits his backward seat in the saddle, and his peculiar slack rein style of handling his bridle. He was not only the author of a guide to the recondite secrets of training, but the inventor of a bit intended to reduce his theories to practice, and known in its day as the Chifney bit. This favourite jockey of the latter end of the last century and beginning of the present, was a muscular, lightly built man, about five feet six inches in height, of comely features, respectful in his manners to his superiors, kindly among his associates, described by one who knew him well in his prosperity and in his adversity, and who always stood by him, as "a thorough good servant, and the finest rider that ever threw his thigh over a racer."

He entered Fox's stables at Newmarket in or about 1770, from whom he learnt the rudiments of the art of jockeyship; and a year or two afterwards he entered the service of Richard Prince, training groom to Lord Foley. Chifney thus served his apprenticeship to two men who were accounted the

best trainers of their time. He says of himself:—"In 1773 I could ride horses in a better manner in a race to beat others than any person ever known in my time, and in 1775 I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw. Riding I learned myself, and training I learned from Mr. Richard Prince."

His "Genius Genuine" contained not only his elaborate defence of his proceedings in regard to the riding of Eclipse, but also his reasons for riding with a loose rein, and the causes why "the Turf Horses degenerate, and Guides to recover them to their Strength and Speed."

As to the former, he writes:—"Now, in my own defence, I will name one of those very fine parts in riding a race, as it is thrown in my face to this hour as a very great fault in my riding—viz., my riding with a loose rein. The Duke of Bedford was near taking me off his horses, saying the people teased him because I rode his horses with a loose rein, and desired me to hold my horse fast in his running. I was sorry his Grace was thus troubled, as it puts a horse's frame all wrong, and his speed slackened, where the horse has that sort of management to his mouth. My reins appeared loose, but my horse had only proper liberty, and mostly running in the best of attitudes. It is usual when that grooms are taking and giving orders to their riders, to hold the horse fast in his running; and where a horse is intended to make play, their orders are to hold the horse fast by

the head, and let him come, or come along with him; but it is very much against a horse to hold him fast, or let him bear on his rein in his running: it makes him run with his mouth more open, and pulls his head more in or up. This causes him at times to run in a fretting, jumping attitude, with his fore-legs more open; sometimes it causes him to run stag-necked; this makes the horse point his fore-legs (otherwise called straight-legged). Sometimes it makes the horse run with his head and neck more down, crowding and reaching against his rider. This reaching his neck against his rider pulls the horse's fore-legs out farther than the pace occasions. In all those attitudes his sinews are more worked and extended, he has more exertion, his wind more locked, and this reaching and pointing his fore-legs makes them swell and tire.

"That the first fine part in riding a race is to command your horse to run light in his mouth—it is done with manner; it keeps him better together, his legs are more under him, his sinews less extended, less exertion, his wind less locked; the horse running thus to order, feeling light for his rider's mounts, his parts are more at ease and ready, and can run considerably faster when called upon to what he can when that he has been running in the fretting, sprawling attitude, with part of the rider's weight in his mouth.

"And as the horse comes to his last extremity, finishing his race, he is the better forced and kept

straight with manner,\* and fine touching to his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein; if not, it stops him little or much. If a horse is a slug, he should be forced with a manner up to this order of running, and particularly so if he has to make play, or he will run the slower and jade the sooner for the want of it.

"The phrase at Newmarket is, that you should pull your horse to ease him in his running. When horses are at their greatest distress in their running, they cannot bear that visible manner of pulling as looked for by many of the sportsmen; he should be enticed to ease himself an inch a time, as his situation will allow.

"This should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you was afraid of breaking it.

"This is the true way a horse should be held fast in his running.

"N.B.—If the Jockey Club will be pleased to give me two hundred guineas, I will make them a bridle as I believe never was, and I believe can never be, excelled for their light weights to hold their horses from running away, and to run to order in, as above-mentioned, as near as I thus can teach; and it is much best for all horses to run in such; and ladies in particular should have such to ride and drive in,

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\* The word "manner" is throwing, putting, and keeping self and horse in the best of attitudes. This gives readiness, force, and quickness.

as they not only excel in holding horses from running away, but make horses step safer, ride pleasanter, and carriage handsomer."

As to the matter of the asserted degeneration of racers, Chifney writes:—

"The outcry is, 'Why are there so few good runners, or that the Turf horses degenerate?' Some say they think it is from running horses too young. My opinion is this, viz.—That the best running mares are trained till their running is gone from them, little or much, then turned into the stud exhausted of their juices, as above described. Perhaps drop a foal on the following year, and so on, year after year, suckling one foal while breeding another. The mare is thus turned into the stud drained of her strength, and her continually breeding keeps her so, without she lays herself barren a year or two by her mis-standing. This chance manner of her laying herself fallow gives her an opportunity of recovering her juices, or strength to enable her to breed a stronger foal. And it is the same with the horses. They are turned out of training into the stud thus drained of their nature; and the better runner he is, the more he is immediately pressed with numbers of the best mares, and, in a manner, all to the stallions at one time. These are my reasons why the Turf horses degenerate in strength, speed, and beauty."

## CHAPTER V.

LEADING PATRONS OF THE TURF IN THE REIGN OF  
GEORGE THE THIRD—MR. PRATT, OF ASKRIGG—  
HAMBLETONIAN AND DIAMOND—SHORTER RACES—  
MATCHES.

ALTHOUGH George the Third was fond of hunting, and kept two packs of hounds, he had no affection for the Turf; and his annual visit with his family to Ascot Heath was all the encouragement he gave the sport—if we except a plate of a hundred guineas, to be run for by horses that had regularly been hunted with the Royal Hounds during the preceding winter. In the Heir Apparent, however, was found a warm partisan of the Turf; but the circumstances attending the first appearance of the Prince of Wales as an owner of race-horses at Newmarket were not of good omen; and his second entry upon the scene in that character ended in the retirement from the Turf recorded in the last chapter. When the House of Commons was asked to pay debts amounting to nearly £640,000, it was only to be expected that a large part of his indebtedness was charged by the public to the expense of his racing establishment and his liking for betting.



The Duke of Queensberry, who had in the course of a long life fifty years' experience on the Turf, was the wealthiest and one of the most prominent patrons of the sport during that period. Having succeeded to the family honours and immense estate acquired by the "political industry" of his ancestors, at an early age the accumulations at his majority constituted a great fortune. He had a genuine taste for racing—one of the only two real pleasures of his life; he had good sense and judgment about horses, which enabled him to form a well-selected stud; and he always maintained from thirty to forty animals in training.

The Duke of Cumberland, the most popular member of the Royal Family, filled a leading place in racing circles; and to his Royal Highness's devotion and skill we are indebted for the well-made matches that produced Crab, Marske, Herod, and Eclipse.

The Duke of York, though he raced at Newmarket, and bred also some thoroughbred stock, owed his introduction to Turf pursuits rather to the persuasion of his elder brother than to any love of his own for the pursuits of the field and the stud.

"A blazing comet of the Senate, and a leading member of the Jockey Club," almost as soon as his college days were over, Fox gave his hearty support to the Turf; though all his life he preferred the "music of the bones" in St. James's-street to the thud of a gallop at Newmarket.

The Duke of Bedford, whose advent on the Turf

immediately followed his emancipation from the hands of his tutor, early became an adept in the arts of the trainer and the breeder. His stud at Newmarket soon acquired formidable dimensions, and was in a year or two from its establishment the most brilliant seen since the dispersion of the Duke of Cumberland's horses, after his death. From his first appearance at Newmarket, it was currently reported of his Grace that the elders of the Turf could not circumvent him, nor the blacklegs lay him under contribution. The colours of the Duke of Marlborough, the philanthropic and generous Earl of Egremont, the unpopular Lord Lonsdale, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Grosvenor, who expended £300,000 during thirty years of unequalled success on the Turf, the Right Hon. Wm. Windham, Mr. Panton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and many others, were frequently seen on the Turf. Among the most celebrated Turf men of that day, however, must be mentioned Mr. John Pratt, of Askrigg, in Wensleydale. He was the son of a hackney coach proprietor, who had realized a considerable fortune in London, and had purchased a small estate. He was sent to Cambridge, and his visits to Newmarket inspired what afterwards became the passion of his life. Mr. Orton says of him :—"At no one period of his life did he possess above £700 per annum in landed property; yet, strange as it may appear, with these limited means, aided by his success on the Turf, he built himself a handsome mansion, with commo-

dious stabling and extensive paddocks; kept a retinue of upwards of twenty household servants, a pack of hounds, huntsman, whipper-in, &c., and an excellent stud of hunters, in addition to his numerous stud of race-horses, which he raced at Newmarket, and the different meetings of York and Doncaster, and other places in the north of England." He bred nearly the whole of his stud from a celebrated Squirt mare, bought of Mr. Hammond, twelve of whose foals turned out excellent racers. Mr. Pratt sold Camden, by Highflyer out of Purity, to Mr. Peregrine Wentworth for 700 guineas. Camden was re-named Rockingham, and sold to the Prince of Wales by Mr. Wentworth for 2,000 guineas—a circumstance that brought about the death of his former owner, from chagrin at having sold a good horse for a lower price than its real value. Mr. Pratt died at Newmarket on the 8th of May, 1785. His virtues are celebrated in an epitaph, which introduces also the names of the most famous among the horses he bred. He was an honest man, and deserved the following, the last lines in his epitaph:—

“To sum up the abstract of his character,  
It may be truly said of him,  
That his frailties were few,  
His virtues many;  
That he lived  
Almost universally beloved;  
That he died  
Almost universally lamented.”

On the 25th of March, 1799, at the Newmarket

Craven Meeting, the celebrated match between Sir Harry Vane Tempest's Hambletonian, 8st. 3lbs., and Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 8st., was run over the Beacon Course—four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards.

The stakes were 3,000 guineas, and in addition the owners had a bye-bet of 800 guineas. Long before the decision of the match, it had been the subject of great interest among sporting men; and Hambletonian, being a Yorkshire horse, was backed for a very large amount by the Yorkshiremen. Dennis Fitzpatrick, who rode Diamond, appeared in lilac, with a straw-coloured cap; and Buckle, who rode Hambletonian, in Sir Harry Vane's purple and yellow. The betting was 6 to 5 in favour of the Yorkshire horse at starting, and the result justified the confidence placed by the layers of odds in Buckle and the favourite. The horses ran a desperate race over this severe course, each struggling for the lead. When they came in sight of the spectators, opinion was generally in favour of Diamond, as he went more easily than his opponent, and had not been whipped or spurred nearly so much. The belief that Hambletonian was exhausted was ill-founded: he ran with the greatest gameness; and in this way, neck and neck, whipped and spurred, they reached the distance, and even before they came in were nose and nose. In the very last stride the favourite won by half a neck, amidst the victorious shouts of his backers, and the

enthusiasm of all who witnessed this extraordinary struggle between two of the best horses and two of the best jockeys of their day. The time occupied by the race was seven minutes and fifteen seconds. Sir Harry Tempest won almost as much again as the stakes in bets. The event drew together the largest concourse of people ever collected together on Newmarket Heath. Every bed in Newmarket was bespoken three weeks before the race; and Cambridge, and every town and village within twenty miles of the head-quarters of the Turf, were thronged with visitors. Stabling it was impossible to get, and horses and grooms camped out, or slept in the vehicles that had brought their masters to the scene. Not only had the metropolis emptied itself of the sporting world for the occasion, but the followers and patrons of the Turf from all the neighbouring counties were present: the "oldest inhabitants," as they walked home from the top of the turn, declaring that the Heath had never witnessed such an assemblage before.

London was anxious for the news, which reached town between nine and ten the same evening—a Mr. Hull, of Moorfields, who had three horses on the road, being the first to arrive. An hour later, Sir Harry Tempest, who had travelled from Newmarket in a post-chaise and four, arrived at the Cocoa Tree, and announced to the company assembled there the victory of his horse.

Francis Buckle, a monarch of the saddle, who

rode Hambletonian, was born at Newmarket in 1766, the son of a saddler, to which trade the great jockey was at first apprenticed. He absconded from his master's service, declaring that nothing should induce him to follow anything but horses and the stables. He made his first appearance as a jockey on the Heath in May, 1783, on a colt of Mr. Vernon's called Wolf, and soon distinguished himself in his calling. He married for the second time, at Lichfield, in 1807, Miss Jane Thornton, the daughter of a veterinary surgeon there, by whom he had three sons.

He lived for some time at Peterborough, occupying a farm under Earl Fitzwilliam, and he frequently went thence on his hackney to Newmarket, rode his trials there, and returned to Peterborough to tea at six o'clock—a distance of ninety-two miles, besides his work on the course. He had during a number of years many of the best mounts, riding for the Duke of Grafton, Earl Grosvenor, Sir Charles Bunbury, Messrs. Cookson, Wilson, Durand, Udny, and Colonel Mellish. He was always able to ride 7st. 10lbs., and often 7st. 8lbs., without even taking a walk; and to the end of his long and successful career he retained his splendid nerve and firm seat, which, with a keen ardour for the sport, always distinguished him. His last race was on Mr. Udny's Conservator, November 5th, 1831, exactly fifty years from the beginning of his public life. He had entered Mr. Vernon's stables on the

5th of November, 1781. He died of inflammation, somewhat suddenly, on February 7th, 1832, in his sixty-fifth year, and was buried at Long Orton, where he had lived for some years.

"Eclipse was the horse of all horses that ran,  
But whate'er be our horse now, Buckle's the man.  
Oh! where is the match for a treasure so rare?  
Look round the wide world, and ye'll ne'er find a pair;  
For, train'd to the Turf, he stands quite alone,  
And a *pair of such Buckles* was never yet known."

Dennis Fitzpatrick, the rider of Diamond in the great match, was an Irishman, whose struggles and victories on the Curragh of Kildare had procured for him a call to Newmarket, where he found foemen worthier of his steel. He rode for Lords Clermont and Egremont, for the latter of whom he won the Derby, in 1805, on Cardinal Beaufort. Mr. Orton ("Turf Annals of York and Doncaster") considers Fitzpatrick must have been at the top of the tree in his profession, to be engaged for such a momentous event as the match between Diamond and Hambletonian—"a race of such interest and importance that its result was anxiously looked for even in remote parts of the world." Buckle always spoke of "Denny" as a most able horseman, and considered him and "Old Chifney" as models of perfection. Dennis Fitzpatrick died at Newmarket, on the 27th of June, 1806, in the forty-second year of his age.

In this year (1799) an important alteration was made

in the rules relating to the King's Plates. The *London Gazette*, on March 14th, contains a notice, by order of the Master of the Horse, setting forth that his Majesty has been pleased to give a Plate of one hundred guineas, to be run for by horses, mares, or geldings, at Newmarket (three), Salisbury, Ipswich, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, Lincoln, York, Richmond (Yorks.), Lewes, Canterbury, Lichfield, Newcastle, Bradford, Carlisle, Ascot, and Warwick. These Plates, which have hitherto been run for by six-year-old horses, are not to be limited to such for the future, but are to extend to the following ages also, viz.:—

					st.	lbs.
Four-year-olds, carrying	...	...	...	...	10	4
Five	"	"	...	...	11	6
Six	"	"	...	...	12	0
Aged	"	"	...	...	12	2

This alteration in the conditions upon which the King's guineas were to be competed for gave great satisfaction to the owners of horses generally.

These altered conditions were mainly brought about by critics who had already begun to bemoan the decline of the Turf, the Sam Stirrups and Dick Whips of the sporting column of the newspapers, who looked with concern on the decadent state of their "favourite summer diversion," the Turf, and lamented the golden days of the first Duke of Cumberland, of O'Kelly, Stroud, Bertie, Wildman, and others of the old school, whom nobody now alive, except the Dukes of Queensberry and Grafton, could



even remember. Advice was frequently tendered as to the principles which should guide the Sovereign in encouraging the Turf, and how the present existing evils should be remedied. The growing tendency to shorter courses—six, eight, and ten mile courses being now quite out of fashion—led to endless jeremiads of a kind the Turfites of the present day are not unfamiliar with. Speed, it was urged, the *Racing Calendar* showed, was the sole desideratum of breeders, and nineteen horses out of twenty were only capable of carrying a feather weight. Therefore, as the object of the King and his advisers ought to be to obtain a breed of horses whose speed shall be as a medium of their service, let none but aged horses run for public money, and let them carry at least twelve stones weight.

There was in fact, however, no reason for the note of the croakers. The characteristically English sport of horse-racing, long ago rooted in the affections of the people, was really gradually and surely increasing its hold upon all classes. The interest felt in the great match just described, the large and distinguished assemblage regularly attending the Newmarket meetings, the races recently established at Bibury, and the vast improvements at Goodwood, sufficiently exhibited what was not improperly called the “reviving splendour of the Turf,” which had suffered injury from the impoverishment of the country by six years’ continuance of a war carried on at unparalleled expense, and falling with unusual

weight upon the higher classes and more opulent of the King's subjects, as well as by the loss through death of several of its noble supporters. The new racecourse at Goodwood was completed in 1801; and at the latter end of April a numerous company assembled, and a very gay time followed. Goodwood House was filled with guests; five or six tents were pitched, in which luncheon was served, "every dainty in season being profusely provided, ice even not being prohibited."

In the evenings of the two race days the company patronized the theatre at Chichester and the ball at the Assembly Rooms. The Prince of Wales subscribed to the races for the year following, when the meeting was to be extended to three days; and the Duke of Richmond made it known that he would build a Grand Stand, which should be in readiness for the next meeting.

Attractive as the matches between horses of renown—such, for instance, as that between Hambletonian and Diamond—proved to the followers of the Turf and the sporting world generally, matches between racers were by no means the only contests of the kind in which our ancestors' passion for sport was gratified. The mail coaches were not very uncommonly matched against one another; and one of the most interesting matches of this kind took place in the second year of the present century, when the London mail, horsed by Mr. Land, of the New London Inn, Exeter, with four fine greys, raced the Ply-

mouth mail, horsed by Mr. Phillipps with four blacks, for 500 guineas, from St. Sydwell's to Honiton. Mr. Cave Browne, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, drove the London mail coach, and Mr. Chichester the Plymouth team. The London coach won, Mr. Browne driving the sixteen miles in one hour and fourteen minutes. This race took place on May 20th, 1802, and attracted a very large number of sightseers.

The most celebrated match upon wheels, however, was, perhaps, that decided on the 29th of August, 1750, on Newmarket Heath. A wager was made between the Earls of March and Eglington, with Messrs. Theobald, Taaffe, and Andrew Sprowle, for 1,000 guineas. The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, with a man in it, to be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in one hour. The carriage, made by Mr. Wright, of Long Acre, was of the lightest possible construction; the harness was made of the thinnest leather, covered with silk; the man sat on a seat of leathern straps, with velvet; the boxes of the wheels were provided with tins of oil, to drop slowly on the axle-trees for one hour. By an ingenious contrivance, the traces ran into boxes with springs when any of them hung back, thereby preventing the traces from getting under the horses' legs. The race was begun at seven o'clock in the morning, near the Six-mile House on Newmarket Heath. The course lay between the Warren and Rubbing-houses, through the Running Gap, where, turning to

the right, the vehicle was drawn three times round a corded piece of ground of four miles in circumference, and then back to the starting-post. The carriage and harness all together, weighed only one and a half hundredweights. The backers of the horses won, as the match was performed in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds.

At the latter end of the last century and beginning of the present, matches of all kinds against time were very much in vogue. On the 2nd of April, 1801, Captain Newland rode a match which attracted a good deal of attention. He backed himself for a heavy wager to ride 140 miles in eight successive hours on hackneys, most of which he got from the landlord of the Swan at Chichester. He performed the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes, having completed his first hundred miles in five hours and five minutes. This match is remarkable from the class of horses Captain Newland rode; but the hackneys he was supplied with must have been of a good stamp, quite coming up to the poet's description of an old English saddle-horse:—

“His head is like the snake,  
His neck is like the swan,  
His back is but a span, sir,  
His shoulders well put on,  
Is my fine old English hackney, boys,  
One of the olden times.”

But matches to ride against time are a very old-fashioned English institution. A match of this kind

is recorded in Fuller's "Worthies," who states that, "in the year 1606, John Lepton, Esq., of York, for a considerable sum engaged to ride six days in succession between York and London—and he won his wager : he consequently rode 187 miles a day."

On the 9th of November, 1801, Captain Barclay began his walking match for £10,000. He had made a match of £5,000 a side with Mr. Fletcher, a North-country gentleman, and well known on the Turf as an owner of race-horses, that he would go on foot ninety miles in twenty-one and a half successive hours. He started at midnight, at Ayton a place on the road from York to Hull, and walked a mile out and a mile in, the road being well lighted with lamps. He finished his walking at twenty-two minutes four seconds past eight in the evening, having one hour, seven minutes, fifty-six seconds to spare. Captain Barclay was a Scottish gentleman of fortune; and was, at the time of this match, twenty-two years of age, and stood five feet eleven inches in height. During the walking he fed heartily on boiled fowls and mutton steaks, and drank strong old ale. He finished his task perfectly fresh and well, saying he could very well go twenty miles farther. Thousands of people on horseback and on foot attended during his walk; and when he had finished his match, he was loudly huzzaed, and carried on the shoulders of the people in triumph. An immense sum of money in bets depended on the issue, and the betting was always in favour of the

Captain, slight odds being laid on him at the start ; and at the finish (when he had completed eighty miles), 15 and 20 to 1 that he won his wager.

Nor did matches of horses and of pedestrians, cock-fights and prize-fights, complete the list of such sports. In 1801, a bulldog named Bottom, the property of Mr. Simpson, of Kennington, was matched to fight a man. Bottom, who was already a champion of high renown, "having borne away the laurels in all the battles he had fought with dogs of his own kind, and had made the stately bull and shaggy bear humble themselves before him, was at length brought to the field to dispute it with a man." The man was stripped to the waist, and only used his fists against the dog. Bottom was muzzled, and, being rather shy when let loose, the odds were in favour of the man ; but being encouraged by his master, and grinned at by his antagonist, he made a most furious onset, in which he came off victorious by knocking down his opponent. Though the bulldog was muzzled, he managed to slip the strap in such a way that he tore open the man's stomach, so that the entrails became visible. When the challenger recovered his senses, he gave in at once, acknowledging the supremacy of the bulldog. Under the title of "Gentleman and the Bulldog," the fight is engraved in the old "Sporting Magazine" (vol. xviii., frontispiece). It would be ungenerous to suggest for a moment that here is to be found the original of the description of the celebrated fight at

Hanley, between the bulldog and the Dwarf, which severed the old-standing connection between a well-known journalist and the proprietors of the paper for which it had been his business to supply descriptive matter.

The Turf lost a supporter, and the world an eccentric character, in Counsellor Lade, who died in November, 1799. Bred to the law, he abandoned the practice of his profession for the more congenial pursuits of the Turf, breeding and training a number of horses at his seat at Cannon Park, between Kingsclere and Overton, in Hampshire. Mr. Lade's attention was principally turned to endeavouring to win country Plates, as he never sent a horse to Newmarket until the last few years of his life. He was of the same school as Miser Elwes, and extended his saving propensities to his stables, as well as to his kitchen and pantry; and so wretched was the condition of his numerous stud when, after his death, his horses were sent to be sold at Tattersall's, that they excited universal pity in the towns and villages through which they passed on their way from Hampshire to London. Lade was systematically parsimonious: he would drive his curricule and greys the fifty-seven miles between London and Cannon Park without taking them out of the harness, or giving them more than a handful of hay and a drink or two of water. He made the journey unattended, as he considered "servants on the road were more troublesome and expensive than their masters." His

x James Greenwood & Co. Daily

best horse was Oatlands, so named after winning both classes of the Oatlands Stakes at Newmarket in 1797.

About this time a fat figure of singularly important carriage was missed from the meetings at Ascot and Egham, where it had often figured in the wake of royalty. Weltje, the Prince of Wales's cook, betted no more on his master's horses, having died of apoplexy at Chiswick, while drinking tea with his friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Mayersbach.

The cook was as fond of horses as his master, and holding the appointments of chief cook, clerk of the kitchen, and purveyor to Carlton House, had the means of gratifying his tastes for laying wagers on cocks, dice, horses, and prizefighters. His pride was the cause of his fall, under the following circumstances. His daughter having fallen in love with a good-looking young cook, one of Weltje's subordinates in the kitchen at Carlton House, Weltje became incensed beyond all bounds at the prospect of such a *mésalliance* in his family. Neither the Romeo nor the Juliet being amenable to reason, Weltje, after their marriage, appealed to the Prince, who advised him, in a jocular way, to make the best of the affair. Weltje, however, urged persistently the discharge of his subordinate, threatening to bring both his daughter and the offending swain to indigence. Finally, the Prince, who thought less of Weltje's dignity than of his own soups and *entrées*, put an end to the squabbles that distracted the Royal



kitchen by discharging his *chef*, and raising his son-in-law to the place thus rendered vacant.

The views of an intelligent foreigner and his impressions of English institutions and maxims are always matter of interest. In the year 1800, Epsom was visited by Monsieur Grossley, a Frenchman, who afterwards published "The Tour to London; or, New Observations upon England."

It will be interesting to compare M. Grossley's description of Epsom Downs with that of M. Taine, three-quarters of a century later, printed in the account of Epsom in the second volume of this work.

M. Grossley found cock-fighting and horse-races carried to a pitch of madness among the English by wagering great sums of money on them. At Epsom were a considerable number of the inhabitants of London and all the neighbouring gentry assembled for the occasion.

"The course at Epsom," says our author, "is in the midst of Downs, intersected by three hills in parallel lines: in the vales between these hills the champions entered the list. Several of the spectators came in coaches, which, without the least bustle or dispute about precedence, were arranged in three or four lines in the front of these hills, and on the top of all was scaffolding for the judges who were to decree the prize. There are neither lists nor barriers at these races: the horses run in the midst of the crowd, who leave only a space sufficient for them to

pass through, at the same time encouraging them by loud shouts. The victor, when he has arrived at the goal, finds it a difficult matter to disengage himself from the crowd, who congratulate, caress, and embrace him with an effusion of heart which it is not easy to form an idea of without having seen it."

The deference to the victors is not confined to these transient homages. All the houses of the country gentlemen, all the inns, are lined with pictures of horses. M. Grossley found the crowd so great which covered the place where the horses ran that he could only see them on the ridge of the second hill. He regretted their gaunt and meagre appearance, and the "awkward manner of stretching out their necks, depriving them of all their beauty, the principal of which in a horse is to hold its head in a graceful attitude." At least so thought this French gentleman. Gaunt and meagre as the runners were, however, he remarks that this is the breed that furnishes the English racers so highly esteemed. The horses, he tells us, are sometimes mounted at races by noblemen, who are willing to run the risk for the glory of victory. They are not exposed to such great peril as might be thought, being less likely to bruise themselves or dislocate a limb "than to be deprived of respiration by the velocity of the motion."

M. Grossley pays a tribute not only to the excellence of our breed of horses, but to our great kindness to them, his observation of our habits in 1799 and 1800 leading him to the following conclusion:—

"The English in general have a degree of friendship and affection for horses which few men show even to their own species. They seldom or never strike them, and the long switch which coachmen and carmen carry in their hands is rather to direct by signs than by blows; they seldom speak to them except with a gentle and affectionate tone of voice."

How changed was Epsom and the habits of its drivers when M. Taine visited the Downs on Derby Day a few years ago, when the four-in-hand drag, with "swells" in dust coats, white hats, and gauze veils, had taken the place of the "buck" who rode down from town on his neat crop-tailed "tit," dressed in his green riding frock, with plate buttons, cordovan boots, and round hat, "in true sporting taste, so that altogether I don't believe there was a better figure on the course."

In 1802 the Turf lost a staunch supporter in Francis, Duke of Bedford, who died on the 2nd of March, at Woburn Abbey, at the early age of thirty-seven, universally lamented, as he had been generally beloved. This young nobleman had kept one of the best studs of race-horses in the kingdom, was an accomplished gentleman rider, and passionately fond of the sport. On the 10th of September, 1792, his Grace rode his celebrated horse Dragon against Sir John Lade on Clifden, on Newmarket Heath, and there are several other instances of his riding

in public; and he is mentioned in the "Receipt to make a Jockey," some contemporary verses, viz. :—

"Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size,  
Into Queensberry's head put Bunbury's eyes,  
Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient—  
The world cannot furnish a better ingredient—  
From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit  
(Successful or not, they have always that merit),  
Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell's advice,  
And a touch of Prometheus—'tis done in a trice."

Mr. Wastell was remarkable for his knowledge and judgment as a breeder; Mr. Panton was the most polite Turfite of his day; Sir Charles Bunbury's eyes were so good that he was able to see the horses the length of the Beacon Course; and the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") was said to have the longest head of all his contemporaries.

In August of the same year the orange and black cap of the first Earl Grosvenor made its last appearance on the Heath. The Earl had been a keen sportsman all his life, and his loss was much regretted on the Turf. He was not only one of the oldest but one of the greatest supporters of racing. He bred all his own horses, and had more animals in training than any other sportsman of his time. It was in a match between Lord Grosvenor's colt Gimcrack and Lord Abingdon's Cardinal York that his Lordship borrowed 3,000 guineas of Mr. Elwes, in order to make his stakes. The money appears to have been willingly lent, Elwes volunteering the loan, the betting being 7 to 2 in his Lordship's

favour; and he must have let his opponent walk over if he could not make the stakes. On leaving the course to go home, it is recorded of Elwes that he scrambled over the Devil's Dyke on the Heath to avoid paying three-halfpence at the turnpike.

In 1805 the long career on the Turf of the Earl of Clermont was brought to a close by his lordship's death, at Brighton, at the good old age of eighty-four. Lord Clermont, who began to race as early as 1751, had the good fortune to enjoy his health and faculties for some years after he had become, by the successive deaths of contemporaries who were his seniors, the Father of the Turf. He was very fond of thoroughbred horses, and, in partnership with Lord Farnham, he had a very large stud—Creeper, Trumpator, and Mark Antony being among his most famous sires. In the accounts of the Earl's life is to be found the anecdote of his driving over Bagshot Heath with the Prince of Wales, wrapped up in flannel about the head, in a manner suited to his great age and the coldness of the weather. The people whom they passed on the road appear to have mistaken the identity of the old Earl, and the Prince overheard some of them saying how very good a young man he was thus "to take his old aunt, the Princess Amelia, out for an airing," an anecdote, it is said, the Prince was very fond of telling.

The death of another Statesman and sportsman has to be recorded as having taken place at about

the same time as Lord Clermont's. The Right Hon. Charles James Fox, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, died in September, 1806. That Fox loved the pursuit of horse-racing almost better than the fascinations of the green cloth we have previously seen; and as the confederate of the Hon. Mr., afterwards Lord, Foley, for twenty-one years, from 1772 to 1793, he was the owner of some very good animals, the list including such performers as Pyrrhus, with whom alone the partners won nearly 12,000 guineas. The author of the epigram "that the greatest pleasure in life next to winning is losing," was not the man to see his horses run without backing them, if he thought they had a fair chance; and the 16,000 guineas he won in 1772 by half a neck, in a match at Newmarket, is only one of the many stories told of his landing great *coups*; but it must be admitted, *per contra*, that he quite as often lost large sums, which were invariably paid with punctuality and perfect good temper. Of Fox's interest in a race, Mr. Whyte quotes the following passage from Mr. Walpole's "Recollections" of the great Whig minister:—"When he had a horse in a race, Mr. Fox was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the animal was to make his final effort, or the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot he eyed the horses advancing with a most immovable look; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace; and, when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them at

full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing as if he would have infused his whole soul into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not."

The value of the thoroughbred in Fox's time was not so much inferior to that which obtains in the present, as the following prices realized by horses sold by auction at Mr. Mellish's sale, in 1806, will show—when Streatham Lass fetched 950 guineas; and Eagle, by Volunteer, and Smuggler, by Hambletonian, 1,200 and 1,800 guineas respectively. Colonel Mellish, who had made a great name on the Turf in his day, died at Hodsack Priory, in 1817, a ruined man, having run through his immense paternal property at Blythe.

The year 1809 saw the last of two of the oldest among English sportsmen—men whose names are handed down to posterity in the Stud-book and the Calendar: Mr. Wentworth, who was a contemporary of Lord Clermont's, having begun to race in 1754, and Mr. Panton, one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club. These venerable gentlemen were eighty-seven and eighty-eight years of age respectively, at the time of their deaths. Mr. Panton had known intimately all the great Turf men of his time, and had rarely in his life been absent from an interesting or important race. Mr. Went-

worth, of Towlstone Lodge, Yorkshire, had bred and owned many of the best horses of the day: the list of names in his stud from 1747, when he first began to breed, to 1806, fifty-nine years, headed by Little David, by Foxcub, and ending with Amethyst, has not often been surpassed in merit by the sires and racers of any other breeder.



## CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY'S MATCH—BETS AND THE JOCKEY CLUB—DANIEL DAWSON—STATE OF THE TURF AFTER WATERLOO—SIR CHARLES BUNBURY—THE DUKE OF YORK—"CARDINAL PUFF"—THE WHIP—HOLDERS OF THE WHIP—BUCKLE'S WHIP.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY'S walking match for £10,000, mentioned in the last chapter, was followed, some eight years later, by the famous match in which he accomplished the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. This exploit, which may be regarded as the original and progenitor of the many similar efforts which have followed since Captain Barclay's time, took place on Newmarket Heath from June 1st to July 12th, 1809. Although universally known in the sporting world by his assumed surname of Barclay, the athlete's real name was Robert Barclay Allardice; and at the time of this then unrivalled performance he was about thirty years of age, stood five feet ten and three-quarter inches in height in his stocking feet, and weighed 12st. 13lbs. Captain Barclay had the ground rolled for his match, and the grass cut as short as possible, so that on the short sward on which he walked he might have seen a sixpence

roll a hundred yards before him. During this feat of endurance, Captain Barclay breakfasted at five on beef or mutton, cold, with a cup of tea or coffee and half a pint of strong ale; for luncheon, at twelve, he took some roast or boiled beef and a pint of ale; and for dinner, at six, roast beef or mutton, two glasses of good old port, and a pint of ale; and at eleven he supped on broiled or roast meat, drinking strong ale with it. During his laps, when thirsty, he drank freely of Madeira and water.

Mr. Tattersall, son of "Old Tattersall," the founder of the house, who had followed in his father's footsteps, and carried on the business at "the Corner" to the satisfaction of all with whom he had dealings, died January 23rd, 1810. He left the business to Mr. R. Tattersall and his other sons, who succeeded him in it.

It was not always the practice of the Jockey Club to decline to make any interference in the matter of disputed bets; on the other hand, the contrary practice prevailed. The regulation of the Jockey Club was as follows, and under these conditions alone would the Stewards give their opinion in disputed cases:—The matter in dispute must relate to horse-racing. The parties must agree upon a statement of the case in writing, request the opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club thereon, and agree to abide by their decision; and such

statement and submission must be signed by the parties. If such a dispute occurred elsewhere than at Newmarket, the reference to the Jockey Club must come through or with the sanction of the Stewards of the races where the dispute happened. Except in cases arising at Newmarket, the Club refused to give any opinion, whether upon bets or other matters, such as complaints of foul riding, unless the facts were absolutely undisputed, wisely thinking that disputes about facts could be most effectually investigated on the spot, whilst the matter was fresh in the memories of witnesses, when their attendance was easily procured, and their credibility best tested.

The following is an instance of the Stewards of the Jockey Club deciding a bet:—For Thursday in the Ascot Week in 1815 the lists of the day announced four races—namely, the Ten Guineas Stakes, the Gold Cup, the Windsor Forest Stakes, and a Plate. One man betted another that he would not be able to name the four winners. The case was stated, and Messrs. R. Neville and J. Payne, the Stewards of the Club, decided it: “We determine that the first race, having been void according to the article at the time the bet was made, is to be considered as no event, and the bettor must pay the whole bet.” But the modern practice of the Jockey Club, of referring all betting disputes to the Committee of Tattersall’s, has much to recommend it, and is certainly a wise regulation.

In the autumn of 1810, the mysterious and sudden deaths of several horses at Newmarket caused a painful excitement in the town, and led to suspicion being cast upon several persons connected with the stable where they were trained. At length the inquiries that were instituted led to the arrest of one Daniel Dawson, a professional horse-watcher, and Cecil Bishop, whose calling does not appear. Dawson was employed by several persons betting in the Ring to supply them with information of the doings of horses trained at Newmarket; but there was no insinuation that any of them had actively instigated the crime committed by Dawson and his accomplice in guilt. As, however, the most probable apparent motive Dawson could have had must have been to get money for the non-success of a favourite put out of the race by the means he adopted, it seems almost a necessity to the systematic perpetration of such courses that he should have had other accomplices than Bishop, whom he employed to administer the poison.

The trial of the criminals took place in May, 1811, at the Cambridge Assizes, when counsel for the prosecution put Cecil Bishop into the witness-box, he having turned King's evidence. The horse for killing which they were actually indicted was the Eagle colt, the property of Sir F. Standish, at Newmarket; but Bishop, when in the witness-box, appears to have made a clean breast of it, and told the whole story of their atrocious poisonings, beginning

in the year 1808. As to the death by poison of the Eagle colt, Bishop said that, at the instigation of Dawson, he had gone to Newmarket for the purpose, and had taken a fitting occasion to introduce a solution of arsenic into the locked drinking-troughs at Mr. Prince's training stables by means of a crooked syringe, which he carried for the purpose. He stood concealed at a distance, and watched the horses till he had seen them drink, when he rushed off to Dawson with the tidings, in order that Dawson might communicate with the other conspirators of the betting-ring.

By a technical objection, Dawson was acquitted on this charge by the direction of the judge—though his guilt was fully proved—for in the eye of the law he was not a principal.

This acquittal, however, did not serve him to any material extent, as he was at once arrested on another charge of having poisoned two brood mares and a hack, in the years 1809-10, and the judge refusing to take bail, he was kept in Cambridge Gaol till the next assizes, when he was convicted, and sentence of death passed according to law.

Dawson, who was a profound hypocrite, was known very widely at Newmarket as an honest, jovial boon companion, and good servant, and up to his arrest much liked. On this account, several noblemen endeavoured to procure a remission of the capital sentence, but without effect.

He had behaved with gross levity at the trial. On

his way to the scaffold, seeing a number of old friends, he said, "Good-bye, my Newmarket lads, you see I can't shake hands with you."

On March 28th, 1818, Hambletonian died, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He had been famous on the Turf in his day, and was fairly successful at the stud, having got *Norval*, *Camillus*, *Joan of Arc*, and many other winners, one of which won the *Riddlesworth Stakes* at Newmarket, the value of which stake in the year in which Hambletonian died was 4,500 guineas.

The long peace that began after the Battle of Waterloo was advantageous to the interests of the Turf, and more persons than ever before became interested in the pursuit of horse-racing, either as owners, more or less frequent layers and takers of the odds, or attendants at race meetings. Tattersall's presented a busy scene: Dandies, Exquisites, and Ruffians met there as at a club, whose ranks were swelled with the numbers of men connected with the Services, who naturally took to sport when war was no more the order of the day. A contemporary description of the scene at the Corner says that a masquerade could scarcely exhibit more motley groups than the frequenters of this fashionable resort. The company to be seen on any sale day comprised peers, baronets, members of Parliament, Turf gentlemen and Turf servants, jockeys, grooms, horse-dealers, gamblers, and touts. Repre-

sentatives of the bluest blood in England stood on the pitching, wearing long-caped coats of many buttons, that might well have helped them to pass for coachmen; or in the hot weather wearing tight cord breeches and top-boots, that made them look like the whippers-in to their own hounds. Master and man met there to consult on the all-important questions of the purchase and sale of their horses. Noblemen and gentlemen made the Corner a *rendezvous* for meeting jockeys and trainers whose advice they were desirous to obtain on the chances of a race or a match. The assemblage was increased by the attendance of the smart young farmer, or flashy tradesman in new boots, aping the gentleman, and by the presence of idlers, loungers, and gentlemen who had nothing to busy themselves with but attending sales without purchasing, races without betting, and the Park without knowing or being known to anybody. Here were to be seen Members of Parliament talking over last night's debates, there dandies chatting gaily of their amours: the "ruffians" canvassed the merits of Smolensko, and the "exquisites" those of Lady Mary or Miss Lydia. A dozen dragoons and Lifeguardsmen, dressed half *en bourgeois* half *à la militaire*, were elbowed by the gambler from St. James's-street and the buck clergyman from the shires; wriggling about in the throng was a due leaven of pickpockets and other light-fingered gentry; while above all the din and bustle was heard the voice of Mr. Tattersall, and ever and

again the sharp knock on the desk of this great Knight of the Hammer.

Never, however, was the Corner a scene of more angry excitement than after the St. Leger Stakes of 1819, when the bets came to be settled for that twice-run race. The beginning of the events which have made the St. Leger of this year memorable was the breaking-down of Mr. Crockford's Sultan, the first favourite. Sultan broke down on the race-course while taking his gallop, and was with difficulty got into Mr. Maw's stables at Belle Vue, adjoining the Town Moor. The scene produced by this untimely accident was astonishing. There were no friendly wires to flash the news all over England in a few minutes, and the "early birds" who had been lucky enough to witness the disaster hastened off the course at the top of their speed, back to Doncaster, to hedge their bets if possible; while others, as soon as the news was known, drove off to Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, and other towns, in chaises, in order to arrive there before the news of the accident, and get as much as possible out of their information.

There were fifty subscribers to the St. Leger in that year, and the result was—Colonel Cradock's Sir Walter, first; Mr. Peirse's b. c. by Walton, second; and Lord Eglinton's Archibald, third. A large portion of the field took part in the first race, when Antonio came in first; but as Sir Walter, Agricola, Bronti, Wild Boy, and Harmodius did not get off,



and so took no part in the race, the Stewards thought proper to declare it a false race, and it was accordingly run a second time. Curiously enough, Mr. Peirse's colt and Archibald were also second and third to Antonio. It was a good race both times, but Antonio beat his horses more easily than Sir Walter. Mr. Ferguson, the owner of Antonio, declined to start him a second time, on the score of the starter being ready to make an affidavit of the start for the race in which Antonio came in first being a fair one.

The affair ended in a series of disputes, many of the losers crying their bets off on both races. The *British Statesman*, in its report of the occurrence, said:—"This day has presented a scene of confusion unprecedented in the records of the Turf." With a view to quelling the disturbance, the following notice was posted:—"It has been determined by the Stewards and the gentlemen of the Doncaster Racing Club that a reference shall be made to the Jockey Club to decide whether the race shall be given to Antonio; and if not, whether the second heat shall be deemed a race, the horses not having been started by any person deputed for the purpose." After the first race, Mr. Lockwood, the starter, had flung down his flag in disgust, and sided with the owner of Antonio, who in the end got the Stakes; for on October 5th the Stewards of the Jockey Club awarded the race to Antonio, on the evidence of the starter and judge, and decided that

the second race ought not to have been allowed by the Stewards.

Mr. Ferguson, the owner of Antonio, was a substantial innkeeper at Catterick Bridge. He received the Stakes in due course, and sold his St. Leger winner for 1,000 guineas to Mr. Clifton. The respectable "legs" and bettors paid over the race, in conformity with the decision of the Jockey Club; and there was a general understanding that nobody should bet again with such as chose to take advantage of the dispute because their losses inclined them to do so. But the troubles arising from the dispute did not end here. Messrs. Watt and Lambton summarily dismissed their trainers; some other gentlemen took back their caps and jackets from jockeys who had been years in their service; and it was even proposed to make it a law of racing that there should never be more than one start for a race.

By the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, on the 31st of March, 1821, at the ripe age of eighty-one, the Turf lost one of its oldest and most constant supporters. Sir Charles had been passionately fond of horses from his earliest youth, and under the tuition of his friend, Mr. Crofts, a Norfolk breeder of thoroughbreds, who owned at that time one of the most famous horses of the day—Brilliant, by Old Crab—he rapidly became proficient in the arts of Turf pursuits; and as early as 1765 he had a considerable

string of horses in training. Sir Charles's first horse of note was Bellario, who appears to have been a good animal; but as he had the misfortune to be a contemporary with a horse of unapproachable excellence, he was hardly a respectable second; for he had to meet the "terrible, matchless, super-equine Eclipse, who, to use an old Newmarket phrase, never failed in a single instance to *give them all their gruel*, and the need of a spy-glass to see which way he went, and how far he was off."

*Apropos* of Eclipse, it may be mentioned that in this year his skeleton, in a case, was offered for sale publicly, the price asked being 1,000 guineas. It does not appear, however, that a purchaser was forthcoming.

But Sir Charles, though he had plenty of opportunities of seeing the vast superiority of Colonel O'Kelly's horse, affected never to be convinced of it. Bellario was not more successful at the stud than he was on the Turf. Nor was Diomed, Sir Charles's winner of the first Derby, more lucky—the best of his progeny being Young Giantess, from whom Sir Charles bred his famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey. The worthy old baronet, although he had many peculiar humours and eccentric traits in his character, was the kindest and most tender-hearted of men. He was respected by the public, and enjoyed for many years the especial friendship of the Duke of York. He gave a long life to the sport he loved; but of all his achievements, not his least claim to

posthumous fame is that he owned the winner of the first Derby.

The Duke of York, although by no means so fond of racing as his elder brother, was an owner of race-horses as early as the year 1800, though he had only a couple in training at that time. A few years later, he began afresh at Newmarket, and soon possessed some good horses. He was the patron of the old Bibury Club, where only gentlemen riders were allowed, regularly taking up his residence for the week at the seat of Lord Sherborne, near the course, where he met his old friend Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Mellish, the Duke of Grafton, and other leading followers of the sport. At the meetings of the Bibury Club, mounted on his roan hack, he would, with the greatest good humour, mix among the company assembled. The Duke was lucky in winning the Derby, when Mr. Mellish, with three times the number of horses in training, always missed it.

During the second lustrum of the present century the fortunes of Newmarket were brilliant indeed, and except at the time when the Duke of Bedford, Charles James Fox, Earl Grosvenor, and the Duke of Ancaster were in the zenith of their glory, they probably never were more so. In 1806, Mr. Mellish was at his best, with Sancho and a long string of twenty-two other horses in training there; the Prince Regent had ten in training, including Orville, Haphazard, and Selim; the Duke of Grafton had a like number, amongst which were Parasol and Pe-

lisse ; Lords Grosvenor and Foley had large studs, as also had Lords Darlington and Egremont, and Messrs. Ladbroke, Arthur, and Howorth. Most of these noblemen and gentlemen had houses at the head-quarters of the Turf, giving great support to the tradespeople of the town ; while things were so good in the Ring that the word of more than one betting-man of the day was good for half a million of money, while Lord Grosvenor was never known to open his mouth in the Ring "*under five hundred guineas.*"

Up to 1821, with the exception of Sir H. Williamson (who won the race once), none of the great North-country breeders had won the Derby. Lord Foley had won it once, and run second for the Oaks once. Lord Grosvenor, who had been the greatest breeder of thoroughbred horses of his time, and whose debit account of his racing establishment he admitted to have exceeded £200,000, won the Derby three times and the Oaks five times, three years being in succession with his famous Herod blood. The King had won it once, in 1788, with Sir Thomas, and the Duke of York had won it twice. His Royal Highness's first trainer was Thomas Smith, and afterwards he employed Bird, Cooper, and Butler to manage his stud, all of whom came from Lord Egremont's stables. His favourite jockeys were W. Wheatley, S. Chifney, Goodison, and S. Day ; and, for many years, Mr. W. Lake, brother of Lord Lake, who grew old in his master's

service, had the direction of his training establishment. His paddocks, which were extensive, however, produced little profitable stock; and his prejudices increasing with his years, he continued to breed from worn-out or second-class stallions. At Newmarket the Duke lived in what remained of the old Palace, having Mr. Greville for his neighbour. In "Post and Paddock" (pp. 123, 124), Mr. Dixon remarks, writing of the Duke:—"The quaint old toast, 'I drink to Cardinal Puff,' may be said to have died with him; and perhaps there is hardly a man alive who would know how to propose it with all its intricate but graceful honours."

It seemed difficult to discover at the present day what these "intricate but graceful honours" were, as the foregoing sentence is quoted in "Notes and Queries" (1863, Third Series, vol. iii., p. 151), to which the following query is appended:—"What is meant by, 'I drink to Cardinal Puff'? The sentence was written of the Duke of York." Among the numerous and learned readers of that publication, no one seems to have been able to answer the inquiry, as no answer appears. In the old "Sporting Magazine," however (1825, vol. lxx., p. 79), may be found the following letter to the editor from "Bibuliculus":—"The ceremonious and catch toast, 'Cardinal Puff,' so customary of late at the higher tables—is it a novelty, or merely an old joke revived? After much inquiry among our dinner men, I have not been able hitherto to ascertain this, and would be thankful to

any reader of the Magazine for the needful information. My only reason for supposing the toast an old one is the recollection that, many years ago, Lord Abingdon had a horse named Cardinal Puff (by Marske) and the probability that his Lordship so named his horse from the toast. To those who have not heard the toast, it is necessary to state that certain ceremonious observances are required in the person who gives it, for the omission or wrong expression of which he is fined a bumper. I have heard it drunk but once, and cannot recollect all the forms and expressions of it; but the commencement is something like the following:—‘I drink Cardinal Puff’—Cardinal Puff repeated with a flourish of the glass, which descends, and is then elevated, with a number of forms and manœuvres which I am unable to describe. A friend of mine, who has had the honour to dine with the Duke of York, assures me that his Royal Highness gives this toast in all its forms with greater accuracy than any other *bon vivant* in England. Now, as the Royal Duke is known to be a reader of the ‘Sporting Magazine,’ and will no doubt see this article, I request, with all humility, that his Highness will commission some of his guests to present us with the toast in all its accuracy of form and circumstance. And his petitioner shall ever pray, etc.”

It does not appear that the Duke, if he saw this “humble appeal,” ever suggested the communication of the mysteries of the toast he could give so well.

It is certain, from other evidence to be found on the subject, that the words were few, as in Caleb Plummer's famous song of "We'll drown it in a bowl, my boys;" and that the Duke's art consisted in giving the peculiar turns and twists to the glass he held in his hand when proposing his historic toast of "Cardinal Puff."

A gentleman, who has been a great traveller in his day, and who preserves many of the traditions of the old school of *bon vivants*, furnishes the following account of the manner in which the Duke of York—and all who gave the toast in proper form—turned and twisted their glasses in honouring

CARDINAL PUFF.

"The proposer is supposed to be sitting at a table with a glass—with something in it, *bien entendu*—before him. He lifts the glass with his thumb and *one* finger—*i.e.*, the index finger of the right hand—saying, 'I drink to the health of Cardinal Puff;' taking *one* sip of liquor, he puts the glass back on the table, rapping the table *once* with the bottom of the glass. He then wipes his right moustache, or the place where it should be, with his right *fore-finger once*, repeating the same action *once* on his left moustache with his left *fore-finger*; he taps the table *once* with right *fore-finger*, and *once* with left *fore-finger*; and, finally, he taps the ground *once* with the right foot and *once* with the left. The whole exercise is then to be gone through again, every action being doubled that I have indicated by italics; and, lastly, a third



time, trebling everything in the same way. The fun of the thing is, that, before trying it, everybody thinks the thing perfectly easy; but the most attentive beginner always breaks down, either by leaving some action out, or by not performing it the requisite number of times. I have introduced the Cardinal into all kinds of company, from a mess of Russian officers on the banks of Medea's Phasis, to an inn-room full of bagmen on the shores of the Atlantic, and have always found him heartily welcomed."

The Whip, a valued prize less than half a century ago, and occasionally challenged for, was not a very splendid trophy. Of most ancient appearance, the heavy handle is of silver, with a ring at the end of it for a wrist-band, made from the tail of Eclipse; the upper part like that of all other whips, except the lash, which is made from the mane of Eclipse. In 1822 it was held by Mr. E. L. Charlton, of Ludford Park, and was reported to be the identical whip which Charles the Second was in the habit of riding with, and presented by him to the nobleman whose arms it bears, he being at the time the owner of the best horse in England. George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, challenged for and won it in 1787, with Auriel; and the Whip remained in his possession until the autumn of 1822, when Mr. Charlton challenged for it and won it with his horse Master Henry. Assuming the wrist-band and lash

of this famous Whip to have been made of the hair from the mane and tail of Eclipse, they must have been added when the whip was more than a century old, if it was really the riding-whip of Charles the Second, as Eclipse was not foaled till after the death of George the Second. It is in the style of an old-fashioned postillion's whip, very straight and very heavy—such a one as might have been used by the rider of the <sup>near</sup>~~off~~-wheeler, in days when it was not unusual to take the four long-tailed blacks from the plough to pull my Lady through deep ruts and heavy roads to church. There is an Earl's coronet in silver at the butt.

Mr. Charlton did not hold it long, as Lord Foley challenged for it with his horse Sultan; and, Mr. Charlton declining the challenge, Lord Foley received the “ancient trophy.”

The arms on the butt of the Whip are said, with a great degree of probability, to be those of the Master of the Horse to Charles the Second, to whom we are largely indebted for our race of running horses. The intrinsic value of the Whip is very small, but the necessity of staking 200 guineas, to be run for over the Beacon Course, by a horse carrying ten stone, and challenging the holder in order to obtain it, made it a coveted prize. The first winner of the Whip was Dimple, but the particulars of his race are not recorded in the Calendar. The following short account of the challenges for this ancient trophy is of interest:—

In April, 1756, Mr. Fenwick's b. h. Match'em, by Cade, dam by Partner, ridden by John Singleton, beat Mr. Bowles's b. h. Trajan, by Regulus out of a daughter of the Devonshire Blacklegs. At the Turn of the Lands, the betting was 100 to 1 on Match'em and Singleton.

In April, 1764, the Duke of Cumberland's b. h. Dumpling, by Cade, out of Cypron (the dam of King Herod), by Blaze (a son of Flying Childers), aged, beat Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Pangloss, by Cade, dam by Bartlett's Childers.

On April 7th, 1768, Lord Rockingham's b. h. Malton, by Sampson, dam by Cade, beat Lord Grosvenor's gr. h. Cardinal Puff, by Babraham, dam by Snip.

April 19th, 1770.—Lord Grosvenor's Gimcrack, by Cripple, beat Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim, by Sampson.

April 20th, 1775.—Lord Grosvenor's Sweet William, by Syphon, beat Lord Abingdon's Transit, by Marske

October 2nd, 1777.—Mr. Pigott's Shark, by Marske, received 100 guineas compromise from Lord Grosvenor's Mambrino, by Engineer, and Lord Grosvenor retained the Whip.

May 14th, 1778.—Mr. Pigott's br. h. Shark beat Lord Ossory's Dorimant.

1781, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor challenged for the Whip, and named his ch. h. Potooooooooo, by Eclipse. Nobody accepting the challenge, the Whip was delivered to his Lordship.

1783, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Potooooooooo, by Eclipse, beat Sir John Lade's br. h. Nottingham.

Oct. 16th, 1783.—Mr. Parker's Anvil, by Herod, beat Lord Foley's Guildford, by Herod.

Oct. 19th, 1786.—Mr. O'Kelly's Dungannon, by Eclipse, beat Mr. Wyndham's Drone, the Prince of Wales's Anvil paying forfeit.

Oct. 17th, 1792.—The Duke of Bedford's Dragon beat Mr. Wilson's Creeper and Lord Clermont's Pipeator.

May 22nd, 1794.—Mr. Wharton's Coriander, by Potooooooooo, aged, beat Mr. Wilson's Creeper.

1795, Second Spring Meeting.—The Whip was challenged for at this meeting by Lord Darlington, who named his b. h. St. George, by Highflyer, out of a sister to Soldier; but the challenge was not accepted, and the Whip was handed over to the custody of his Lordship.

1795, Second October Meeting.—Lord Sackville challenged, with Kitt Carr, by Tandem. Challenge declined, and the Whip handed over.

1808, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Grosvenor challenged, and named his mare Violante, by John Bull. Not accepted.

1815, Second Spring Meeting.—The Hon. George Watson's challenge, with his horse Pericles, by Evander, was not accepted, and he became the possessor of the Whip.

1822, Second October Meeting.—In the same way

Mr. Lechmere Charlton, who named his horse Master Henry, by Orville, became possessor of the trophy.

1823, Second Spring Meeting.—Lord Foley, with Sultan, by Selim, received the Whip and £600 forfeit, without a race, from Master Henry.

1827, Second Spring Meeting.—The Whip was handed to Lord Anson without a race.

1828.—Colonel Wilson and Lamplighter received it.

1829, Second October Meeting.—Mr. Gully's b. h. Mameluke, by Partisan, five years old, beat Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, and Mr. Gully became possessed of the Whip.

The Germans, who by this time had done much, not only for the improvement of their hunter and cavalry stock, but had also endeavoured to foster and encourage the sport of horse-racing in Prussia and other parts of Germany, became desirous of having among the prizes of their Turf a Challenge Whip, in imitation of our own. Mr. Tattersall, who visited Germany on his business, accordingly undertook to provide for the want, and took one with him as a most acceptable present to the German sportsmen. It is thus described in Nimrod's "German Tour":—"It was the whip of the very, very celebrated English jockey, Mr. Buckle, and had the honour of being instrumental—at least it might have been so if wanting—in winning very large sums of money. The Governor's letter (Buckle was familiarly called by the title of Governor by his friends at

Newmarket), which accompanied this trophy, was well worthy of perusal. After recapitulating the under-mentioned races, he concludes with these words, 'and most of the good things at Newmarket.' Of course the Whip is to be challenged for at the different meetings, and is at present in the possession of Count Hahn."

On the handle of Buckle's whip, which was covered with silver for the purpose, was the following list of races he had won with it in his hand:—

DERBY.

- 1792. Earl Grosvenor's John Bull.
- 1794. Earl Grosvenor's Dædalus.
- 1796. Sir Frank Standish's Didelot.
- 1802. Duke of Grafton's Tyrant.
- 1811. Sir John Shelley's Phantom.

OAKS.

- 1797. Earl Grosvenor's Nike.
- 1798. Mr. Durand's Bellissima.
- 1799. Earl Grosvenor's Bellina.
- 1802. Mr. Westall's Scrotina.
- 1805. Earl Grosvenor's Meteora.
- 1818. Colonel Udny's Corinne.
- 1823. Duke of Grafton's Zinc.

ST. LEGER.

- 1800. Mr. Christopher Wilson's Champion.
- 1804. Colonel Mellish's Sancho.

A very pretty share of the great races to have fallen to the lot even of a Francis Buckle.

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George the Fourth, when he visited Ireland in 1821, presented the Turf Club with a costly gold whip, to be run for at the Curragh at each October Meeting; and to this gift he added annually 100 guineas from his privy purse during his life, and his successor continued the stake, the Duke of Leeds writing to Mr. Robert Browne, Ranger of the Curragh, "that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of continuing the annual gift of a Whip, to which will be added the sum of 100 guineas, to be run for at the Curragh in the same manner as during his late Majesty's reign."

## CHAPTER VII.

TURF IN 1825—HON. CHARLES WYNDHAM—JOCKEY CLUB CUP—JAMES HIRST—GEORGE THE FOURTH—BLACKLOCK — WILLIAM FLINT — EXTRAORDINARY MATCHES—MR. OSBALDESTON.

ALTHOUGH the period from 1820 to 1825 was one of more than average Turf prosperity, and in 1824 it had been proposed to add a fourth day's racing to the Epsom programme, there were not wanting those who complained loudly of the declension of the Turf. The north, it was admitted, was still true to its love, but in the southern and western parts of England, it was asserted, the taste for racing was on the decline, and Newmarket, "the very heart and headquarters of racing, woefully fallen off from what it once was." Pavilion and Sancho had galloped their last on the Heath, and what horses should fill their place? The introduction of Produce Stakes at Newmarket, short races, and the trial practices of trainers and jockeys were given as the reasons for the decline in the popularity of the Turf. Trainers were arraigned for having horses of their own in training, keeping the best for themselves to carry off the winnings from their employers. While the practice of training, it was



alleged, remained pretty much the same, the practice of racing had changed, and was still rapidly changing for the worse. A trainer of the olden time showed his horses to his employer, cap in hand, listened to his orders, and obeyed them. The new race of trainers showed their masters their horses, with hat on head, and in reply to an order to send a horse here or there, pointed out the futility of doing so, as they had a horse of their own going there, which was sure to win.

Long arguments were entered upon both for and against, but chiefly against, the modern practice of two-year-old racing; and this was stated to be a fertile cause of the decline of the English thoroughbred. Horses overstrained in their earlier years, by having to carry heavy weights and run distances neither of which were adapted to their tender frames, became useless at five, six, and aged. But it was impossible to keep a colt back till after he was four years old, as all the principal stakes at Newmarket were confined to horses under that age. There were plenty of tirades against the fashionable short races; and comparisons were freely made between the horses then on the Turf with their ancestors, much to the advantage of the latter. Mr. Frampton's Dragon, and the story attached to his last performance, pointed a moral and adorned a tale. The exploits of Childers, the general challenge to the kingdom of the Duke of Rutland's Bonny Black at six years old, Partner,

Lath the first son of the Godolphin Arabian, Cade his brother, Regulus, Sampson, and Match'em—to say nothing of Eclipse, Pyrrhus, Highflyer, and Hambletonian—were pressed into the service; and the Cambridgeshire and Suffolk squires and yeomen were almost brought to believe they had seen the best days of the Turf, that the Heath would soon be stripped of its strings of sheeted thoroughbreds, and the town “sell sausages for a living.”

This, however, was not the case: matters were not really so bad as they were represented to be, and the parable was speedily taken out of the mouths of the croakers. Though the cry at Newmarket for several seasons past had been that there was “so little money stirring,” and the town was said to be ruined by “the desertion of the gentlemen,” the spring of 1825 saw the Duke of Portland, one of the best friends of the Turf, judiciously expending a large sum of money upon the improvement of the permanent pasture, both on the racing and exercise grounds. A still greater improvement made to the Heath on the part of his Grace was the paring, turning, and breaking-up a part of the Heath intersected by roads many hundreds of years old, and, in consequence of the unevenness of its surface, of no use whatever for the purposes of an exercise ground. The renewal of a flourishing era of the Turf at headquarters was further foreshadowed by the repair and improvement of the poor, old mutilated palace in the town, which now

underwent considerable alteration. Among other things, a wall in the front of the Palace, part built of brick by Charles, and another part by Anne of brick and stones, was finished by George the Fourth with flints; and the wretched screen or division in the front court, formed of hurdles stuffed with straw, and secured with haybands, was removed, and a handsome palisade set up in its place. Still, there was cause for regret that losses, though not at horse-racing, had caused Lord Stamford, who, in the zenith of his career, alone seemed able to stem the torrent of Sir Thomas Stanley's success at Chester, to quit the Turf; and that similar causes had led to the retirement of Lord Stradbroke, and the sale of his stud. The retirement of these noblemen from the active pursuit of the Turf, however, almost entirely affected Newmarket and the Southern Meetings. In the North all was well, and there at least there was no lamentation over the decadence of the Turf. At Doncaster the racing was all that the most ardent lover of the sport could wish. The Knavesmire, at York, played a most respectable second to the lead of the Town Moor at Doncaster; Chester and Manchester annually drew vast crowds of spectators to the races, and showed excellent sport; while Newton and Wolverhampton were making good progress. Leeds made a capital start, the promise of which it was unable in after-years to maintain. In Shropshire and the Principality the only complaint was that there were

too few horses to run for the prizes offered, and the Welshmen were described as "racing mad."

It will therefore be seen that, while Newmarket, perhaps, had some cause for outcry at the state of affairs, any falling-off in the popularity of the Turf, and in the number of its aristocratic supporters, was felt only at headquarters of the sport. Hazard and Macao, in St. James's-street, often did more in a single night to impoverish the exchequer and cripple the resources of the patrons of the Turf than a whole year of betting on the Heath; and if the younger men could only be trusted to "keep their elbows quiet at night" they might safely be left to take care of themselves by day.

On July 7th, 1828, the Hon. Charles Wyndham, brother of the Earl of Egremont (whose munificence and public spirit were the common topic of admiration), died at his house at Newmarket, in his sixty-eighth year. In Mr. Wyndham the Turf lost a good supporter; he was successful both as breeder and owner, and was celebrated as a gentleman jockey, and his ardent devotion to Turf pursuits only ended with his life. It was mainly through the assistance of Mr. Wyndham, a year or two before his death, that the Duke of Portland was induced to try his right at law to warn persons off the Heath as trespassers. A Mr. Hawkins had a grievance against the Jockey Club for what he considered an unjust decision in the case of a disputed bet between himself and a Mr. Ellis. In consequence of this

feeling there was considerable ill-temper displayed on the part of Mr. Hawkins, and he thought proper to use some very rude language to Lord Wharncliffe on the subject of the Jockey Club decision of his case. Upon this, Lord Wharncliffe complained to the Duke of Portland that such expressions as Mr. Hawkins had made use of should be allowed to go unpunished. Mr. Wyndham was consulted, and it was determined to warn Mr. Hawkins off the Heath. This was done; but Mr. Hawkins persisted in attending the meetings, whereupon an action for trespass was brought at the Cambridge Assizes. It was proved by a large number of witnesses that the course had belonged to the Jockey Club since 1753, and the jury, being satisfied of the trespass committed, gave a verdict for the Duke of Portland, with damages against the defendant of one shilling. This is the precedent which establishes the right of the Jockey Club to warn trespassers or objectionable persons off the Heath at Newmarket.

In October, 1828, the autumn races at Epsom were revived with great *éclat*, and under the happiest auspices—Mr. Maberly being successful in bringing a number of good horses to the post, and attracting a very large company from town. "Epsom," as the report says, "from its contiguity to the metropolis, invariably draws thousands in every grade of life to gaze at the living picture exhibited on the healthful Downs."

At the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, in

1830, Mr. Delme Radcliffe challenged for the Jockey Club Gold Cup, with his b. h. Zingaree, by Tramp, out of Folly, by Young Drone, five years old, 8st. 8lbs.; and Sir Mark Wood likewise sent in a challenge for this ancient Turf trophy, naming as his champion his b.f. Lucetta, by Hedley, four years, 7st. 9lbs., to be run for at Newmarket, in October, agreeably to the conditions. There had been no challenge for this prize since 1774, a period of fifty-six years. The Jockey Club Cup had its origin in this way: At the first October Meeting at Newmarket, in 1768, the then Duke of Grafton entertained a large party of noblemen and gentlemen—most of whom were members of the Jockey Club—at Euston Hall. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the advisability of establishing some standard Challenge Cup, which it would be an honour for the successive winners to hold until the better horse of some luckier man could take it from them. Whereupon the whole party—which consisted of the Dukes of Ancaster, Bridgewater, Grafton, Kingston, and Northumberland, Lords Barrymore, Bolingbroke, Grosvenor, Molyneux, Ossory, and Rockingham; Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir L. Dundas, and Sir John Moore; Colonel Parker, and Messrs. Blake, Fenwick, March, Meynell, Ogilvy, Panton, Pigot, Pratt, Shafto, Stapleton, Vernon, and Wentworth, consented to subscribe, appointing Sir Charles Bunbury treasurer. A very handsome cup was purchased, and the conditions of the race were as follows:—The Cup might

be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the First Spring Meeting, to be run for over the Beacon Course on Tuesday in the First October Meeting following, by horses, &c., the property of members of the Jockey Club; four-year-olds carrying 7st. 11lbs.; five, 8st. 8lbs.; six, 8st. 13lbs.; and aged, 9st. Each gentleman, at the time of challenging, was to subscribe his name to a paper, to be hung up in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and deliver to the keeper of the Match-book the name or description of his horse, &c., sealed up, which was to be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening; and if not then accepted, and only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened, and declared a match or sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, p.p. If the challenge was not accepted, the Cup was to be delivered to the keeper of the Match-book in the meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who had become entitled to the same.

1768.—Mr. Vernon's b. h. Marquis, by Lord Rockingham's Godolphin colt, out of Flora, beat Sir C. Bunbury's Bellario, by Brilliant; Lord Grosvenor's Pacolet, by Blank; and Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim, by Sampson; thus Mr. Vernon became the first holder of the Cup.

1769.—Mr. Shafto's b. h. Goldfinder, by Snap, beat the Duke of Ancaster's Jethro, by Blank; Sir C. Bunbury's Bellario, Mr. Vernon's Marquis, Sir L. Dundas's A-la-Greque, Lord Rockingham's Cosmo, and four others.

1770, October 2.—Mr. Shafto's Goldfinder walked over. On the day following, he broke down, or he would have been started for the King's Plate against Eclipse. Goldfinder possessed extraordinary speed and power, and was never beaten, and never paid a forfeit. At Mr. Shafto's sale at Newmarket, in 1771, Sir Charles Sedley bought him for stud purposes for 1,350 guineas.

1771, October 1.—The Duke of Cumberland's bay horse Jumper, by Snap, dam by Blank, beat Mr. Vernon's Pantaloon, by Matchem, and six others.

1772, September 29.—Lord Ossory's gr. f. Circe, by Matchem, beat Lord Grosvenor's Alberac.

1773.—Mr. Foley's ch. c. Pumpkin, by Matchem, out of the Old Squirt mare, beat Mr. Strode's Ranger, and three others. Pumpkin once ran a match over the Rowley Mile in one minute four and a half seconds.

1774.—Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Mexico, by Snap, beat Mr. Vernon's Alfred, by Matchem, and the Duke of Grafton's Labyrinth.

This was a well-contested race over ~~the whole~~ <sup>that part</sup> of the Beacon Course between the Turn of the Lands and the winning post. All three runners were successively favourites.

1775.—Lord Grosvenor's Sweetbriar walked over. Sweetbriar was never beaten.

1776.—Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Sweet William, by Syphon, walked over.

1777.—Lord Ossory's ch. h. Dorimant walked over.



1779.—Lord Grosvenor's ch. h. Potooooooooo, by Eclipse out of Sportsmistress, walked over, as he did also in the following year.

In 1827, the Cup was next challenged for by the Hon. Charles Wyndham, having been held by Lord Grosvenor for forty-seven years. As his Lordship did not accept the challenge, Mr. Wyndham received the Cup.

In 1828, Mr. Scott Stonehewer received the trophy under similar circumstances, as did Lord Sefton in 1829.

On the 18th of October in the latter year, an eccentric character, who had long been known on the Turf, died, in the ninety-second year of his age. James Hirst, of Rawcliffe, near Snaith, was for many years the "observed of all observers" at Doncaster Races. He was present in the St. Leger week of the year in which he died, distributing apples, as usual, to those whose attention he excited. He had attended Doncaster Races in his remarkable equipage for a period extending beyond the recollection of any living man. His remains were interred at Rawcliffe, when his funeral attracted a considerable gathering of the country folk to his grave-side. It was his express wish to be carried to the grave by eight old maids, each of whom was to be paid 10s. 6d. for her trouble; but if this proved impracticable, eight widows were to be engaged, at 2s. 6d. each, to perform the same service. As the old maids could not be procured in

sufficient number, or of sufficient strength, the corpse was borne to the chapel by eight widows, to the solemn music of a bagpipe and fiddle, the former being played by a Scotch shepherd, the latter by an inhabitant of the village in which Hirst died. He had been by trade a tanner; but, having some small means, he retired, as he found business incompatible with his eccentricities. One of the first things he did, on leaving business for the pursuit of pleasure, was to buy a coffin (in which he was at last buried). In it he kept his food, and for many years exhibited his uncommon larder for any small remuneration. His habitation was one of the most curious places to be found in the county of York. A further account of him appears in the historical sketch of Doncaster Meeting, in the second volume of this history.

In 1830 the Turf lost, in George the Fourth, one of the most ardent lovers and most faithful supporters it had ever known. A "horse-delighting Prince," it was his lot as Regent and King to wield the Imperial sceptre of Great Britain during one of the most eventful periods of her fortunes; yet he never for a moment forgot his early love. He was passionately fond of a race-horse, and of all things appertaining to the sport; and it is in this regard that it is our province to consider his career. The amorous devotion of Florizel to Perdita or to Saccharissa, the doings of the fascinating Mrs. Robinson or of the respected Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, have no place in these pages. Our province is to consider his connection

with the sport he loved so well. His first appearance on the Turf, as has been stated in a previous chapter, took place in 1784, when he was two-and-twenty. His stud then was very limited, consisting chiefly of Merry Traveller, with one or two young ones; and one of his first tastes of the pleasure of victory was when Merry Traveller beat Sir John Lade's Medlycut, over Sir Harry Featherstone's course at Up Park, in Sussex. In the following year very large additions were made by the Prince to his stud, and by the spring of 1786 he had no fewer than twenty-five animals in training at Newmarket. At the end of this year his pecuniary embarrassments led him to adopt measures of retrenchment, which circumstances rendered unavoidable. It was a hard blow to him; but, as an earnest of future economy, he determined on the sale of his stud. In him love of racing and race-horses was the ruling passion; and two years afterwards, his debts being paid, and his income increased by the generosity or justice of the House of Commons, he returned to the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit on a scale of Royal magnificence. From the re-appearance of the purple jacket in 1788, the Prince's success on the Turf was considerable, his stable carrying off a fair share of the prizes, and continuing to do so until his second retirement, in 1791, after the unfortunate Escape affair at Newmarket. In those years his horses carried off 190 races, some of them events of the first importance. In 1799 he began

to race again, though not at Newmarket; and between 1800 and 1807 his horses won 129 stakes and Plates. Then for twenty years his name was absent from the lists of the Calendar; but he undoubtedly had some valuable animals during that period, which ran for their engagements in the names of Mr. Warwick Lake and Mr. Charles Greville. After the death of his brother, the Duke of York, George the Fourth appeared again publicly as the owner of race-horses, which ran in his own name, and continued to do so until his death, when his most successful horses were Maria, Fleur-de-lis, and the Colonel.

He was almost as fond of following the stag, or the "red rascal," with hound and horn, as of seeing his horses run at Brighton or Ascot; but there is no record that at any time in his life he was fond of shooting. As a sportsman he deserved what was said of him at the time of his death, that "whatever he entered upon he did gracefully, scientifically, and well;" and in reference to almost every British sport it may be truly said of him, "*Nihil non tetigit, nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*"

In 1831, Blacklock died at Bishop Burton, in consequence of having ruptured a blood-vessel. So much has been written against the stock descended from this sire in our own day, that it may not be *malapropos* to give a short account of his pedigree and performances in this place. Blacklock, a bay colt, foaled in 1814, was bred by Mr. Moss, of York, who

sold him to Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton. He was got by Whitelock, dam (Theodore's dam) by Coriander (son of Pot8o's); granddam Wildgoose, by Highflyer; great-granddam Coheirress, by Pot8o's; great-great-granddam Manilla, by Goldfinder; great-great-great-granddam Mr. Goodricke's Old England mare; great - great - great - great - granddam by the Cullen Arabian—Cade—Miss Makeless.

Whitelock, the sire of Blacklock, was got by Hambletonian (winner of the St. Leger in 1795), out of Rosalind, by Phenomenon, son of King Herod (winner of the St. Leger in 1783), granddam Atalanta, by Matchem; great-granddam Lass of the Mill, by Oronooko—Old Traveller (sister to Clark's Lass of the Mill), Miss Makeless, by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless (Desdemona's dam).—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

On the Turf, Blacklock was a very successful runner. In 1818 he had eleven engagements, in nine of which he was successful; and in the next year he won the Gold Cup at York, and other races. He started, in all, twenty-three times, and was beaten six times; his net winnings were 2,515 guineas, three pieces of silver plate, and the York Gold Cup. On being taken out of training, in 1820, he was advertised to cover forty mares by subscription at fifteen guineas. His popularity at the stud fluctuated, rising and falling with the success of his foals on the Turf; sometimes his fee was as low

as seven guineas, at others—and this includes the last three years of his life—as high as twenty-five guineas. It was calculated that, in eight years, seventy-eight of his sons and daughters won for their owners £37,310, exclusive of fourteen King's Plates, forty-one gold cups, and one silver cup—something more than a fair share of the spoils of the Turf.

The following table, giving the descent of Blacklock in the paternal line, shows that he had some of the best blood on the Turf in his veins.

The Darley Arabian	Godolphin Arabian	The Byerley Turk
Bartlett's Childers	Cade	Jigg
Squirt	Matchem.	Partner
Marske		Tartar
Eclipse		King Herod
King Fergus		Highflyer.
Hambletonian		
Whitelock		
Blacklock.		

Frank Buckle, the most celebrated jockey of his day, died at Peterborough, on the 7th of January, 1832, in his sixty-ninth year. He had only a short time retired from the Turf, after a career extending over half a century. His son, Mr. S. Buckle, of Peterborough, had published a portrait of the famous jockey, from a painting by Mr. Richard Jones, a few

months previously, which had a great sale at Ackermann's Eclipse Sporting Gallery, in Regent-street. The features of the veteran, the pose of the head, his figure, and the details of the costume, combined to make the portrait a faithful presentment of the man; and it is no wonder that, after his death, copies were eagerly sought for by his admirers, for Frank Buckle had been a popular character on the Turf for fifty years.

"No better rider ever crossed a horse;  
Honour his guide, he died without remorse.  
Jockeys, attend—from his example learn  
The meed that honest worth is sure to earn."

A personage of minor importance, whose name will go down to history—Mr. William Flint—died by his own hand in January of the same year. His celebrated match at York, in August, 1804, against Mrs. Thornton, had caused his name to be well-known in Turf circles all over the world, having occupied a large share of the attention of the pens and pencils of the humourists and caricaturists. Mr. Flint does not appear to have kept race-horses before his great match, but shortly afterwards he had several animals running in his name at York, Pontefract, Lincoln, and other meetings. His sole victory, however, was that he gained over Mrs. Thornton, not one of his other horses winning him a stake. He soon left the Turf, to distinguish himself "in flood and field," as an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton and a constant rider to hounds. He

wrote a book on the management of horses ; but the volume was no more successful than his horses had been under his management. Extravagant expenditure brought him at last to comparative penury, and it was as manager of a horse bazaar about to be established in York that he ended his career by an accident. He had been in the habit of taking prussic acid in small doses as a corrective: he was found dead in his bed, with a small phial that had contained prussic acid in his pocket. Circumstances, however, proved that the unfortunate man had not intended to put an end to himself, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was, "Died from having taken too large a dose of prussic acid as a medicine."

Mr. Osbaldeston's great match against time—one of the most extraordinary efforts of endurance of the kind ever made—took place at Newmarket, during the Houghton Spring Meeting, 1832, and aroused a great degree of interest throughout the country.

Before the Squire's day, matches on horseback against time had been no uncommon events, in which the pluck and endurance of the man, and the stoutness and speed of our native breed of horses, had been well shown.

In the reign of King James, one John Lepton, of Kepwick, in the county of York, Esquire, a gentleman of an ancient family and of good reputation, "His Majestie's servant, and one of the grooms of His Most Honorable Privy Chamber, performed so



memorable a journey as deserves to be recorded to future ages ; because many Gentlemen who were good horsemen, and divers Physicians, did affirm it was impossible for him to do without apparent danger to his life."

• Mr. Lepton's undertaking was to ride five several times between London and York in six days, to be taken in one week, between Monday morning and Saturday night. Accordingly, this gentleman of ancient family, good reputation, and stout heart, began his match on Monday, the 20th of May, 1604, between two and three o'clock in the morning, starting from St. Martin's, Aldersgate, and arriving at York the same day, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Having slept soundly, Mr. Lepton started from York at three the next morning, and arrived at his lodgings in the City of London between six and seven in the evening. Wednesday evening saw him back again in York ; Thursday night he slept in London ; and Friday evening, between seven and eight, he was again in York. "So he finished his appointed journey to the admiration of all men in five days according to his promise. And upon Monday, the seven and twentieth of the same month, he went from York, and came to the Court at Greenwich upon Tuesday the twenty-eighth to His Majestie, in as fresh and cheerful a manner as when he first began."

Mr. Bernard Calvert, of Andover, started at three o'clock in the morning of July 17th, 1720, from St.

George's Church, Southwark, and rode to Dover; crossed the Channel to Calais, returned to Dover by the packet, and rode back to St. George's Church, where he arrived at eight o'clock the same evening. Mr. Calvert, it may be presumed, was a good sailor, and had a fair wind.

Mr. Cooper Thornhill, in the month of April, 1745, rode three times between Stilton and London in 1 h. 33m. 52sec. The distance is 213 miles.

			H.	M.	S.
From Stilton to London (71 miles)	...		3	52	59
From London to Stilton	...	...	3	50	57
From Stilton to London	...	...	3	49	56

Mr. Thornhill's match was made for a considerable sum of money, and the Count de Buffon, writing an account of it to the Earl of Morton, states that Mr. Thornhill used eight different horses in the first heat, six in the second, and in the third heat he rode seven out of the fourteen horses that had already served him. "I question," writes the Count, "whether any race at the Olympic games ever equalled the rapidity of Mr. Thornhill's performance."

In April, 1754, a brown mare, thirteen hands three inches high, the property of Mr. Daniel Corker, was backed to go three hundred miles in seventy-two successive hours on Newmarket Heath. She completed the distance with seven hours forty-two minutes to spare. The match was for 100 guineas P.P., and the mare was ridden by one boy all the time, whose weight was 4st. 1lb., exclusive of the saddle and bridle. The course chosen was backwards and for-

wards from the Six-mile House to the ending post of the Beacon Course.

	MILES.
Monday, April 22—Twenty-four miles and baited ; 24 and baited ; 48 without baiting ... ..	96
Tuesday—Twenty-four miles and baited ; 24 and baited ; 24 and baited ; 36 without baiting ... ..	108
Wednesday—Twenty-four miles and baited ; 24 and baited ; 48 without baiting ... ..	96
Total ... ..	300

Not more than six miles of this match was done at a galloping pace.

Miss Pond's celebrated match at Newmarket took place in April and May, 1758. Her undertaking was to ride the same horse 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours. Miss Pond won her wager of 200 guineas easily, and a few weeks afterwards her father rode the same horse 1,000 miles in two-thirds of the time.

Mr. Jenison Shafto was the hero of two remarkable matches, the scene of both of which was Newmarket Heath. In the first, on the 27th of June, 1759, Mr. Shafto backed himself to ride fifty miles in two hours; the conditions of the wager were that he should have as many horses as he pleased. He had ten horses, mostly thoroughbreds, and accomplished the distance in 1 hour 49 minutes 17 seconds.

His second match came off on the 14th of May, 1761. Mr. Shafto made this match with Mr. Hugo Meynell for 2,000 guineas, undertaking to find a person to ride one hundred miles a day for twenty-

nine successive days, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. Mr. Shafto selected as his champion Mr. John Woodcock, who started on his arduous journey on the Heath at one o'clock in the morning of May 4th, and completed his task on the 1st of June, in the evening, having used only fourteen horses. This undertaking was more difficult for the rider than the horses. The course was from Hare Park to the Ditch, making three miles, and three miles round the Flat on the Newmarket side. There were posts with oil lamps fixed to them, as Mr. Woodcock started very early in the morning of each day, in order to avoid the noon-tide heat. He was very nearly losing Mr. Shafto's money; for after riding a horse called Quidnunc sixty miles, it broke down, and Mr. Woodcock had to start afresh on another horse, to do his hundred miles, which he finished at eleven o'clock at night.

Giles Hoyle, a century ago, was the hero of an exploit that gained him a considerable reputation, riding 540 miles in sixty-nine hours, in very wet and stormy weather. On the 4th of September, 1780, he rode from Ipswich to Tiptree and back again, for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence from General Parker for Major Clayton to attend the election at Clitheroe. Hoyle accomplished this distance, sixty-six miles, in six hours. The next day he started to ride from Ipswich to Gisburne Park. The distance is 230 miles, accomplished in thirty-two hours. On the 7th, he followed his

master on horseback twelve miles, from Gisburne to Browsholme, the seat of the Parkers; and on the 8th, he took horse to Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, where he transacted his business and returned at once to Clitheroe, having shown remarkable powers of endurance during his long journey.

The Curragh has been the scene of some exciting encounters; but rarely has that famous race-ground witnessed a match of greater interest than when, in 1791, at the Curragh Meeting, Mr. Wilde rode against time—127 miles (English) in nine hours. The wager was 2,000 guineas a side, and Mr. Wilde rode over a circular course of two miles. He accomplished the distance in 6h. 21m., employing ten thoroughbred horses for the purpose, and was so little fatigued that he appeared at the Turf Club-house the same evening.

In April, 1802, Mr. Shaw left Barton-on-the-Humber to ride to London, a distance of 172 miles, being engaged to accomplish it in ten hours. Mr. Shaw started at five a.m., and arrived at the Vine Inn, Bishopsgate-street, at thirty-three minutes past three o'clock the same afternoon "in good health and spirits," and having 1h. 27m. to spare. He employed fourteen horses for the match, and rode the first eighty-four miles in four hours, and 112 miles in six hours.

In December, 1810, Mat Milton, who weighed fifteen stones, rode from London to Stamford, a dis-

tance of over ninety miles, in 4h. 25m., employing eighteen horses.

In May, 1819, Mr. W. Hutchinson, for a wager of 600 guineas, undertook to ride from Canterbury to London in three hours. He won his wager, having done the 55½ miles in 2h. 25m. 51sec.

For a wager of £500, Mr. Lipscomb undertook to ride ninety miles in five hours, employing not more than eight horses. The betting was very heavy on time; but, starting from Hyde Park Corner early in the morning of November 6th, 1824, Mr. Lipscomb won his wager. He rode to the sixty-fourth milestone on the Bath road, and twenty-six miles back, a mile on the London side of Reading. The match was done in 4h. 53m. 31sec.; the last horse—the fastest and best of the lot of eight—had 38m. 29sec. to perform the last ten miles, which were done cleverly in thirty-two minutes.

Captain Polhill, of the First King's Dragoon Guards, then stationed at Leeds, appeared before a large concourse of people on the Haigh Park race-course, April 17, 1826, for the purpose of trying to win a somewhat extraordinary wager. He had undertaken to walk fifty miles, ride fifty miles, and drive fifty miles, in twenty-four hours. Captain Polhill won easily, with four hours and fifty-five minutes to spare. The horses were taken from his coach by the enthusiastic multitude, and he was drawn in triumph to the Barracks, when the whole company chose to sing the National Anthem in his honour.

Captain Polhill's plan was to vary his task—first walking so many miles, then riding, then driving. His track was three-quarters of a mile and 104 yards round so that he had to make 186 circuits of it. He walked his fifty miles in 10h. 21m., drove the same distance in 4h. 24m., and rode it in 2h. 42m.

In November of the same year, the gallant captain undertook, for a considerable wager, to ride ninety-five miles in five successive hours, on the same race-ground that had been the scene of his former sporting wager. The event excited much interest, and the betting was very heavy. Starting at nine o'clock in the morning, the captain accomplished his task in 4h. 7m., being fifty-three minutes less than the time allowed. He had nineteen relays of horses in readiness for his use, but he only found it necessary to ride thirteen of them.

Not any of these matches, however, had created the amount of interest and excitement in the sporting world that attended Mr. Osbaldeston's undertaking to ride two hundred miles in ten hours on Newmarket Heath, for a wager of £1,000, which he did on Saturday in the Houghton Meeting of 1831. The Monday following having been the day originally publicly advertised for the match, the change of day caused many hundreds to be absent who would have been present had they known of the change to Saturday. However, that "first of coaches," the Cambridge Star, driven by Joe Walton, brought down some

sportsmen from town who had not been spending the last week of the season at headquarters—most of whom, finding it impossible to procure a hack or a pair of posters at Cambridge under three guineas for the great Saturday, were content to be transported from the University town to the scene of action on the old Bury Unicorn on the Friday evening. The generally expressed feeling was that Mr. Osbaldeston would win his wager. He was a great favourite, and on Friday night took a bet that he would win his match in nine hours. There were, on the other hand, always plenty of backers of time; it being said that those who could not ride thought he would lose, while those who could knew he would win. The morning broke raw and wet, and Time became a much better favourite; seven o'clock saw Mr. Osbaldeston, accompanied by Mr. Thellusson, his umpire, and Colonel Charitté, the backer of Time, with Mr. Bowater on his behalf, make their appearance at the Ditch Stand, where a thin sprinkling of company only had yet assembled. The Stand was cleared of all but those persons most interested in the match, the watches of the umpires set and locked up, and at thirteen minutes past seven "the Squire" started on his journey. He wore a black velvet cap, purple silk jacket, and doeskins—the only time he ever rode out of his own colours, Lincoln green. Notwithstanding the wetness of the day, he wore no flannel. Round his waist he wore a broad riding belt, with whalebone, which towards the end of the day proved



a great support to his back. His saddles were covered with lambskin, and he rode all the time with remarkably short stirrup leathers. His course was four miles, not exactly the Round Course—which falls somewhat short of that distance—but by going outside it, getting into the Beacon Course at Choke Jade, touching on the Bunbury Mile, and coming home close to the Ditch, he made it a four-mile course; and at the end of each round he changed his horse. After the fourteenth round Mr. Osbaldeston took his first refreshment, in the shape of a mouthful of weak brandy and water; at the end of the twenty-fifth round he took a mouthful of bread and a little brandy and water, after which he rode his quickest four miles—eight minutes: remarkable galloping, when his weight, 11st. 2lbs., is taken into consideration; Hambletonian and Diamond, at racing weights, having run their great match over the Beacon Course in eight minutes twenty-five seconds. The Squire completed his thirtieth round—120 miles—in five hours and eight minutes. Though wet to the skin, he refused the change of clothes that was waiting for him at a good fire, and proceeded at once to lunch off a cold partridge, washed down with a modicum of weak brandy and water. For fear of stiffness setting in, through his getting cold in his wet clothes, he was off again on his journey in about six minutes. Notwithstanding a squall of rain and wind in the forty-eighth round, so great that Streamlet—the horse he was, appropriately enough,

mounted on at the time—refused to face it, Mr. Osbaldeston completed his task at nine minutes before four in the afternoon, having ridden the two hundred miles, including stoppages, in eight hours thirty-nine minutes. As the day advanced, the company present had swelled to large proportions, and the success of the popular foxhunter and all-round sportsman was hailed by the uproarious salutations and hearty cheers of his friends and the crowd. An eye-witness relates that he “came in as gay as a lark, waving his whip over his head. Some shook hands with him, some patted him on the back, all shouted; and one old, green-coated farmer, an importation, I guess, from Northamptonshire, gave him a view halloo which still rings in my ears.”

At the Stand, it required great exertions on the part of his supporters—Gully, Tom Oliver, and Harry England—to procure room for him to dismount. This done, however, the celebrated sportsman was received with enthusiasm by his assembled friends, among whom were two of the most beautiful women in England—Lady Chesterfield and her sister, Mrs. Anson.

“There was no wrapping in blankets,” says the authority before quoted; “no carrying to a post-chaise; no salts, smelling bottles, or lancets. The Squire jumped on his favourite hack, Cannon Ball, and, followed by every horseman on the ground, led them at a slapping pace to his lodgings, at Perrin’s, in Newmarket, where he got into a warm bath, took

a nap, and in a couple of hours was wide awake and enjoying himself at a good dinner."

To Harry England, who had suggested a less palatable course, the hero of the Shires had replied, "Hang your salts and senna! I am so hungry—I could eat an old woman."

Thus happily ended a great effort of endurance, and one of the most famous matches against time ever undertaken. At the date of its accomplishment Mr. Osbaldeston's age was forty-four. He had trained most carefully at Newmarket for his match, during which neither his eye nor his voice assumed any unusual character, and at the end his hand did not tremble.

He had occasion, shortly after his match, to write a letter contradicting rumours that he won sums of from £20,000 to £40,000 by his powers. The fact was that, owing to the supineness and bad advice of his friends, he had not netted more than £1,800 after all expenses were paid. They would not properly exert themselves for him, and they refused to let him back himself in the Ring, because they saw he would spoil the betting. He complains, with reason, that although he wanted to bet 3, 4, or 5 to 1 on his performing his task, his friends insisted on his keeping quiet, while they filled their own pockets handsomely at 6 to 4 at his expense. During the actual match, the betting was, after the first few rounds, strongly in his favour—"a diamond to a dumpling, or the Lord Mayor's thumb to

a toothpick," that the match was done in ten hours.

A great amount of comment followed the Squire's successful performance of a feat which has ever since been occasionally a topic of conversation or the subject of allusion in sporting coteries; and he found it expedient to put an end to discussions on what he would and could do, or could not do, by issuing a general challenge. He says:—"Having been pestered to death by so many inquiries about the match, and having been chaffed so much about a jockey doing it in eight hours, I thought it best to put a complete statement in the paper, and also to add the following challenges to the whole world; but of which one, at least, I should imagine, may be selected for their adoption":—

#### THE CHALLENGE.

"I challenge any man in the world, of any age, weighing or carrying my weight, to ride any distance he prefers, from 200 to 500 miles, for £20,000; but if he will only ride for 200 or 250 miles, I will ride for £10,000. Or I will ride against the jockey of seven stone whom they talk of backing to ride 200 miles in eight hours, reserving thirty minutes for the difference between seven stone and eleven stone. Or I will take £10,000 to £3,000, or £20,000 to £6,000, that I ride 200 miles in eight hours, which it must be allowed would be a wonderful performance for eleven stone odd, and I think almost impossible—at least a single accident would lose the match, and I should scarcely have time to mount and dismount. I am always to be heard of at Pitsford, near Northampton.

"GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

"Pitsford, Wednesday, Nov. 16 (1831)."

Mr. Osbaldeston named large sums, because in

attempting to accomplish such tasks as he proposed, he would necessarily incur a large expense, and he risked his health and stamina besides. If nobody thought it worth while to accept his challenge, he expressed a hope that he should not again "be bothered with, 'It is nothing to do—an old woman could do it, and a jockey could do it in eight hours,' and so on." He truly says that the spectacle of a man of his age challenging all the world to back a man of any age against him is unparalleled in the history of any Sporting, and hardly to be believed.

The Squire was, however, too good game to be let alone; and for a long time after his match he was constantly being challenged by somebody to do something, generally something out of the scope of his attainments, though nobody thought proper to accept either of the challenges he had put forth in their precise terms.

The following may serve as a specimen of the sort of challenges he received from various quarters:—

An anonymous gentleman is anxious to go through all the items of the following unambitious programme with the Squire:—"To run him a mile across the course; to run him four miles across the country; to run him a hundred miles along the road; to walk, trot, and gallop him three miles each; to ride him over the highest leap; to walk him a mile; to walk him ten miles; to run him a hundred yards; to run him a mile; to hop him a hundred yards; to jump him one standing jump; to jump him one running

jump ; to jump him in height ; to jump him—hop, step, and jump ; to play him a game at quoits ; to play him a game at billiards ; to play him a game at fives ; to play him a game at cricket.” And after this list is exhausted, the Squire is again put on his mettle as an owner of horses by the following:—  
“And to wind up, I will produce a cart-horse, not more than fourteen hands high, that shall walk, trot, and gallop any cart-horse he can produce, of whatever age and size he may be.”

As no prize is mentioned, if Mr. Osbaldeston is successful in all these contests, beyond its being a “feather in the cap” of the victor, it is fair to conclude the wholesale challenger did not intend to make any wager. The Squire might well complain of being “pestered” by the Corinthians of his day.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MR. RADCLIFFE — WILLIAM THE FOURTH — ARABIAN  
PLATES—MR. BOWLES—PLENIPOTENTIARY'S YEAR—  
RIDSDALE V. GULLY—EPSOM DOWNS—LORD DERBY  
—MR. MYTTON.

**M**R. DELMÈ RADCLIFFE, who had been an excellent amateur jockey in his time, and at Bibury, in rivalry with Lord George Germaine, had often steered a son of Eclipse to victory, died this year (1831). He was a firm supporter of the Turf, and *au fait* with all its doings; his judgment and knowledge of horses commending him to George the Fourth, who appointed him his Gentleman of the Horse—a post he filled also in the establishment of the Sailor King, whose horses lost their engagements at his death, which was unexpected, and was thus announced:—"Who suddenly was taken off this fretful scene of ours at his domicile in Conduit-street, when surrounded by his friends, Lord Albemarle and Sloane Stanley"—a style of notice that fulfils the conditions deemed suitable to such an occasion by the New England Elder, being at once religious and neat.

William the Fourth—whose sincere desire to further the interests of sport had led him to command that

the "whole fleet" should be started, "and may the best horse win," when his late brother's horses became his property—had never cared for horse-racing. He felt, however, the necessity of maintaining the national supremacy in the breeding of horses, and was at all times anxious to do all in his power to promote the prosperity of the Turf. Accordingly, he formed the idea of establishing a new Challenge Prize, consisting of a hoof of Eclipse, mounted in a costly manner; and he, very sensibly, left the regulations of the race to the Jockey Club, who at once framed the following conditions, the race to be run for the first time on Thursday in the Ascot week, 1832:—"The Eclipse Foot, with £200 given by his Majesty, added to a sweepstakes of £100 each, for horses the property of members of the Jockey Club: three-year-olds to carry 7st.; four, 8st. 10lbs.; five, 9st. 5lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 9lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. To start at the Cup Post in the New Mile, and to go once round; about two miles and a half." The £200 of added money was not to be given if the race ended in a walk-over. The Eclipse Foot would remain in the possession of the winner until somebody else became entitled to it under the conditions, which were, that after the year 1832 the Eclipse Foot might be challenged for in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, to be run for, on Thursday in the next Ascot Race week, by horses the property of members of the Jockey Club. If the challenge was not accepted, the Foot was to be delivered to Mr. Weatherby, in Oxenden-



street, in the week preceding Ascot Races, for the person who might be entitled to it. The King undertook to add £200 every year if ten or more horses started for the Foot. Lord Chesterfield's Priam, five years; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Zany, four years; and General Grosvenor's Sarpedon, were the animals entered to run on the first occasion for "this truly national prize."

At the present day challenge prizes on the Turf are by no means attractive, and for very obvious reasons. The days when such prizes would confer any greater distinction upon their winners than other leading prizes of the Turf have long since passed, and owners of horses naturally endeavour to run them for stakes that have both money and glory to recommend them.

The King gave his annual dinner to the Jockey Club at St. James's Palace on the 16th of May, 1832; a sumptuous repast was served on three tables in the Banqueting-room, covers being laid for seventy. The company included the leading patrons of the Turf; and after dinner the Hoof of Eclipse, elegantly mounted in the middle of a gold salver, was brought into the room, and presented by the King to the Club. In front were the Royal Arms in gold, in high relief. The hoof was supported by a golden pedestal, on one side of which was engraved the following inscription:—"This piece of plate, with the Hoof of Eclipse, was presented by his Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth to the Jockey

Club—May, 1832." Nor did the King's kindly interest in the Turf end here: he made liberal allowances to his trainer and jockey, settling £300 a-year for life on Mr. Edwards, the use of the Royal stables, and apartments in the Palace at Newmarket. At the same time he settled on George Nelson, his jockey, £100 a-year for life.

About this time certain theorists who still believed in the overwhelming excellence of the pure-bred Arab, Barbary, and other Eastern horses, set on foot a proposition for establishing a Plate at Ascot for the produce of Arabs. It was necessary that they should have a race to themselves to give them a chance, as it had often been proved that, *ceteris paribus*, they stood no chance against the English thoroughbred. The proposed Plate for the produce of pure Arabian sires was by annual subscription among the owners. The distance of the course was settled at two miles, and the weights were—three-year-olds to carry 7st.; four, 8st. 5lbs.; five, 9st. 1lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lbs. Mares and geldings to be allowed 3lbs.

As a matter of course, the produce only of such horses or mares whose owners subscribed were to be allowed to start. At that time there were at least a dozen pure-bred Arab sires covering in England; the best known among them being the Cole Arabian, Champion, Harlequin, Honesty, Humdanieh, Muscat, Orelio, Signal, and Soliman.

The idea of establishing a Plate to be contested

exclusively by the produce of Arabs was not by any means a novel one. A sweepstakes of 100 guineas each for the produce of Arabs was run for in the First October Meeting, 1775, D.I., and was won by Mr. Strode's Pudenda, by the Sedley Arabian, beating six others. At the Second Spring Meeting, 1776, Lord Clermont's gr. c., by the Damascus Arabian, won a sweepstakes of 100 guineas over the Beacon Course, beating two others; and in the First Spring Meeting, 1777, Mr. Vernon's Glory, by his chestnut Arabian, received forfeit from Lord Bolingbroke's colt by his Arabian, and two others, 200 guineas each, D.I.

Other instances of races of this description might be adduced from the pages of the Calendar; but the only lesson they teach is that such Plates must end in failure: they neither attract company to witness them, furnish amusement, or the basis of speculation for such as do come, or do anything to further improvement in our breed of horses. As a writer on horsemanship and racing in the early years of the present century, when speaking of an Arab Plate, puts it:—"The horses ran in so mediocre a style, having little speed and less game, that the plan was in a few years abandoned."

It must not be thought, however, from these remarks about the uselessness of attempting to revive the employment of Arabian sires at the stud in this country, by subscribing small sums in the way of Plates for their produce to race for, that it is argued

that the giving of special Plates of small value can under no circumstances promote the interests of English breeders. On the contrary, such plates have often been productive of much good, and notably in the instance of an annual Plate for horses of all ages, 10st. each, run for at Kipling Coates for a great many years, which, though of very small amount, attracted some very good horses. Among these, in old times, may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Neesham, by Hartley's Blind Horse, dam by Croft's Commoner, who won the Kipling Coates guineas no less than five times between 1728 and 1734. The nature and intention of this and similar free prizes may be drawn from John Cheny's description:—"This prize," he says, "was founded by a body of foxhunters, appointing it to be annually run for on the third Thursday in March, who, taking an affection to the wolds of Yorkshire, in some respects resembling the Downs of the Southern counties, were pleased to deposit the sums whence the prize annually rises; and although but sixteen guineas, yet, as the time of running for it is in the infancy of the season, it is looked upon as a proper taste-trial, or proof how horses have come through the winter."

Mr. Bowles, a veterinary surgeon who established himself at Cambridge, was one of the first members of his profession to treat the diseases of horses in a scientific manner, as opposed to the rule-of-thumb

methods of the old-fashioned practitioners. Having speedily acquired a reputation in the University and town, his fame spread through Cambridgeshire and the adjoining counties; and Newmarket was among the first places to avail itself of his skill. During a very long period of practice, he treated nearly every horse of note trained at head-quarters, carefully adapting his treatment to the circumstances of the case. When called in to find out the ailment of a race-horse, he gave unusual time and care to the performance of his duty. Having settled the question of what was the matter, he would invariably ask what engagements the animal had. "If he has three engagements in April, where is the use," Mr. Bowles would say, "of giving them up, that by rest and regular treatment a cure may be performed in May—during which time something inferior may have run away with the stakes? No, keep him going as well as you can till these are over, and then, as the common people say, let 'Dr. Green' (spring grass) cure what the farrier cannot." Mr. Bowles possessed not only extraordinary skill in his profession, but a large fund of common sense, which recommended him to the Newmarket trainers, and many quaint sayings acceptable in all quarters. His frame of mind was religious, and, "improving the occasion," as it is called, he was often heard to say, "Let a man make himself thoroughly to understand the structure of a horse's foot, its economy, its bearings, its beauties, its provisions, and elasticity, and should

he then turn and say 'There is no God,' that man is a fool and a liar."

To Mr. Bowles's open-handed generosity and native kindliness of heart must be attributed the fact that he left but a modest fortune behind him at his death, his life-long maxim having been that "money honestly got and well-spent is the only real riches." During his life, no one was better known on the Turf; and when he quitted it, he left no one behind more esteemed than he had been.

Plenipotentiary's year (1834) was a time of trouble and litigation for the followers of the national sport. Mr. Ridsdale and his quondam partner, Mr. Gully, having quarrelled and come to blows, the trial came on in the early part of the year. No sooner was the course cleared for the first race at Epsom than a notice, issued by the bailiff of the manor of Epsom, was served on the Stewards, informing them that they were "hereby forbid from entering or coming upon any of the waste lands of the manor," or, in other words, upon the racecourse on the Downs; and, lastly, the St. Leger ended in a cloud of obloquy thrown over the doings of those persons who had the management of the favourite.

Curiously enough, the *cause célèbre* of "Ridsdale v. Gully" was tried at York, in the same Court that, a quarter of a century previously, had witnessed the trial of Colonel Thornton against Flint, also a horse-whipping case. The able counsel for the plaintiff

(Mr., afterwards <sup>Chief</sup> Baron, Pollock) opened the case in a temperate speech, and the facts, as set out, showed that Gully, who was an ex-prizefighter and Member of Parliament for Pontefract, had been on many occasions partner with Ridsdale in making a book; that both were professional bettors; and that they had quarrelled and separated some time before. Ridsdale, who, probably, had excellent means of ascertaining the truth, had put it about that Gully had won £12,000 over a race. They met in the hunting-field. Gully said, very angrily, to Ridsdale, "You knew I had not won so much; I told you so myself," and then, without further provocation, struck Ridsdale on the back, "not lightly, but with as much force as the arm of a Gully could bestow." Old John Singleton, of Great Givendale, son of the celebrated jockey, who was present, was one of the witnesses called. The defence set up was provocation; but the jury found for Ridsdale, with £500 damages, exactly the sum awarded by a York jury to Colonel Thornton when he sued Mr. Flint.

The Epsom case was as follows:—Mr. John Ivatt Briscoe, who was lord of the manor of Epsom, was also Member of Parliament for the Eastern Division of the county of Surrey. He refused to subscribe to the races at Epsom, on the ground that his religious views and opinions were opposed to the sport; but as he had previously executed a lease for the erection of the Grand Stand—a step calculated more firmly to establish the races on

the Downs—and as he had likewise offered to accept a yearly rent of a hundred pounds in lieu of the tolls or collections annually gathered from the booths, it is clear that religious scruples had not much to do with the action he took to assert his rights as lord of the manor.

He had let about an acre of ground—the fee-simple value of which might be £20—for the purpose of erecting a Grand Stand, which cost £20,000, reserving to himself a ground rent of £30 per annum, and, of course, the ultimate reversion to the building. Mr. Briscoe's proceedings made him certainly the most unpopular man in England among the followers of the sport, as it was plain from the first that if, on his action of trespass against Mr. Roberts being tried, he recovered only a farthing damages, he might, if he chose, stop the races altogether; and this, it was reported, he intended to do. It is not very easy to discover what motive Mr. Briscoe had in the matter, except that which he asserted—namely, the maintenance of his manorial rights. He certainly gained little else by his action against Mr. Roberts; for, a general election intervening between the entering of his action and the trial, he lost his seat, as he himself was candid enough to admit, “from being misunderstood in his intentions towards the races annually holden upon his manorial Downs.”

When the result of the action was known, a jeremiad for the future of the Turf rent the skies. Epsom was doomed: what might not be expected to



follow? No ill resulted, however. Mr. Briscoe did not, as was prophesied, turn the Grand Stand into a Synagogue or a Bethesda, but accepted a payment of £5 from the Race Committee as an acknowledgment of his right as lord of the manor, and £100 towards the costs of his action. It was not until July, 1836, that the matter was finally adjusted. The Jockey Club and the Stewards of the Races at Epsom entrusted to Mr. Rush their interests in the matter, and with him Mr. Briscoe arranged to guarantee, in the most extensive manner, the appropriation of the Downs for racing purposes. It was settled at this time that the entire management of the Downs should for the future be vested in the Stewards for the time being, to whom every authority the lord of the manor could give was to be delegated, with power to act in all matters connected with the sport in the fullest manner possible for the benefit and encouragement of the races. Mr. Briscoe, however, stipulated for the right to protect the interests of the proprietors of the Grand Stand, this being, as their landlord, at once his duty and his interest.

The Epsom difficulty of the early summer was followed by the sensational defeat of Mr. Batson's chestnut, Plenipotentiary, for the St. Leger. Odds of 11 to 10 and 5 to 4 were laid on the favourite on the morning of the race; but Plenipotentiary made a very sorry figure, being altogether a different animal from the horse that cut down his field at Epsom. Lord

Westminster's Touchstone won, Lord Sligo's Bran being second, out of a large field; and at that time Bran was believed to be a much better horse than the winner. Plenipotentiary, whose victory had been looked upon as a certainty, was ridden by Patrick Connolly, upon whom and Mr. Batson a great amount of obloquy was thrown. The horse, there can be no doubt, was not properly trained, though it may be too much to say that he was not run to win. A contemporary account speaks of him as "a racehorse, within forty-eight hours of his starting for a race with hundreds of thousands of public money on him, carrying as much blubber as would have swamped a South Sea whaler."

Plenipotentiary's year, too, saw the last of as great a sportsman as ever lived, and one of the steadiest and most liberal patrons the Turf ever knew. Edward Smith Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, whose career on the Turf lasted for nearly sixty years, was the founder of the Oaks, named after his seat in Surrey; of the Derby, named in his honour; and of the Meeting at Aintree, near Liverpool, famous as the arena over which the Grand National is decided. Having succeeded to the title soon after the attainment of his majority, on the death of his grandfather in his eighty-seventh year, his name immediately appears in the records of Weatherby as an owner of race-horses. He made his *début* on the Turf in 1776, and gave his support to the sport at Manchester,

Lancaster, Chester, Liverpool, and all the other Meetings held in what may be considered his own neighbourhood. During his long connection with the Turf, he appears as the breeder and owner of a very long list of winners: his horses often carried off the Dee Stakes, the Palatine, Produce, and other North country prizes. At Epsom he was successful in winning the Oaks at "the first time of asking," having the satisfaction of seeing his filly, Bridget, by King Herod, defeat a field of eleven, and effect the enrolment of her name at the head of what has since become the long list of Oaks winners.

His lordship won the Oaks a second time, with Heroine, in 1794. He was only once victorious in the Derby, winning the Blue Riband with Sir Peter Teazle, by Highflyer. At the time of his death, and for some years before that event, Lord Derby was the Father of the Jockey Club, at whose councils he had been a regular attendant for something like fifty-eight years. Among the supporters of racing whom he had known intimately, either as members of the Club or *habitues* of the Turf, and who had quitted it before him, were George the Fourth, the Dukes of Portland, Devonshire, Bolton and Grafton; Lords Abingdon, Rockingham, Lincoln, Edward Bentinck, Scarborough, Thanet, Clermont, Grosvenor, Milsington, Ossory, March, and Stawell; Sirs C. Sedley, H. Harper, F. Molyneux, J. Moore, C. Brand, C. Danvers, J. Shelley, and W. Vernon; Messrs. Vernon, Wentworth, O'Kelly, Pratt, Shafto, Panton,

Clifton, and Scarisbrick. What other period can boast an ampler list of warm supporters among the followers of the Turf?

Lord Derby's colours, before the year 1787, were green and white stripes; but two other noblemen using jackets of the same colours, the Knowsley colours were changed to black and white cap, in which colours Lord Derby's horses always afterwards ran.

Besides his horses in training, Lord Derby had a very extensive stud at Knowsley, where he bred some first-rate animals. His trainers were, successively, Old Saunders, Young Saunders, and Bloss; and his jockeys, Old Peirse, R. Spencer, Dunn, Ben Smith, Johnson, and Lye.

Fond as the Earl was of seeing his home-bred horses carry the black and white to victory, if it was possible for him to love anything better than a thoroughbred horse, it was a thoroughbred gamecock. Under his care and superintendence, the Knowsley breed of black-breasted reds was brought to perfection, and at Chester and Lancaster the North-country Earl was well-nigh invincible. It may be truly said of him that he was the greatest cocker that ever lived; and in saying this, it must be recollected that since his time opinion has changed very much as to the humane treatment of animals; but in his day cocking was as respectable a sporting taste as a gentleman could have. Nobody had thought of writing it down, far less of legislating

against it ; and it was as reputable to fight a main of cocks as to hunt the fox. Lord Derby was married twice—first to Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, and secondly to the celebrated actress and beauty, Miss Farren: by both wives he had three children. No man lived more esteemed, or died more universally regretted. He was born on a great day in the sportsman's calendar—the festival of St. Partridge, 1752—and died at Knowsley, October 21st, 1834. *Sans changer*—the motto of his illustrious race—may well be applied to his untiring devotion to all manly sports. “He was English, sir, from top to toe.”

In sad contrast to the career of Lord Derby, is that of another brilliant all-round sportsman, who at the same time ran horses at the principal North-country meetings, and whose colours were likewise green with white stripes. Mr. John Mytton, of Halston, in the county of Salop, was the posthumous son of a gentleman of high standing in the county. During his long minority, his estates were well managed; and on his attaining his majority he came into possession of a very large fortune. He was the hero of a thousand escapades. As a boy at Westminster School, he wrote to the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), and told him, at fourteen, he was going to be married, and could not live in his altered state on his allowance of £400 a year. “Sir,” wrote the Chancellor, “if you can't live on your allowance, you may starve; and if you marry, I'll commit you to prison.”

Two or three years later, he left school, and obtained a commission in the Seventh Hussars. A residence in Paris with the Army of Occupation did not contribute to his stock of prudence; and when he acquired, in due course, the sole control of his large property, he soon "played ducks and drakes" with it.

He was a man of great physical strength, and excelled in all outdoor sports; he was liberal and open-handed with his money to the extreme of generosity. On the Turf he cut a great figure for a few years, owning some first-rate horses, which he did his best to race off their legs; and when the racing season was over, he would ride his best animals hunting and coursing. He owned Banker, who won for him sixteen races; Euphrates, who placed thirty-eight stakes to his credit; Longwaist, Halston, and other horses of note. No fortune, however, would stand the repeated attacks of a man who would gamble away ten thousand pounds at a single match at billiards—this Mr. Mytton did with Mr. Ester, at Calais—and in 1831 all was gone from him, and the furniture, pictures, and plate of his stately home at Halston came to the hammer of the auctioneer. He died in the rules of the King's Bench, three years later, a prisoner for debt. A paper published in the chief town of his native county thus noticed his demise:—"On Saturday, the 29th March, in the King's Bench, London, aged thirty-eight, John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, in this county. This gentleman inherited large estates in Shropshire and Merionethshire, had been High

Sheriff for both counties, and M.P. for this town. His great munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him notoriety in the gay and sporting circles, both in England and on the Continent. While a few faithful friends, esteemed to the last remembered kindnesses, we fear there are many partakers of his bounty who have treated him with ingratitude." Such was the end of one for whom fortune had done so much, the eccentric Jack Mytton, of Halston.

George Wyndham O'Brien, Earl of Egremont, the pattern of an English country gentleman, lived to the good old age of eighty-five; and for sixty years was an ardent supporter of the Turf, carrying on his stud on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, and, perhaps, never since equalled by the enterprise of an individual owner. His stud at Petworth contained sixty brood mares, whose produce Lord Egremont trained. He won the Derby of 1782 with Assassin, by Sweetbriar; in 1804, with Hannibal, by Driver; 1805, with Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna; in 1807 with Election, by the same sire; and in 1826 with Lapdog by Whalebone. This great sportsman was equally fortunate in the Oaks, carrying off that prize also five times—namely, in 1788 with Nightshade, by Pot80's; 1789, with Tag, by Trentham; in 1795, Platina, by Mercury; in 1800, with Ephemer, by Woodpecker; and in 1820, with Caroline, by Whalebone. In his earlier years as an owner of race-horses, Lord Egremont had them trained at home, on a capital course in his park at Petworth;

but it was not found to answer, and they were afterwards all trained at Newmarket. The Marquis of Westminster's and Sir Thomas Stanley's experience was the same—that young stock trained in the privacy of home hedgerows invariably discovered a tendency to leap over all bounds when tried in public; no gallop being comparable to that afforded by a common training-ground, where from their first sweats they are always in the company of other horses on an open track.

In 1838, the Turf Benevolent Fund was first proposed by Mr. John Whyte, the proprietor of the Hippodrome at Notting-hill. "I shall be enabled at the Hippodrome," he says, "if I am supported, to give the plan a fair trial, by imposing as a condition upon the winners of Plates and Stakes given by me, and upon the jockeys winning races, the payment of sums to the Fund."

Mr. Whyte's circular advocating the establishment of the Turf Benevolent Fund set out that it was instituted for the benefit of decrepit or maimed jockeys, and their widows and infant families, and for those reduced to poverty whose characters are unblemished. He remarks that the lives of jockeys are extremely arduous, and much bodily suffering has to be sustained, which occasionally leads to incurable disease, or premature old age and death. They are likewise a class peculiarly liable to meet with accidents, more or less severe. He therefore proposes an institution for their relief, under circumstances recom-



mending them as objects of charity. The objects of the Fund were to be :—

The relief of jockeys, of unimpeachable character for integrity, reduced to destitution; the relief of the widows, orphans, and parents of such jockeys left destitute.

The reward of skill and meritorious conduct. Every jockey, to have any benefit from the Fund, was to subscribe ten shillings a year while able to do so. Owners of horses winning a stake of £50 to pay ten shillings, £100 one pound to the Fund; and so on in proportion. Every jockey winning a race to pay one shilling to the Fund.

“Better nerve also,” says Mr. Whyte, “will be possessed by the jockey from the consciousness that, if temporarily injured by an accident, he will be taken care of by the Fund, if he be without means, until he has recovered. The provision, likewise, that assistance can only be afforded to the jockey of unblemished character would surely have the best tendency in keeping jockeys strictly honest, and worthy of the high confidence which is necessarily placed in them.”

What form this excellent proposal of the proprietor of the Hippodrome assumed in the course of years is well known.

## CHAPTER IX.

ASCOT GRAND STAND—THE QUEEN AT ASCOT—RAILWAYS *v.* COACHES—SUE'S HISTORY OF SCHAM—SIR JOHN LADE—PARIS—THE CANADIAN AFFAIR—LORD GEORGE BENTINCK *v.* CONNOP—THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND—MR. WILSON—MR. THORNHILL—NIMROD—THE DERBY OF 1844—RUNNING REIN.

THE foundation stone of the Grand Stand at Ascot was laid on the 16th of January, 1839, by the Earl of Errol, Master of the Buckhounds, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of county gentry and other persons interested in witnessing the ceremonial. Lord Errol wielded the silver trowel in true Masonic style, after which he made a short speech, in which he expressed the great pleasure it had given him to take a part in founding a structure which would be the source of so much convenience to the public frequenting Ascot Races. "I can assure you," said his lordship, "that on all future occasions I shall feel gratified in giving my influence to further the public interests of this national sport, for the view of which this building is particularly erected"—a sentiment from the noble Master of the Buckhounds which was received with three-times-three cheers and "one cheer

more." The building thus begun was completed in time for the reception of the company attending the races of the same year. This Stand, which has since been considerably extended, was designed by Mr. Higgins, the necessary capital being raised in one hundred shares of £100 each, £5 of which was to be paid off annually, so that at the end of twenty years it might become entirely free, when the receipts per annum were to be totally appropriated for the benefit of the races. The shareholders were promised five per cent. for their money, a bonus out of the receipts, and a perpetual transferable admission to the Stand. The original trustees were the Earl of Errol, Captain Seymour, and Messrs. T. R. Ward and M. Gilbertson.

Her Majesty was present on the occasion of the opening of the Grand Stand to the public, having journeyed to the Royal Heath from Windsor in Ascot state. Immediately after the race for the Stakes had been decided, her Majesty was graciously pleased to command that the rider of the winner, a very young jockey, named Forth, should be brought in her presence. This was accordingly done, and the highly delighted boy was presented to his Sovereign by the Earl of Lichfield. The Queen complimented him on his riding the winner with so much judgment and skill, and at the same time gave him the substantial reward of a ten-pound note.

Railways were rapidly making their way, and it is easily to be understood that the "abomination" met

with more hearty and complete opposition, wherever it appeared, from sporting men and lovers of horses than from any other class of the population. The *Times* began to express strong fears that the turnpikes and stages were doomed, and its gloomy note of apprehension struck terror into the hearts of squires and yeomen. The country must be ruined, the landed gentry were deeply implicated in the turnpike trusts, the farmers would not be able to sell their horses, coach-making as an industry would be blotted out, innkeepers would be bankrupt, inns deserted, and the country, deprived of its veins, would pour out its life-blood through its arteries. The leading journal recommended a timely reduction of the duty on horse-coaches and posting, before all such interests were swamped. It was hardly credible that in free Britain a set of speculators should be allowed to rob the public and set them at defiance; and one thing at least was certain, that no decent woman, however protected, would ever be prevailed upon to place herself in a railway carriage. When the novelty of the thing had subsided, no English gentleman would be found condescending to assume this hasty mode of transit, compatible only with the lot of men of business and bagmen. Desperate as the case of the partizans of the coaches was, there was a gloomy satisfaction in the knowledge that the railways could not carry heavy goods, as the wear and tear was so great, the charges would not cover it; that the expenses of superintendents,

clerks, policemen, porters, and other attendants, with hosts of labourers and engineers, were enormous; that the engines were very costly, and were not very fast.

There remained, also, the consolation that at least one great coaching establishment—the Bull and Mouth—had coaches on the Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other roads, in spite of, and in opposition to, the iron monstrosities; and this led to the conclusion that “the question whether railway conveyances will supersede the use of coaches on their respective lines must take time to solve.” Time has solved the question.

The coaches, at the time of their being superseded by a more expeditious if not a more pleasant mode of travelling, had arrived at a high degree of perfection, running on all the main roads of the kingdom with great punctuality, safety, and speed. The “Shrewsbury Wonder,” which began running in 1825, was the first coach to do so long a journey as a hundred and fifty-four miles in one day; hence its name. It started from Shrewsbury at a quarter before five, and in its last years at a quarter before six, in the morning, and arrived in London at a quarter before ten at night, having stopped twice on the road for the refreshment of its passengers. The coaches running to York, to the North, to Bristol, to Exeter, and the Brighton stages, were among the most famous vehicles of the palmy days of professional coaching—the days that immediately preceded

its extinction. Happily, the Coaching Clubs and amateur coachmen of to-day keep up in perfection the art and sport of driving a four-in-hand in workmanlike style; and from the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, any man may realize the sensations of his grandfather as he surveyed the road from London to Brighthelmstone, and decide for himself between the rival claims of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway and four good horses with a good road and a level stage.

The best description to be found of the opposition made to the "railroad invasion" in a country town, and of the ruinous effect of the success of the "steel abortion" upon a country innkeeper, is not to be found, as might be expected, in the pages of a professedly sporting writer, but in an admirably realistic sketch from the pen of Mr. John Hollingshead ("Miscellaneous Works," vol. II.).

It was about this time that M. Eugène Sue did for the Godolphin Arabian what Mr. Harrison Ainsworth soon afterwards did for Turpin's mare, Black Bess. The imaginative French novelist made that famous horse more famous by lending to slender fact the charm and spell of fiction. His "History of the Godolphin Arabian" ran through a dozen numbers of *La Presse*, in which he depicted the life, character, and behaviour of this father of the English Turf in a novelette, which he said he founded upon the English and French Racing Calendars, the "Sporting Magazine," and the portrait of the animal in the

library at Gogmagog. Agba, the Arab groom, to whom the horse is profoundly attached, and the celebrated Godolphin cat, figure prominently in the narrative. A Quaker staying in Paris hears that he is a grandfather, and, according to the custom of his sect, M. Sue says, at once resolves to perform some charitable action. He sees a horse in a cart, fearfully overtasked, and brutally belaboured with a stick, at the foot of the Pont Neuf. He buys the horse, to save him from the torture of having a lighted torch applied, *vice* the stick discarded; and becomes the owner of Scham, the Godolphin Arabian. His history, from the time he left the stables of the Bey of Tunis, in 1731, to his death, is then told in the glowing language of the novelist, who concludes his narrative thus:—"They returned to Gogmagog in triumph; and to prove his admiration of the wondrous powers of the Barb, Hobgoblin's splendid stable was appropriated to Scham, and the words 'GODOLPHIN ARABIAN,' which name the Noble Lord had given to Scham, engraved in letters of gold on its marble pediment. This celebrated horse died at Gogmagog, in 1753, aged twenty-nine. Grimalkin had preceded him to the tomb, and Agba did not long survive him."

Sir John Lade, who had been for many years the friend and associate of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, died at Egham on the 10th of February, 1838, in his eightieth year. The venerable baronet had retired from taking any active part

in Turf pursuits for some years before his death; but his had been, in the lifetime of his illustrious friend, a well-known and conspicuous figure at all the fashionable meetings. Sir John had the reputation of being the best charioteer of his age as a Jehu *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. He was the hero of many stories of startling feats of skill on the box, one of the most remarkable of which was driving the off-wheels of his phaeton over a sixpence placed on a certain spot in the road, for a considerable wager. All his contemporaries of the whip, even the celebrated bucks of the Four-in-hand Club, acknowledged Sir John in his prime to be "first-and-first" with the ribands.

One of the numerous duties liable to be imposed upon a country gentleman in his own county is that of Steward at a Race Meeting—a post of considerable responsibility, and likewise one the nomination to which carries with it a high compliment. Up to a comparatively recent date, many races at the country meetings were run in heats. The distance chair was an important adjunct to the furniture of the racecourse. For such races as were run in heats, it was of course necessary to have a man in the distance chair, who dropped a flag the instant the judge lowered his, and whose special duty it was to observe what horses, if any, did not pass the post. He was provided with a list of the horses and the colours of the riders, accurately made at the time the jockeys were weighed, in order, of course, that he might not



mistake one horse for another. Though two hundred and forty yards had always been recognized as the proper space between the winning post and the distance post, there were many country racecourses on which the distance post was placed much nearer to the judge's chair; by which means the jockeys were often deceived in their calculations, and made mistakes in finishing their races.

Arthur Pavis, the celebrated jockey, died at Newmarket on the 15th of October, 1839, at the early age of thirty-one. His first public appearance in the saddle was at Exeter, in 1821, when he rode Nightshade in a handicap, his own weight being 3st. 11lbs. He was light-weight rider to George the Fourth, and also rode regularly in his later years for the Duke of Richmond and Colonel Peel. Whilst few of his most able contemporaries could scale at anything less than 8st. 4lbs., Pavis was always able to ride at seven stone without wasting. This, of course, gave him great advantage in light weight handicaps, and was one cause that led to his immense practice in his profession, which was larger than that of any other jockey of his day. Pavis was a good man, respected by his employers for his straightforwardness and honesty, and liked by all who knew him. After his death it was said of him that he was one who "had done his duty in that state of life to which it pleased God to call him."

The case of *Smith v. Bond* was tried before Lord

Abinger and a special jury, at the Middlesex Sitings after Michaelmas Term, 1842. It was a common gaming-house case, brought under the statute of Anne (9th, chap. 14), which was enacted to repress excessive gaming. The parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, swarmed with "hells," and hitherto the efforts of the parochial officers had been unable to put them down. The play at such houses was notoriously unfair, and the keepers had thrived in proportion to the number and wealth of the victims they had been able to fleece. It was resolved, therefore, to bring an action under the statute above-mentioned, which not only prohibits "excessive" gaming, but enables the loser of above £10 at a sitting to recover treble the amount of his losses; or, if he does not choose to take this course himself, any informer is enabled to sue for and obtain the penalty, one-half of which is to benefit the poor of the parish in which the offence was committed, and the other half is to go into the pocket of the person bringing the action. In the case tried before Lord Abinger, the "hell" went by the high-sounding name of the Junior St. James's Club-house; but there was not the least pretence for calling it a club: anybody went in to play, with hardly the formality of a first introduction. The keeper did a thriving trade, at French hazard chiefly; and it was proved by the plaintiff, who had been one of the coterie who kept the table, that Mr. Bredell had lost £200, Mr. Fitzroy Stanhope £50, the Marquis of Conyngham £500 on each of two separate

occasions, Lord Cantalupe £400, and other noble-men and gentlemen various sums.

An ingenious plea was put in by counsel on behalf of Bond, the keeper of the "hell"—viz., that as the sums in question were paid by cheques, and inas-much as a cheque is not held to be a payment in law till cashed, and as the banks at which the cheques were payable were not in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, the offence was not completed in that parish, and defendant could not recover. The learned Chief Baron, however, overruled the objec-tion, and, under his direction, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £3,508, being treble the amount actually proved to have been lost; thus teaching a very useful lesson to the keepers of gaming-houses generally. Had Lords Conyngham and Cantalupe and Mr. Stanhope come forward as witnesses, and certified to their losses on the two oc-casions mentioned, additional penalties would have accrued to the amount of £5,820.

This obsolescent Act of Queen Anne did great service towards the suppression of badly-conducted gaming-houses, as, after the ruling of Lord Abinger and the finding of the jury, many of them closed their doors rather than run the risk of entertaining an informer unawares.

Not only in the parishes of St. George and St. James were there causes of complaint. What unfair play and loaded dice did at night, defaulting bettors—"welshers," as they are now called—practised by

day. The best legitimate Meetings, as well as the minor country-side ventures, were infested with the rogues. They dressed well, wore frilled shirts and "flash" rings, and were, perhaps, better able to pay their way about than honest men. The Chichester "extortioners," with their guinea a bed for a single night's lodging, were unable to keep these gentry away from the ducal Meeting; and the unmerciful dealings of mine hosts of Doncaster, Windsor, Warwick, and Newmarket, who enjoyed in those days an unenviable notoriety for the extravagance of their charges, were likewise powerless to clear their coffee-rooms of the welshing fraternity.

Measures were taken to reduce the evil. To begin with, the Messrs. Tattersall issued a code of new rules and regulations, to be observed in future by all subscribers to the betting-room at the Corner. A subscription of two guineas per annum was fixed. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing were to give a week's notice in writing to Messrs. Tattersall and Son, submitting references for their approval. Non-subscribers might be admitted on payment of a guinea, and, the room being under the sanction of the Jockey Club, all the members were to be obedient to any suggestions made by the Senate of the Turf from time to time. Lastly, special attention was called to the forty-first rule of the Jockey Club, which enacted that any bettor adjudged to be a defaulter by the Stewards should not be permitted to go on the Heath at Newmarket,

and they should also be excluded from the betting-rooms there, and at Tattersall's.

This step in a right direction was followed, a few months later, by the action of the Trustees of the Grand Stand at Ascot, who gave notice that all defaulters in respect to stakes, forfeits, or bets on horse-racing, would be peremptorily excluded during any Meeting on the Heath at Ascot; and if any one in default did gain admittance, on being pointed out to the Noble Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds, or to the Clerk of the Course, he would, if necessary, be expelled by force, unless he were able to show that he had discharged all his obligations.

At Goodwood a similarly active policy was pursued; no person being notoriously a defaulter upon bets on horse-racing would be permitted to "assist" at the Meeting. A contumelious defaulter having obtained admission to the Enclosure, he received peremptory orders to quit; and the example set by the Stewards of Ascot and Goodwood was promptly taken up by the better class of country Meetings; and notices were posted that if any person notoriously in default as to either forfeits or bets gained admittance he should be peremptorily expelled. At Doncaster it was requested that all parties who had claims for bets would not fail to notify the same to Mr. Butterfield, Land Steward to the Corporation, prior to the races, at his office, or at the Grand Stand. Lord Eglinton, who had taken a prominent part in the endeavour to stamp out this evil, wrote to the

Town Clerk:—"It gives me much pleasure to find that the Corporation of Doncaster have passed the resolutions. Defaulters have become so numerous, and so audacious in their proceedings, that it is absolutely necessary that the strongest measures should be adopted against them." The Corporation of Doncaster, at their meeting, when his lordship's letter was read, resolved unanimously that the Town Clerk be requested immediately to confer with the proprietors of the betting-rooms, and that Lord Eglinton be permitted to purify those rooms, as well as the Stand and Enclosure.

But to the influence and exertions of Lord George Bentinck, the "legitimates" owed the clearance of the Turf from the hordes of welshers and other non-payers that infested it. This "pleasing reform of the Turf" was brought about by his active measures; and it was admitted that, had he not persevered to the utmost, even his powerful influence would have been blighted, and the host of rotten sheep left to infect the sound constitution of the remaining flock. But such was the effect of the sharp remedies employed, that for some time after it was safe to make a bet with almost any man whom you might meet in the Betting Ring at respectable Race Meetings, so effectually was the Turf rid of the pests that had infested it.

The Riddlesworths, at Newmarket, which had been two of the greatest races of the year, were falling

into the sere and yellow leaf of their existence; but at his seat in Norfolk, from which the old-fashioned stake took its name, Mr. Thornhill maintained one of the best breeding studs in England. His white body, scarlet sleeves; and white cap had been pre-eminently popular colours for a quarter of a century, figuring in every race of note. He had won his first Derby in 1818, with Sam; and his second, two years later, with Sailor. He had won the Oaks in 1819 with Shoveller, and run a dead heat with Euclid for the St. Leger twenty years later. Connolly and Chifney were his favourite jockeys; and Pettitt, of Newmarket, took care of his horses in training. His stud Mr. Thornhill directed himself; and no breeder of thoroughbred stock ever brought greater skill and judgment to bear upon that difficult experiment than the Norfolk squire. The strains of Orville, Merlin, and Whisker were among the most successful employed at Riddlesworth; and Emilius, Albemarle, and the Commodore did justice to their hereditary reputation. At the Norfolk stud farm everything was done in the best and most systematic manner. Expense was never spared; and the result was that the lots, when they came to the hammer as yearlings, invariably brought remunerative prices. Foreigners especially, desirous of securing our best blood, resorted to Riddlesworth as affording them the safest market; for there every lot had its fixed price.

As will shortly be noticed, the Turf had by this time regained whatever it might have lost of its

ancient *prestige*. The Duke of Portland, whose resignation had been announced and the sale of his stud advertised, decided to remain, as he had ever been, the steady friend and patron of the national sport, entering into a confederacy with the Duke of Rutland—a union which proved eminently successful. Her Majesty was likewise pleased to show some interest in the welfare of the Turf, and to reflect, in so far as became her sex, the regard shown for horse-racing by her immediate predecessors, George the Fourth and William the Fourth. Accordingly, at the time of Epsom Races, her Majesty, with Prince Albert, drove over from Claremont to Scott's Stables, near Leatherhead—John Scott then holding an unrivalled position as a trainer at the head of his profession. The Royal party witnessed the gallops of Cotherstone, the Derby favourite, and other horses engaged in the great race. The whole string of Scott's horses entered for the Derby were galloped on the Downs, and it was said that the Queen selected Cotherstone from the lot as the best, and made some very flattering remarks to his trainer upon his condition. Afterwards, her Majesty and the Prince inspected the extensive establishment at which Scott's horses were located; and on their departure left a handsome present to be distributed among the grooms and others connected with the stable.

The question of what should constitute a gentleman rider had long been the subject of discussion.



Something like a definition arose out of an objection at the Warwick Meeting in 1843. In the days of heavy betting on the great three-year-old races long before the events were decided, Warwick held a very important position, occurring, as it did, the week before the St. Leger was run for, just as Bath, preceding the Derby, was the scene of heavy betting. At the Warwick Meeting in 1843 a sweepstakes was run—three-year-olds, 9st. 7lbs.; four, 10st. 10lbs.; five, 11st. 5lb.; six and aged, 12st.: heats, once round. The incidents of the race, at this distance of time, are immaterial; suffice it to say there was a squabble, and the report says, "as may be imagined from the highness of the weights, this was a 'gentlemen race,' and most gentlemanlike was it carried out."

An objection was taken to one of the riders, on the score that he had been brought up in a racing stable, and in consequence, at the eleventh hour, another jockey had to be found and substituted, who, as it happened, was able to ride very well, so that the result was not altered by the change. The description of a gentleman rider was very indefinite, and on all hands it was felt desirable that it should be understood distinctly who was and who was not qualified to assume the title. "We are no advocates," says a writer at the time, "for gentlemen riders; but as long as the absurdity is perpetrated, we should wish, for the sake of the character of the English gentleman, that something more in accordance with the generally

received opinion of what a gentleman is like should appear than the half buck, half hawbuck, pothouse-looking snobs we sometimes see attempting the character, and throwing silk jackets and leather breeches into convulsions." It was accordingly settled that it should not be a sufficient qualification for riding in a race for gentlemen riders only that a man was "on shaking hands intimacy with lords"—this being one of the pleas once put in against the validity of an objection—but that he should not be a professional rider, should never have ridden for hire, and should be at least known with some good pack of hounds. By this means it became pretty nearly impossible for any jockey less respectable than the son of a well-to-do tenant farmer to mount in a race one of the conditions of which was that the riders should be gentlemen.

No name was ever better known in connection with the literature of English sport, but more especially in connection with fox-hunting, than the *nom de plume* "Nimrod," borne by Mr. Apperley. He was the Dickens of his day in the sporting world. He wrote with a full knowledge and with a faithful perception of the most minute objects in the scenes he described, and his "Hunting Tours" remain to this day the best works of their kind in the language. To him all doors were thrown open, and all men made him welcome, as it was well known his impressions of the visit would probably appear at an early day in the pages of the "Sporting Magazine."

There may, therefore, be some truth in the remark, that "the certainty of being 'shown up' in print, and the laudable anxiety of all men of cutting a respectable appearance, especially in the permanent record of a book, induced many to 'launch out' who could ill afford it, and so placed a stumbling-block to the future prosperity, if not the lengthened existence, of some hunts." It was, indeed, no trifling matter for a master of hounds to receive Nimrod on one of his tours of inspection. "Men ripped off their bridle-fronts, steeped their coat-laps in horse-pails to purple them, discarded their country boots and breeches, and the hunting-field became more like a field-day review than a great assembly of friends, each anxious to lend a hand in furtherance of the all-important object of killing a fox."

The writer who created all this commotion in the shires, Charles James Apperley, died on the 19th of May, 1843, in his sixty-seventh year, at his house, Upper Belgrave-street, Pimlico.

The Oaks day, 1844, saw the last of another well-known character both at Newmarket and in St. James's-street. There was not much to be said for him in his lifetime, except that it was generally believed that he always played fairly; and his decease was thus made public at the time:—

"It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the death of that well-known sporting character, William Crockford, Esq., of Carlton-terrace,

and late proprietor of that costly establishment, Crockford's Club-house, St. James's-street, which took place on the Oaks day. He was in his sixty-ninth year, and his loss will be much felt in the betting circles."

Four and thirty years have passed, and the face of St. James's-street has changed; but it may not seldom happen that some who pass the stone-fronted house by Piccadilly, and recollect what it once was and what they were then, as they are hustled at the corner by a member of the Devonshire, heave a sigh of regret for the old times gone for ever.

The abortive attempt which had been made in 1817 to establish races on Wormwood Scrubs was followed, twenty years later, by a somewhat similar effort to introduce a racecourse into the metropolitan area. The Hippodrome, at Bayswater, was projected by Mr. John Whyte, who had acquired for this purpose a large piece of ground at Notting-hill. From first to last a few persons living in the vicinity made themselves conspicuous by their opposition to Mr. Whyte's project, their reasons being rather that a great racecourse at Bayswater would be detrimental to the interests of owners of property in the neighbourhood than any objections to horse-racing *per se*. After Mr. Whyte had expended several thousand pounds in preparing the ground for a racecourse, at the eleventh hour, just before the Hippodrome was to be opened to the public, a question of right of way across the ground was raised. Mr.

Whyte was summoned before the petty sessions at Kensington, to answer an information preferred against him that he had "obstructed the passage of a certain footway situate in the parish of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington."

The Hippodrome comprised a course well suited to the purposes of racing, two miles in extent, and a steeplechase course of like dimensions. In the centre of the course was a hill, from which the spectators could see well all round the course, and the view from this hill was at that time very beautiful. Notwithstanding the opposition of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Mary Abbot's, and the asserted right of way across his land, Mr. Whyte, who was a man of enterprise and spirit, determined to hold a meeting at his Hippodrome as soon as the preparations in progress were completed. Of the first meeting the *Sunday Times* of June 4th, 1837, gives the following account:—

"Despite opposition of all sorts — despite of claimants of right of way, and every other obstruction—the Hippodrome was opened; its huge circumference being duly encircled by very high wooden palings, at least seven feet in altitude, and guarded internally by iron hoopings. But all this availed not against the gigantic efforts of the Kensington right-of-wayers. Down went bolt and barrier; prostrated were hoops and hoarding; the claimants fairly made their way over the course. The proprietor, finding it impossible to oppose such

a demonstration of public feeling, consented to the 'way' remaining open, and some thousands thus obtained gratuitous admission.

"There certainly was a call upon the inhabitants of the metropolis to show what they were made of, to which they unanimously responded. Every vehicle that coach, cab, or cart builder ever constructed or imagined was *en route* soon after mid-day. Oxford-road looked like Sutton on the Derby Day. Every order of man, woman, and child, vehicle and quadruped, showed. We must, on such an occasion, be allowed to break away from the common course of description, and dash into the invocation we can imagine the projectors having vociferated.

"Success to the public-spirited individual who first proposed bringing Epsom nearer town, transferring Doncaster to Bayswater, and carrying the heretofore afar off scenes home to our very hearths. Come, ye dwellers of the West—come from the squares of Belgrave and Berkeley! Come from Mayfair and Marylebone, from Pall Mall and Piccadilly! Come ye also of a far different grade—come from Petticoat-lane and the purlieus of Houndsditch! Come, ye thousands, from the hundreds of Drury! Come from the counting-house in Cornhill, from the chamber in Fig-tree-court! Come all, of every sort, either 'on the ten-toed machine that haymakers use in Ireland,' or across anything that by the utmost stretch of invention may possibly pass for an equestrian quadruped!"

The Hippodrome venture was abandoned in May, 1842, when the following announcement was made:—"We are extremely sorry to say this spirited undertaking has been abandoned, as we learn from an announcement in the *Racing Calendar*, of the 5th of April, from the proprietor of the racecourse, 'that the ground having been taken possession of by the mortgagees for the purposes of building, it would be out of his power to run the races advertised.'"

A great deal of unpleasant criticism had been provoked by the withdrawal of Canadian from the Derby at the eleventh hour. It was called "a robbery," an "infernal swindle," and other equally strong names; and the *Sunday Times* supported this view of the case, publishing an article in which the owner was accused of scratching his horse because he had laid very heavily against it, following up this article, when an apology was demanded, by a justification and a still more severe article. Canadian was the property of an honourable and upright sportsman—Mr. Fulke Greville—who had a joint betting-book with Colonel Peel. Mr. Greville brought an action for libel, which was heard before Lord Abinger, to whose lot it generally fell to try horse cases, as he was supposed to understand more about the noble animal than most of his brethren on the Bench. The action came on for trial at Croydon, on the 14th of August, 1842, when Mr. Thesiger appeared for the plaintiff, and the Solicitor-General

for the defendants. A large number of witnesses—among them Mr. Field, the veterinary surgeon; and Isaac Day, the trainer; Mr. Weatherby, and Lord John Fitzroy—were called. Colonel Peel proved that, although he and Mr. Greville had laid £6,000 to £345 against Canadian, and of course won that sum by his being withdrawn, yet if he had won they would have netted £8,000 on their book, as there were only two better horses in the race for them than Canadian. Lord Abinger, in his summing up, told the jury that the allegations on which the articles in the *Sunday Times* were grounded were proved to be false; and then Mr. Solicitor-General turned round and said, "Oh, it may be all very true that the horse was lame; but the plaintiff ought to have made the public acquainted with the fact sooner." This was very ingenious, but it formed no answer to the present action. The jury awarded Mr. Greville damages to the amount of £250.

The Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Richmond, Lord George Bentinck, Colonel Anson, the Hon. G. S. Byng, Colonel Udney, Mr. Payne, and a large number of sporting men of all ranks were subpoenaed by the defendants, but were not called. The case excited the greatest interest in sporting circles, and the inconvenient court at Croydon was crowded to suffocation at the hearing.

Colonel Peel and Mr. Greville were sportsmen of the most unblemished character, and the verdict gave the most general satisfaction.



The attempt to upset the verdict on appeal was unsuccessful; and on the same day that the rule for a new trial was discharged in the Queen's Bench, Lord Chief Justice Denman delivered judgment in another case of great interest to the sporting world—that of *Lord George Bentinck v. Connop*. The defendant had entered three horses for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of fifty sovs. each, and thus became liable to pay Lord George, who had won the race, 150 sovs. This Connop refused to do; sheltering himself under the statute 16 Charles II., which enacts that no action in horse-racing can be maintained to recover a stake exceeding £100. The Court decided that the case was one that came within the meaning of the words as well as the spirit of the Act, which was enacted for the purpose of restraining the practice of gambling, and was clearly of opinion that judgment be entered for the defendant. Lord George Bentinck had no expectation of gaining his case, but brought the action purely for the purpose of showing in his true colours a man who refused to fulfil his engagements.

The Duke of Cleveland, who was perhaps better known as a sportsman under his younger title of Lord Darlington, was a loving follower of all manly English sports. He was great with the gun, and one of the best supporters of the Turf of his time; yet, perhaps, his greatest pride was to be found in such an entry as this in the book kept at Raby

Castle:—"Killed eighty-eight foxes, earthed twenty-one; *blank days none*"—for the heart of this princely fox-hunter was with his hounds. He began his racing career in 1791, when Lord Barnard, with a horse to which the calendars give no pedigree. In the next year he succeeded to the title of Earl of Darlington, and soon after he formed a large stud, both of brood mares and horses in training, which he maintained regardless of expense from that date till the time of his death. He was for fifty years a leading patron of the Turf, and during that long period no man owned more good horses. St. George, Haphazard, Pavilion, Whisker, Memnon, Liverpool, Voltaire, and Muley Moloch were some of his Grace's best animals.

William Chifney trained for him at Newmarket, and his brother Sam was first rider. In the North, William Peirse trained his Grace's horses at Belle Isle, near Richmond, Yorkshire, and was at his death succeeded by his son Thomas. Heseltine and Smith also trained for the Duke; and John Day succeeded Chifney as leading jockey, upon the retirement of the latter. The Duke of Cleveland must have expended an enormous sum upon his horses from first to last, and probably the debit account was very great. It curiously happened that on one Derby Day early in his Grace's career on the Turf he had mentioned that the account current of his stud stood on the debit side to the extent of some £30,000. In the course of the afternoon he received, by an express sent to the course, news of the death of

a relative, which at once added £40,000 a year to his income. The Duke died at his house in St. James's-square, on the 29th of January, 1842, at the age of seventy-five. He was born Lord Barnard, succeeded to the Earldom of Darlington in 1792, was created Marquis in 1827, and Baron Raby and Duke of Cleveland in 1833.

A few weeks later, the Duke's old friend, Mr. Christopher Wilson, passed away, at the good old age of seventy-nine. For a great number of years Mr. Wilson was the Nestor of the Turf, and, indeed, during the latter portion of his life bore the honourable title of the Father of the Turf. He was constantly appealed to in matters of dispute connected with racing, and always endeavoured to settle them with justice to all parties. His judgment was naturally sound, and the respect felt for his character caused his dicta to be followed without a murmur by those against whom he might at the time be compelled to decide. Mr. Wilson was an English gentleman of the old school, keeping up all good old customs, and liberally dispensing his hospitality at Oxton House, near Tadcaster, his residence. For sixty years he attended nearly every meeting at Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, York, and Doncaster, at the same time rarely missing any other meeting of interest. He was well-known from North to South, and his memory was kept green by the many friends who held his character in the highest esteem. At the time of his death, Mr. Wilson was the only man who had won

the Derby and the St. Leger in the same year. This was in 1800, with his celebrated horse Champion, which was bred by his friend the Duke of Cleveland. The Father of the Turf breathed his last on Derby Day, May 25th, 1842.

At this time a notorious informer began proceedings against a great number of licensed victuallers to recover penalties for permitting drawing of Derby, St. Leger, and other "sweeps." The publicans, in consequence, applied to the Home Office to know if such "sweeps" were against the law. To their memorial Sir James Graham replied that he must refer them to the Act prohibiting lotteries, adding that "any person offending against the statute is liable to be proceeded against as therein directed;" thus stamping the practice of holding "sweeps" as illegal, to the great consternation of the licensed victuallers generally, who for many years past had promoted "sweeps" on every great race.

Another veteran, who was all his life devotedly attached to Turf pursuits, did not long survive his old associates and friends, Mr. Kit Wilson and the Duke of Cleveland. George, Duke of Grafton, died in his eighty-fifth year, at Euston Hall, Suffolk, on the 28th of September, 1844. Like his father, the Duke had a passion for sport, especially racing; and by their efforts a great improvement was made in the natural breed of race-horses. The Duke's most celebrated brood mares were Prunella and Penelope, her daughter. Prunella was dam of Parasol, Pledge

(dam of Tiresias), Pawn, Waxy Pope, Piquet, and other good animals; while from her daughter Penelope were descended Whalebone (winner of the Derby in 1810), Whisker (Derby, 1815), Web (dam of Middleton, who won the Derby in 1825), Woful, Waterloo, Whizgig, and Wire. Buckle was his Grace's first choice to steer his horses to victory; and after that great jockey's death, John Day appeared most frequently in the popular scarlet jacket and black cap of the Duke of Grafton.

The year 1844 was not remarkable only for the twin chickens hatched from the same egg at the Royal Aviary at Windsor, though they attracted no little attention—one being a cock bird of the Cochin China breed, and the other a hen chick of the Dorking kind. The Derby was won by Orlando, the property of Colonel Peel. A horse, entered on the card as Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, by the Saddler, out of Queen Mab, by Duncan Grey, ridden by Mann, came in first, but was afterwards disqualified. Ratan, who started second favourite for the same race, was also the subject of an ugly scandal, and the numerous *qui tam* actions afforded something more than amusement to the large number of noblemen and gentlemen who were served with writs. Altogether it was a stormy time.

The story of the Running Rein case is as follows:—In the autumn of 1843 the horse falsely called by this name, won a race at Newmarket in the October Meeting. He was then—as was fully

proved after his coming in first for the Derby of the year following—three years old, and his appearance was such that the Duke of Rutland entered an objection to him immediately after the race. The matter was thus reported at the time:—"There were some grounds for supposing that Mr. Goodman's Running Rein was a year older than he ought to be to qualify him for a two-year-old race; and, to speak plainly, the colt is as well-furnished as many of our *bonâ fide* three-year-olds." The Duke having objected, the *onus probandi* was thrown upon him. There was a dispute about the payment of bets, and, at Captain Rous's suggestion, they were paid under protest. On this occasion the colt was ridden by Buckle; and Goodman, having backed him from ten down to three to one, won a large stake. The report says:—"Mr. Goodman made a good speculation of this, but, as we have before observed, the paying was done under protest. Running Rein, if he be only two years old, is one of the forwardest that ever caught our eye." The stakes were duly paid to Goodman after the Duke of Rutland's objection had been sifted, and the bets of course followed the stakes.

Although he had successfully got over the two-year-old difficulty, Goodman could hardly have been surprised when Colonel Peel objected to his horse, after coming in first for the Derby. The Colonel's objections were—first, that the colt was not identical with one purchased of Dr. Cobb; and secondly, that

he was four years old. The Derby of 1844 was the sixty-sixth anniversary of the great race, and it may safely be said that none of its predecessors had ever given rise to so much and such general confusion—the death of Mr. Crockford and Colonel Peel's objection making settlement very difficult for all the Ring men.

The following pedigree was given of Running Rein by his party. He was foaled in 1841; bred by Charles Cobb, Esq., Surgeon, Low-street, New Malton; was got by the Saddler out of Mab (bred by E. Ewbank, Esq., who sold her to W. Allen, Esq., of The Lodge, Malton, from whom she was transferred by purchase to Mr. Cobb), by Duncan Grey, &c., going back to Flying Childers.

In connection with Mr. Goodman, the trainer, were Wood, the reputed owner, a notorious scoundrel named "Pickle" Higgins, and several other swindlers.

Mr. Weatherby paid the stakes into the Court of Exchequer, and Baron Alderson and a special jury tried the case of *Wood v. Peel*, for the possession of the stakes, on the 1st of July. The issue to be tried was "whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was the Saddler and dam Mab." The case of the plaintiff was that his horse was three years old and no more, and that the pedigree he gave was the true one. The defendant's case was that the colt Running Rein, which came in first for the Derby, was a bay colt by

Gladiator, dam by Capsicum, bred by Sir C. Ibbotson in 1840, bought by Goodman at Doncaster Races in 1841, and sent thence to Northampton, where he was handed over to one Worley, a resident at Sywell, a small village near that town. From this point the history of the colt was traced up to the night on which it was delivered at Hayne's stables in Langham-place, September 24th, 1842. For it was admitted by the plaintiff that the colt that went from Hayne's stables and the horse that came in first for the Derby were the same.

The case was heard by Baron Alderson and a special jury, at Westminster, on the 1st of July, when the proceedings lasted over a couple of days. Before the case came on for trial, however, Baron Alderson gave an order for the horse to be shown to veterinary surgeons and other experts, who might satisfy the Court at the trial as to the horse's age. This order of the Court the plaintiff refused, or evaded compliance with. As soon as the trial began, therefore, the judge intimated to counsel that he should require the horse to be produced. Counsel struggled hard, but his lordship said:—"Produce your horse—that's the best answer to the whole question. Is it sufficient to hear the surgeon's deposition as to the appearance of a dead body? And shall the jury be told they are not to see that body?"

The first day passed over, nevertheless, without the production of the noble animal; and on the



morning of the second, counsel stated that it was the plaintiff's most anxious desire to produce the horse, after the observations his lordship had been pleased to make, *but that it was quite out of his power to do so*, as the horse had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found.

The late Baron Alderson, however, was one of the least likely of his brethren on the Bench to allow dust to be thrown in his eyes by a tale of this sort.

"If," said he, "Mr. Goodman or any of that sort of people have taken away that horse for the purpose of concealing it, against Mr. Wood's will (which I suppose), I have no doubt it is a case of horse-stealing, and a case for the Central Criminal Court; and I can only say, if I try them I will transport them for life to a dead certainty."

The impression produced on the minds of the jury was conclusive, and the subsequent perjuries of Worley and Odell as to the identity of the colt were thrown away. Wood, stating through his counsel that he was satisfied that some fraud had been practised on him with reference to the horse, intimated his desire to withdraw from the case.

As Wood had bought the horse with his engagements, there was no imputation against him, and nothing in the evidence to show that he had had any part in the fraud. It then only remained for the judge to direct the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, as the plaintiff declined further to contest

the case. So ended the trial of this *cause célèbre*, the most remarkable case of substitution of one horse for another, for the purpose of winning great stakes and bêtes, ever known on the Turf. It may be well to reproduce the closing observations of Baron Alderson to the jury:—"Before we part, I must be allowed to say that this case has produced great regret and disgust in my mind. It has disclosed a wretched fraud, and has shown noblemen and gentlemen associating and betting with men of low rank, and infinitely beneath them in society. In so doing they have found themselves cheated and made the dupes of the grossest frauds. They may depend upon it that it will always be so when gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards."

The jury, of course, immediately returned a verdict for the defendant; the effect of which was to give the stakes to Orlando, and to make his backers entitled to receive, while those who had backed Running Rein had to pay. The large funds locked up in Derby "sweeps" were also promptly distributed; a settling day at Tattersall's was immediately fixed; and the Jockey Club, at its general meeting, passed the following resolution:—"That, it being now proved that Running Rein was three years old when he ran for the Two-year-old Plate at Newmarket, Crenoline must be considered the winner of that race, and that the Duke of Rutland is entitled to the Plate. That the thanks of the Jockey Club are eminently due, and are hereby offered, to Lord

George Bentinck, for the energy, perseverance, and skill which he has displayed in detecting, exposing, and defeating the atrocious frauds which have been brought to light during the recent trial respecting the Derby Stakes."

With regard to the former part of the resolution, the Jockey Club having further decided that bets were to be paid to the backers of Crenoline, the report says :—" The question respecting Running Rein (Maccabeus) and Crenoline, so long in abeyance, was decided in the morning by the Jockey Club in favour of Crenoline ; so that those who betted the odds against the filly have to get their *monish* back—if they can. We can only add, we wish they may get it." No doubt, the layers of odds, who had already paid over the winner to persons many of whom they would never see again, took the most effective measures in their power to avoid compliance with the order of the Turf Senate.

With regard to the recognition of Lord George Bentinck's services, the action of the Jockey Club had already been anticipated ; for on the evening after the trial was concluded, at a meeting of gentlemen connected with the Turf, a resolution was passed to present to Lord George a piece of plate, in token of the high sense entertained of his indefatigable and successful exertions, not only in the Running Rein affair, but for the services which he had rendered in promoting the stability and prosperity of racing in general. The result was that a considerable sum

was subscribed in the room; and that the Messrs. Weatherby, who acted as treasurers, soon had in their hands a handsome fund to be applied to the purposes of the Bentinck Presentation.

Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, always known as "Lord George" on the Turf, who held a position in the sporting world seldom equalled, and rarely, if ever, surpassed, was born on the 27th of February, 1802, at Welbeck, the second son of the Duke of Portland, himself an excellent sportsman. His mother was Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Scott, and sister of the Dowager Lady Canning. Lord George Bentinck early chose the profession of arms, and about the year 1819 entered the army as a cornet in the Tenth Hussars. Upon the appointment of Mr. Canning as Governor-General of India, he received the nomination of Military Secretary. Castlereagh died suddenly, Canning became Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons; and Lord George Bentinck became private secretary to his relative, instead of undertaking the duties of Military Secretary, as he had expected.

After discharging the duties of this honorary appointment for three years, with great zeal and ability, his attention was directed once more to his first choice among professions. The change came about in this way: Lord George was riding off Newmarket Heath on his cob, in company with the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, who loved horse-

rating as much as the young officer by his side; when, after a little pleasant chat, he made his companion a presentation to an unattached majority then vacant. But Lord George Bentinck's connection with the army was not destined to last; for two years later he was elected to Parliament by the borough of Lynn, and shortly afterwards his name ceased to appear in the Army List.

It was only natural that the son of his father should take kindly to racing; and we find him riding a winner at Goodwood—always his favourite course—in 1824, when he appeared in silk for the first time, on Mr. Poyntz's Olive. And for this race there were two dead heats between Olive and Swindon, and a hard struggle for victory in the deciding heat. Beginning with a small stud of well-selected animals, among which may be reckoned the stout Venison and the Drummer, Lord George's string gradually increased, till, in 1844, we find him with forty horses running in public, and nearly a hundred to which he "belonged" in all. Elis (St. Leger), Grey Momus, and Crucifix (Oaks), did good service, and Gaper ought to have won the Derby, on which his owner's heart was set. Unfortunately, although he could not win a Derby for himself, Lord George sold in his stud, when they came to the hammer, the Derby winner of the year following.

At all manly sports Lord George was an adept. He rode well to hounds; shot well in the old-fashioned style, with spaniel, pointer, and setter; was

a good oarsman, and a good cricketer; and on the racecourse he was *facile princeps*. In the House of Commons he rapidly and surely made his mark. His is the greatest name among Turf reformers, and in his measures he always had chiefly an eye to the comfort and happiness of the sightseers who flocked to the racecourse for an afternoon's amusement. Of what was thought of his achievements in his lifetime let contemporary criticism speak. Lord George, says a writer in 1847, made it his great care to provide for the masses—a portion of the company that previously had little thought or attention bestowed to their wants. He forced stewards, trainers, and jockeys to come out punctual to that time they had never hitherto professed to keep. He heralded, for the benefit of every spectator within sight, the names by numbers of the fields preparing to start. And, to perfect this part of his design, suggested that fine treat—the saddling, walking, and cantering the horses before the Stands. Previous to these admirable arrangements, many a man, wearied with waiting, left the course ere the race he came down to see was run; or, thanks to an indifferent card and one transient view, without a glance at the horse he had pinned his faith to. But, useful as were the improvements introduced by Lord George Bentinck for the benefit of the public, they are put into the shade by his reforms of Turf abuses. He cleared the racecourses of England of defaulters by his stringent code of laws; he suppressed the prevalent system of

false starts, and he was constantly ready and active to put down swindling in whatever form it reared its hydra head. "The memory," says our author, "of the great Reformer of Turf abuses and racecourse monopoly will live as long as an Englishman has a taste for the amusement, or a sympathy and admiration for one who alone effected what a whole body allowed themselves unequal to attempt."

Lord George once fought a duel against no less redoubtable a foeman than Squire Osbaldeston, who behaved with characteristic generosity in the affair. It is said that the quarrel originated in regard to a betting transaction between the parties at Heaton Park. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Mr. Osbaldeston, riding up to Lord George Bentinck, said, "Lord George, I want four hundred, won of you at Heaton Park." To this the reply was, "You want four hundred pounds that you swindled me of at Heaton Park." Such a rejoinder hardly admitted of apology, and, after the usual preliminary arrangements, a duel was fought. It fell to Lord George Bentinck's lot to fire first. His pistol missed, whereupon, without any appearance of excitement, he said to his adversary, "Now, Squire, it's two to one in your favour." "Is it?" said his opponent. "Why, then, the bet's off," and discharged the contents of the pistol in the air.

Though spared by the generosity of Mr. Osbaldeston, Lord George Bentinck did not live long to lead the Protectionist party in the House of Commons.

He left a scene in which he was described as a giant among pigmies, to throw himself into the troubled waters of politics. He was a man who, from his natural temperament, was unable to do anything by halves; and it was the opinion of many of his friends that had he stuck to his sporting pursuits, and never been tempted by the glitter of a parliamentary fame, his naturally fine constitution might have enabled him to emulate many of the old Fathers of the Turf in length of days, while he had already exceeded anything they had ever attained in influence. For eleven years he was the steady and unflinching supporter of Sir Robert Peel, having openly joined the ranks of the Conservative party after Whig intrigues which led to the treaty of Lichfield House, and the resignation of Sir Robert.

Lord George's death was of a most painful character. His body was found dead in a meadow of his father's, at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, on the 21st of September, 1848. The verdict of the coroner's jury at the inquest was, "Died by the visitation of God—to wit, a spasm of the heart." His premature death created the most painful sensation throughout the country, and his friends thought that his end had been brought about by late hours, insufficient sleep, and overwork. The following anecdote may serve to show that he had just notions of the obligations imposed by a debt of honour:—

A man who owed him £4,000 for bets called upon him, and, having explained his utter inability



to pay in full, tendered ten shillings in the pound down, and promised to pay the remaining moiety of the debt by instalments. "Sir," replied Lord George, "no man has a right to bet if he cannot pay should he lose. The sum I want of you is £4,000, and until that is paid you are in the list of defaulters in the Ring and on the course."

In Lord Beaconsfield's account of the life of Lord George Bentinck, he says that on the 25th May, the day after the Derby Day, he met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the book-shelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd, and on the 24th his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him, and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan—

"All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" he murmured.

It was in vain to offer solace.

"You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out.

"Yes, I do. It is the blue ribbon of the Turf."

"It is the blue ribbon of the Turf," he slowly repeated to himself; and sitting down at the table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics.

The excellent charity so well known as the Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund was started with a sum of £2,100, subscribed for the testimonial to Lord George Bentinck, of which previous mention has been made.

The *qui tam* actions were causes brought under certain statutes enacted in the reigns of Queen Anne and King Charles the Second, by which it was made illegal to bet or wager beyond a small amount on any game at cards or dice. The persons who brought these actions, belonging to the lowest dregs of society to be found in the purlieus of the Haymarket, sought to recover three times the amount of sums won at various race meetings throughout the kingdom; their contention, of course, being that the words "and all other games," following the games defined in the statute of Anne, included horse-races, coursing with greyhounds, and other sporting contests.

In the spring of 1844, a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, the principal patrons of the Turf, were served with writs in these *qui tam* actions. Until the actions should come on for hearing at Westminster, there was plainly only one advisable course open to them, and that was to petition Parliament for a repeal of the statutes. A

numerously and influentially signed memorial accordingly went the round of sporting circles, and in due course was presented to Parliament, praying the relief of the petitioners' grievance. A return of the number of writs of summons issued out of the plea side of the Court of Exchequer between July 1 and December 31, 1843, was furnished to the House of Commons, when it appeared that no less than thirty-four such writs had been issued against Lord George Bentinck, Lord Eglinton, and some of the best-known names on the Turf, including those of Messrs. Anson, Bowes, Greville, Gully, Hill, and Jonathan Peel. All these writs were issued by an attorney named Russell—thirty at the suit of one Russell, a relative; three at the suit of John Lewis, and one at that of the attorney. The return was headed vexatious suits. Meanwhile Parliament was not idle. Committees of inquiry to examine into the laws of gaming were appointed, both in the Lords and Commons; and in the former Lord Campbell, and in the latter the Attorney-General, Sir F. Pollock, expressed their readiness to co-operate in revising the obsolete statutes on which the actions were founded.

In a few days a Bill was drafted which was designed to put a stop to *qui tam* actions. This measure was rapidly passed through both Houses, and became law on July 29th, on which day the Royal assent was given. It was styled the Gaming Acts Suspension Continuation Bill, and one of its

provisions was that in future, to recover penalties, the sanction of the Attorney-General must be first obtained before an action shall be brought with reference to any of the following games:—Horse-races, foot-races, regattas, rowing matches, sailing matches, coursing matches, fencing matches, golf, wrestling matches, cricket, tennis, fives, racquets, bowls, quoits, curling, putting the stone, and any *bond fide* variety of any of the above sports, pastimes, or games, and any sport, pastime, or game of a like or similar description to the above-mentioned, to which a different name may by general or local usage be given.

This provision covered the whole ground as far as the future was concerned, in so far as all manly English sports were involved under the enactments of obsolete statutes. But as the new law could not, it was thought, be made retrospective in its action, the cause of *Russell and Others v. Lord George Bentinck* was set down for trial at the assizes at Guildford, and in due course came on for hearing before Mr. Baron Parke and a jury. There was an array of counsel on both sides; and counsel for plaintiff stated that this was an action brought to recover £3,000, which, it was alleged, the noble defendant had won of John Day; and three times the amount of that sum, amounting in all to £12,000. There was a second count, alleging substantially the same matter, but applied to the betting by the defendant with one Henry Hill, and claiming a similar penalty.

Baron Parke asked how the case could be proceeded with, in the face of the Act just passed to stay proceedings in *qui tam* actions. Upon this it was intimated that Lord George Bentinck did not wish to avail himself of this new statute, but wished to have the case settled on its merits as the law had stood before the passing of the Act. Baron Parke reserved this question of law for the consideration of the judges, but said he was willing to try the case.

It was like the thoroughly plucky spirit of such a sportsman as Lord George, who had at different times more than his share of vexatious actions, to wish to see the question settled on its merits, once and for ever, if possible; as he had been advised no jury would ever find a verdict for the plaintiffs in actions of this description. It was also characteristic of the learned Baron Parke, who had a strong regard for all good English sports, to second the desire of the defendant to take the verdict of his country rather than move the Court above on the point of law.

The case, therefore, proceeded, counsel for the plaintiff stating that at the last Epsom Races John Day had betted Lord George Bentinck £20,000 to £250 against his lordship's horse Gaper, but the horse having risen very much in the betting on the day of running, he applied to Henry Hill, commission agent, to induce the defendant to hedge, and the bet was then permitted to stand over at £20,000 to £3,000. Mr. Hill also laid Day £20,000

to £3,000 against the horse, and both these bets were paid at Tattersall's on the settling day.

John Day was put into the witness-box, and Mr. Bovill, who, somewhat curiously, was retained for the witnesses, objected to his being sworn. Baron Parke ruled that he must be sworn. This done, Day appealed to his lordship whether he was obliged to answer questions which might criminate himself, as he was himself proceeded against with regard to the same bet. The judge ruled that he need not answer questions which might implicate him, but he must answer all other questions. For instance, if he lost in a certain transaction, he must answer; but he need not if he won, as the Act inflicted penalties on the winners only. John Day then gave his evidence. Mr. Hill, on whose behalf a similar objection was made to that in the former case, but nothing could be got out of him tending to prove the plaintiff's statement that Lord George Bentinck had won £3,000. "I have not brought my betting-book, my lord," said Mr. Hill, in reply to a question from the Bench; "the moment I heard of the *qui tam* actions I burnt it." At the end of Mr. Hill's evidence, Baron Parke said: "Then the second count is done for—'that the defendant had won a bet of £3,000.'"

To prove the first count, Mr. Gully was called, and he also claimed protection from having to answer questions which might implicate himself. Mr. Gully explained that he made a bet of £20,000 to £3,000,

not for Day, but took it himself of the defendant. Baron Parke then said: "Mr. Gully, with respect to this bet, could you, without any violation of any arrangement with Day, have transferred it to any one else?" To which the witness replied: "Oh, yes, my lord; no doubt of it."

In his summing up to the jury, the learned Baron said that what Mr. Gully did must have been *eo animo*, that he was acting at the time as the agent of Day. He says that he made the bet for the purpose of benefiting Day; but that he himself was responsible for it, and that he should have had a right to transfer it to a third person. Now, to make the defendant liable to this count of the action, Mr. Gully must, at the moment he made the bet, have made it as the agent of Day. If you think he was not the agent of Day, the verdict must be for the defendant; if you think, on the other hand, that Mr. Gully was the agent of Day, then the verdict will be for the plaintiff. As to the payment of the money, there is no reasonable evidence for the jury to conclude that it was paid.

The jury at once returned a verdict for the defendant; and so an effectual stop was put to the subtle hangers-on of the Turf, who thought to fill their pockets with ill-gotten, if lawful, coin, by bringing *qui tam* actions against the chief patrons of the national sport.

The Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the laws respecting

gaming had very properly thought it undesirable to inquire into the matters connected with the *qui tam* actions, feeling that to inquire into the matters to which those actions related would be in some respects to prejudge the cases. The Committee thought proper to divide the old laws in force against gaming into four classes. First, they made a class of those laws of very early periods, which prohibited certain games and amusements on political grounds, and in order that the people might not be led by such diversions to disuse the practice of archery—a general skilfulness in which was deemed essential for the defence of the realm. (17 Ed. IV., c. 3; 33 Hen. VIII., c. 9.)

A second class was formed of such statutes as were of the nature of sumptuary laws, being intended to prevent what the framers of those laws considered excessive gaming; and being thus destined to restrain individuals from wasting their substance by losing too much money on gaming and pastimes.

The third class consisted of those enactments which belong to the class of laws against fraud, and which have for their purpose the prevention of cheating and other unfair practices in games upon which money is to be lost and won.

The fourth and last class comprised laws relating to public morals, which prohibit common gaming-houses and public gambling as public nuisances, by which the peace of society may be disturbed, and by which simple and unwary men are liable to be led



into dissolute and vicious habits, whereby the morals and interests of the community would be injured.

The sanctions imposed by these statutes are chiefly of three kinds—the imposition of pecuniary penalties upon offenders, by rendering winnings null and void ; in certain cases by giving losers the power to recover what they have lost ; and in some cases by making offenders liable to imprisonment.

The results of the Committee's deliberations went to show that, with the exception of the laws against common gaming-houses, these various statutes had very rarely been called into operation. The report of the Committee recommended that the old statutes restraining persons from playing at certain games, many of which are conducive alike to health and innocent amusement, should be repealed ; that the sumptuary laws, prescribing the amount of money which individuals should win or lose at a sitting, should be repealed, as the Committee saw no difference between the offence (if offence it be) of winning £10 or a greater sum. But, while they took this view of wagers, the members of the Committee put in the cautious proviso that, although they recommended that wagering should be free, and subject to no penalty, it was also concurrently their opinion that wagers are not matters which ought to be brought for adjudication before courts of law.

The law of England considered wagers in general as legal contracts, and there are many occasions on which the winner of a wager or stake may enforce

his contract in a court of law. On the other hand, the law of Scotland is the reverse, and the Committee recommended that in the matter of wagers, and disputes arising out of wagers, the law of England should be assimilated to the practice of the courts in Scotland.

Active steps had recently been taken to clear the better racing-courses of gambling booths, much as strong efforts had been made, as we have seen, to put down gambling-houses, or "hells," in the metropolis. On this subject the Committee very properly expressed a strong opinion, holding that booths for gambling on race-courses can never be of use towards keeping up races and maintaining the sport in a flourishing condition; and since it had been given in evidence that certain races could not be held except for the rents received for the booths, the Committee held that it was desirable that such races should be done away with. Again, in their report the members of the Committee strongly urge the necessity of abolishing the gambling-tables kept by proprietors of clubs; but as to the frauds stated to take place in horse-racing and betting, they remark that they have "some evidence to show that frauds are occasionally committed in horse-racing and in betting on the Turf; but they feel difficulty in suggesting any remedies for this evil more stringent or more likely to be effectual than those already in existence."

Admiral—then Captain—Rous, Captain Berkeley,

R.N., and John Day and John Scott, the trainers, were among the numerous witnesses examined by the Committee on Gaming; and the questions asked covered very wide ground in relation to betting in connection with Turf matters; and the conclusion arrived at by most of those who waded through the voluminous evidence given in the committee-rooms of both Houses was that the expenses of keeping race-horses were too great for any but the deepest pockets, were it not for the system of wagering which obtains, by which the owner of a good animal may easily recoup himself for the losses on many bad ones.

By the Act 3 and 4 Vict., cap. 5, sec. 1, is repealed so much of an Act passed in the thirteenth year of the reign of his Majesty King George the Second, intituled an Act to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse-races; and this statute also amends an Act passed in the previous session, intituled an Act for the more effectual preventing of excessive and deceitful gaming.

It was on the 3rd of March, 1840, that the Duke of Richmond moved, in the House of Lords, the first reading of the Bill which repealed the thirteenth of George the Second. This Act prohibited any person from running more than one horse in a race, or from running any horse otherwise than in his own name. The reason of the latter provision of the Act is plain; but it is not so easy to explain the reasons upon which a law restricting a man to run-

ning only one horse in a race is based, except in so far as it applies to Plates which shall not be given unless a certain number of horses, the property of different owners—usually three—start for them.

The Americans were large buyers of thoroughbred stock in our markets, as they had been for years before; and Mr. Tattersall, in his evidence to the Lords' Committee on gaming, after instancing the large sums given by firms and individuals in America for first-rate horses, gave this characteristic opinion:—"They (the Americans) were most noble buyers. My orders were almost unlimited. They trusted to me. And all the best horses now in America are by English horses. Whenever racing is done away with there is an end to the noble animal, and the manly sport, and to your humble servant."

## CHAPTER X.

MR. JOHN ORTON — MR. WEATHERBY — CROMMELIN'S  
CASE—WILLIAM SCOTT—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN  
AND VOLTIGEUR—STATE OF THE TURF IN 1800—  
1825—1850 — TIPSTERS — THE BETTING-HOUSES—  
THE ACT OF 1853.

THE great service rendered to all students of racing matters by his "Turf Annals of York and Doncaster," as well as his short but accurate biographical notices of famous jockeys, should commend the name of John Orton to all lovers of the sport. With much laborious research, and equally good judgment, he collected the records of the sport of horse-racing from 1709—the earliest year as to which he could discover any trustworthy records—down to the date of the last edition of his historical work. He was Clerk of the Course and Judge at York; Judge at Richmond, Carlisle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Burton Constable, and Catterick Bridge; and at one time, also, Mr. John Orton was Judge at nearly all the Scotch Meetings. He died at York, on the 19th of May, 1845.

A few weeks previously (22nd of April), in the same year, Mr. William Weatherby, who had been stakeholder at Newmarket for sixty years, died at

that town, in the eighty-second year of his age. The veteran official, who frequently had upwards of £20,000 of stakes in his hands at a time, never in his life gave or took a receipt for money received or paid for stakes, no error was ever found in his accounts, and in all his extensive money transactions in connection with the Turf no item was ever disputed.

Crommelin's case, which occupied the attention of the Stewards of the Jockey Club for some time, denounced as a swindle of the first rank, and called in the press a "diabolical disclosure," deserves notice, perhaps chiefly for its romantic feature of a meeting at an inn at Winchester between the John Day junior of that time (1840), and a mysterious figure disguised in a cloak, spectacles, and a huge moustache, with something to his advantage to tell the jockey in private. The matters connected with this scandal did not come before the notice of the Jockey Club until June, 1845. The evidence was this:—In Little Wonder's year—1840—Mr. Etwall, M.P. for Andover, owned the Melody Colt, afterwards named Discord. Young John Day was engaged to ride it in the Derby. Mr. Etwall stated (four years or more after the event) to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, that young John Day told him that he received an anonymous letter a week before the Derby, which intimated that a friend of his would meet him at the George Inn, Winchester, on an evening named, and tell him something for his future welfare. He was to

ask at the bar for Mr. Webb. He kept the appointment; and at the inn he met a person enveloped in a domino, wearing coloured spectacles, and a heavy moustache. The cloak being thrown off, Mr. Webb proved to be Mr. Crommelin, a well-known Ring man. Day said Mr. Crommelin told him he was very bad against the Melody Colt, produced a £500 note, and promised him £500 or £1,000 more if the colt lost the Derby. This scheme Day declined, he said, to fall in with; and he further stated that it was agreed between him and his father and Mr. Etwall that he should take the bribe, and "put the tempter in the hole," by winning the race if possible. And his riding in the race, to which no exception could be taken, proves that he did his best to win. The matter was gone into at very great length before Lords Stradbroke and Exeter, and three other members of the Jockey Club. They considered the case—supported only by the evidence of Day junior—utterly unworthy of credence; and animadverted very strongly on the fact that, although Crommelin had thus tried to draw away the allegiance of the younger Day from his employer, and make him rob that employer and the public, yet the intimate connection between the Days, father and son, and Crommelin had continued. The nature of this connection they held to be discreditable to all parties concerned; but as a long time had elapsed since the transactions complained of had taken place, they thought it unnecessary to do more than express

the strongest opinion that such a connection as had been established was calculated to destroy that confidence in the faithful attention of public trainers to the legitimate interests of their several masters, on the security of which the continued prosperity of the Turf alone could rest.

But in the case of the jockey they passed a sentence which at the time was considered of much too harsh a nature, having regard to all the circumstances of the case. "John Day, jun.," reads their written award, "having before us endeavoured to support a criminal charge by wilful falsehood, we direct that he be turned off the course at Newmarket, and out of the coffee-room there, and be not permitted to ride in any race at Newmarket." And, in addition to this, the Stewards of the Jockey Club recommended all other proprietors and stewards "to prevent him from appearing on their courses"—a decision in all respects intended to be just, but one which created confusion in the minds of owners; for young John at that time was certainly one of the best jockeys in England over any course; while, as far as he was concerned, if irrevocable, it practically ended his career in the saddle.

The year 1846 was one of great prosperity for the Turf, and afforded the lovers of racing a large amount of first-rate sport. The season of '46 was thought to have been "infinitely the most brilliant in the annals of the British Turf;" and it was set down at the time as the "millennium of the sport of



horse-racing, so far as it has yet been enjoyed." The racing year began properly with the Coventry Meeting, though there was the Liverpool Meeting as early as the 4th of March, followed by Warwick and Northampton. The licensed victuallers of London had behaved with much liberality, having added £300 as a bonus to the Metropolitan Stakes on the Downs, the net value of the Stakes being thus raised to £825. New vigour was imported into the arrangements of the Epsom Meeting, under a new lessee, Mr. Henry Dorling. Chester, once threatened with the loss of its holiday character, prospered abundantly, the May Meeting on the Roodee being attended by vast numbers of pleasure-seekers from the adjacent counties. Newmarket boasted new and distinguished names on its list of owners of horses in training; while all the old patrons of the sport continued its steady friends. Ascot was graced with the presence of the young Queen and her Royal spouse, and princely Goodwood, attended by the rank and fashion of England, reached its climax in that season, and "attained," says a contemporary writer, "a point of excellence never before known in the annals of the Turf." Doncaster held "its ain an' mair," and the country Meetings were everywhere popular and well supported, showing fine sport to crowds, many of whom saw a racecourse but once a year. In this way were the gloomy prophesyings of those who had a few years before predicted the coming decline in the popularity of

horse-racing as a sport fulfilled. The same may be recorded of the years immediately following; and when the sun of the first half of the nineteenth century set upon the Turf, it left it richer in all the elements of material prosperity and lasting stability than it had been at any other period in its annals.

William Scott, the famous Northern jockey, died at Highfield House, his residence, abutting on Langton Wolds, and within half a mile of his brother John's house, in 1848, in his fifty-first year. He had ridden the winners of nine St. Legers, four Derbys, and three Oaks races, and was, in his best days, hardly second to anybody in his profession; but his universal *sobriquet* of "Glorious Bill" was due rather to his style of telling stories over a bottle of old Port than to his achievements in the saddle, great as they were. He was not, as was generally supposed, a Yorkshireman by birth, but first saw light at Chippenham, 1793. His father, who had been a jockey, and was a trainer of repute, brought his son up to the pigskin from the first day his little legs could cross a horse; and both he and his brother John graduated at Newmarket under James Edwards; but William was afterwards sent to James Croft at Hambleton. One of his earliest mounts was on Belville, when he ran second to Cannon Ball, in 1814; and his last was on his own horse Christopher, for the Derby in 1847—so that his career in the saddle extended over three-and-thirty years at least. He

could get the last ounce out of a sluggish horse, and with such animals he was without a rival. He rode two dead heats which have lived in racecourse story. For the Derby, on the Colonel, he was "nose and nose" with James Robinson on Cadland; but in the deciding heat Jem was too quick for him, slipping his horse at Tattenham Corner, and so getting an advantage which his friend Bill could never overtake. But his second historic dead heat more than made amends for his loss of the first. For the St. Leger, when he was, on Charles the Twelfth, matched against Connolly on Euclid, his success was received with a degree of enthusiasm never surpassed, if it was ever equalled, even on the Town Moor at Doncaster. The "Bravo, Bill!" of the Yorkshire crowd rang in his ears till his dying day.

A lesser light of the saddle, but yet an old-fashioned rider of great merit, John Shepherd, of Norton, near Malton, died in the same year, at a patriarchal age. He was born in 1765, and brought up to and instructed in his profession at John Tesseyman's stables, at Moor Monkton. Shepherd rode for the Rev. Mr. Goodriche, Lords Scarborough and Foley, Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., Sir F. Standish, Mr. Peirse, and other prominent owners of horses. His first appearance in silk took place in the memorable race between Pacolet and Parlington, in 1784, when he had a mount on Dusty Miller. Shepherd was the first pensioner upon the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, to the benefits of which charity he had a

double claim, having been for some years trainer to Lord Scarborough.

Voltigeur's year—1850—witnessed one of the grandest struggles between two good horses which took place during the first half of the present century—the contest for the Doncaster Cup between the winner of the Derby and Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman. There were twenty-four runners for the Derby, which Voltigeur won by a length; Mr. H. Hill's Pitsford being second, and Lord Airlie's Clincher, ridden by F. Butler, third. The favourites were Clincher and Mildew, about equally dividing public opinion; while Bolingbroke and The Nigger pressed them close in the quotations. The second horse, Pitsford, started at 12 to 1, and the winner at 16 to 1. The issue gave rise to some very angry comments. Bolingbroke had been a great favourite, was a sort of ward in Chancery—for, having fallen under the direction of the Lord Chancellor, his lordship had intimated that several thousand pounds would not buy him—and was described as a "prodigious pot." As a matter of fact, he was one of the first horses beaten in the race, being left behind directly the pace became moderately fast.

The outcry occasioned by this disgraceful exhibition of a horse from which so much had been expected, led to charges of gross dishonesty, gross ignorance, or gross neglect on the part of the persons who had prepared Bolingbroke for his race, his form on the Derby Day being adjudged "not

fit to win a saddle." The report says:—"That the Derby came off upon 'the square' seemed to be by no means a common conclusion. The versions of the plot are legion. That it was put on the scene under the auspices of a most able management was generally agreed; all the arrangements, it was asserted, had been made by parties eminent in their profession."

Voltigeur, the winner, whatever may have been the real merits of the disgraced Bolingbroke, was destined, a few months later, to become the hero of one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed on Doncaster Town Moor, or, indeed, upon any racecourse in Great Britain.

The Doncaster Cup, value 300 sovs.—a prize often productive of exciting races between animals of merit—brought out only two champions to contest it over the stiff two and a half miles of the Cup Course: Lord Zetland's br. c. Voltigeur, three years old, 7st. 7lbs., and Lord Eglinton's br. c. The Flying Dutchman, 8st. 12lbs. Flatman, the great "old Nat," rode Voltigeur, and Marlow had the mount on the Dutchman. Such was the confidence of the "talent" on the older horse that they laid 4 to 1 on his success. The event proved to be what, in the parlance of the ring, is called a "floorer" for the layers of odds; and after the race it was asserted that, although Voltigeur had proved himself by his race for the Cup to be a horse that could both go fast and stay, it was not to be taken as a contest conclusive of the merits of the

two horses—that it was a dodging race and not a very quick race. Marlow's orders were to make the pace as slow as Voltigeur liked till they were a mile from home, when he was to come away and endeavour to cut the young horse down. These orders were not strictly adhered to by Marlow, and when he did come to receive the final challenge of Flatman on Voltigeur, he was afraid to move on the Dutchman, he was so much distressed with his race.

Up to that time the winnings of the two horses were as follows :—

Won.	Walked over.	Lost.	Net amount.
Flying Dutchman, 10	... 4 ...	1 ...	£17,775
Voltigeur	... 4 ...	0 ...	7,605

And in addition to these amounts, Flying Dutchman had won the Ascot Cup, value 500 gs., and Voltigeur the Doncaster Cup, value £300. Shortly after the latter trophy had taken its place among the racing cups on his sideboard, Lord Zetland made the match with Lord Eglinton, the Flying Dutchman against Voltigeur, which was run for over Knavesmire, at the York Spring Meeting, May 13, 1851. During the winter this event attracted much attention among sporting men, and the wagering on it was very heavy, the older horse having the call in the betting. It was confidently anticipated that as much interest would be manifested in this great match as had been shown by the public in the historic match between Hambletonian and Diamond, often quoted in race-course story, and a worthy pen thus describes the

scene on the eventful day:—"And now we have arrived at the race of the meeting—if not, indeed, of the century. As we have no means of measuring the properties of race-horses, at least none that are put into effect worthy of acceptance as authority on point of speed, we must take it for granted that the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur are about the best horses that the modern Turf has seen. Upon this conventional estimate, the contest whose issue is about to be disposed of created more interest than any match between horses within my memory. The weighing had been adjusted to a grain; and thus the winner was set down:—Match for £1,000, half forfeit, two miles, over the Old Course: Lord Eglinton's The Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton, out of Barbelle, 5 yrs., 8st. 8½lbs.; Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, by Voltaire, out of Martha Lynn. The pair were at even betting almost from the period when the race was publicly announced up to the day on which it was run, and as they went to the post there was not a shade of odds on one side or the other. When the flag fell, Voltigeur went off with the running at the top of his pace, taking a lead of at least three lengths, and making very severe play, the heavy state of the ground being had in account. In this way they rounded the last turn, when Marlow called upon the Dutchman with a request very pointedly urged. As they passed the Stand, it was stride for stride, and a struggle of desperate effort. It was too much for the young one—he tired the sooner; and

weigh

the Flying Dutchman passed the winning-chair first by a short length. Both horses showed marks of the keenness of the contest."

The day following, Lord Eglinton declared that his horse was withdrawn from the Turf for ever.

The Flying Dutchman, winner of the Derby in 1849, was bred by Mr. Vansittart, in 1846; got by Bay Middleton, out of Barbelle, by Sandbeck; her dam Davidetta, by Amadis, out of Selima by Selim Pot-80's—Edetha by Herod.

Bay Middleton was bred by Lord Jersey in 1833; got by Sultan out of Cobweb, by Phantom. He won the Derby, was never beaten, and was accounted the best race-horse of his day. At the stud he did not fulfil the bright hopes that had been grounded upon his Turf career; and the Flying Dutchman was the first, really great horse of his get. Lord Jersey sold Bay Middleton to Lord George Bentinck for 4,000 guineas.

Barbelle, the dam of the Flying Dutchman, was bred by Mr. Vansittart, in 1836, and was also the dam of the "crack" Van Tromp, the property of Lord Eglinton. She was a fair performer on the Turf in her time; but, being put to the stud at the close of her three-year-old performances, did not have a long racing career. After the victory of her famous son, Barbelle took rank as the best brood mare in the kingdom. The greatest of her progeny is thus described:—

The Flying Dutchman is a dark brown horse,



with no white about him, beyond the saddle marks; he stands about fifteen hands three inches high; has a lean head, with rather a Roman nose, full fiery eye, prominent forehead, and ears carried a little back. He has a strong neck, a little bowed; fine deep shoulders; good girth, measuring five feet six inches; round-shaped barrel; powerful back, rising a little on the rump; very strong quarters, well let down, with a light, thin, meanish-looking tail. He has good thighs, immense arms, and very large bone. He stands a little over at the knee; but is, altogether, a magnificent specimen of power as a race-horse.

Voltigeur, his younger rival, a racer of almost equal fame and merit, was bred by Mr. R. Stephenson, of Hart, in 1847. Got by Voltaire, out of Martha Lynn, by Mulatto; her dam Leda, by Filho da Puta—Treasure, by Camillus. Voltaire, the sire of Voltigeur, was also bred by Mr. Stephenson; by Blacklock, out of a Phantom mare. Voltaire was a very good performer, winning five times out of his six appearances on the Turf—one of these races being the Doncaster Cup. His distinguished son is thus described:—

Voltigeur, a brown horse, with no white about him, beyond a little on the off-hand foot, stands fifteen hands three inches high. He has a somewhat coarse head, small ears, strong muscular neck, and fine oblique shoulders, with very good depth of girth; he has rather a light middle, but good back, powerful

quarters, drooping towards the tail, muscular thighs, and good hocks and knees, with plenty of bone; docile, quiet temper, and excellent action.

As is the case with most English racers of note, every one of the thirty-two sires and dams that appear in the pedigree of Voltigeur can be deduced from the Godolphin Arabian. The direct line of sires can be traced to the Darley Arabian, and the line of dams to a Barb mare. In the case of the sires—King Fergus being the point in the pedigree—we have Eclipse, Marske, Squirt, Bartlett's Childers, Darley Arabian. In the case of the dams, we have—beginning with Flora—several successive mares tracing their descent from Old Thornton, the Dicky Pierson mare, and the Burton Barb mare.

A comparison instituted between the state of the Turf in 1800, and its condition a quarter, half, and three-quarters of a century later, would show some remarkable changes. Prolific as the second quarter of the present century was in all sorts of inventions and improvements, it could hardly be expected that the art of training race-horses would be allowed to lag behind; and accordingly we find that the thoroughbred horse was ripened at a much earlier period of its growth as the century increased in years. When the century began, the Queensberrys, Fitzwilliams, and Darlingtons of the Turf posted from London to Newmarket, or attended the race meetings near their seats, in ponderous coaches,

drawn by richly caparisoned horses, with gay-liveried outriders. The progeny of Eclipse were in great request, owing to the staying qualities and fine speed of their sire, who, in the belief of the country breeders, divided with Flying Childers the honour of having galloped a mile in a minute. King Fergus, Gunpowder, Javelin, Aurelius, Soldier, Apollo, Pegasus, Satellite, and Traveller, the last son of Eclipse, were the fashionable sires in request among the *cognoscenti*. No such thing as a regular betting-ring existed; a few "round bettors," since called bookmakers—Jerry Cloves, Joe and Jem Bland, Myers, Crutch Robinson, and Mat Milton—having the business of laying the odds all to themselves. Newmarket occupied an altogether different position in the racing world. Its designation of head-quarters was a reality: it was the metropolis of the sport. Goodwood, Chester, Liverpool, and Epsom Spring and Summer Meetings were able to show no rivalry with the paramount attractions of the Heath; and then all the three Spring Meetings had their full complement of six days' racing, and two-year-olds were easily distinguishable in the strings on the exercise grounds by their rough coats. The growth of horse-racing in public favour and importance during the first quarter of the present century was remarkable; but it was small as compared with the extension which the national sport saw in the succeeding twenty-five years.

In 1825 there were sixty-six places where races

were run in Great Britain, but in 1850 there were a hundred and four. In the former year, five hundred and ninety-five races were run in Great Britain, while in the latter the number rose to one thousand and twenty-five. The Derby of the year 1825 was won by Lord Jersey, with his chestnut horse, Middleton; and the Doncaster St. Leger by Mr. R. Watt, with Memnon. To the Derby of 1825 there were fifty-eight subscribers, and to the Derby of 1850 there were two hundred and five. The Chester Tradesmen's Cup, in the former year, had fourteen subscribers, and in the latter its nominations amounted to one hundred and ninety-three. The advance in the facilities for wagering were even more remarkable. In the earlier part of the century it was often matter of difficulty to find a respectable person who would lay the odds, even to so small a sum as five or ten pounds, against anything fancied by the backer. In 1850, such a business had laying the odds become that it was possible to back a horse for a large race for thousands of pounds. The racing statistics of the last five years of the first half of the present century are as follows:—

Year.	Horses Started.	Events.	Two-year-olds.	Matches.
1846 .....	1,655 .....	1,510 .....	255 .....	156
1847 .....	1,590 .....	1,435 .....	220 .....	129
1848 .....	1,675 .....	1,375 .....	285 .....	130
1849 .....	1,725 .....	1,415 .....	275 .....	117
1850 .....	1,610 .....	1,335 .....	295 .....	59

These figures at once show the flourishing state of the Turf, the increase in two-year-old races,

and the decline in that old-fashioned sport, match-making, which, at the present day, has almost died out. By this time the racing season began at Lincoln as early as the 5th or 6th of February, with that mixed kind of sport which has since become so common at the Spring and Autumn Meetings, namely—steeplechasing, hurdle-racing, and racing over the flat.

At this period a scheme was put before the public which the promoter stated in his prospectus would confer a great boon on honourable men. This was the Junior Tattersall's Association and Company, which was provisionally registered pursuant to Act 7 and 8 Vict., cap. 110. The proposed capital was £600,000, in 30,000 shares of £20 each. The profits were to be derived from commission on sales of stock, letting stables and coach-houses, and a veterinary establishment. It was proposed to have both a metropolitan and a suburban establishment—the former on a scale far exceeding that of any existing West-end Club; the latter to embrace two or three hundred acres of freehold ground, upon which the Metropolitan Junior Tattersall's racecourse was to be laid out. The proposal, however, to establish an opposition to the "Corner" did not meet with support. The scheme had its partizans, however, who said that the establishment of a large betting resort, to which all classes could easily obtain access, would tend to the extirpation of the racing clubs and betting offices that "polluted the streets and lanes

and alleys of our great towns;" but a much more certain mode of getting rid of these social nuisances was found a few years later, in the suppression of these houses by the police, acting under a statute passed for the purpose.

The appetite of the public for the prophecies of the advertising tip-giving fraternity and their patronage of the betting list's stepped hand-in-hand together. The journals read by the sporting world were filled with advertisements promising any number of certain winners for an incredibly small number of postage stamps. Stamford, Vatican, Besborough, and Abdel-Kader, baited their traps with alluring records of past successes and darkly suggestive hints at secret channels of information to which they alone have access, and golden promises for their subscribers. The modesty of the tipster equalled his benevolence.

"J. B., although hating self-praise and idle puff, so prevalent in the present day, boldly defies the world to find his equal." This "J. B." was a Mr. James Desborough.

Another of the fraternity thus denounces a rival:—

"N.B.—A person having advertised my tips lately in the papers, I not only disclaim all knowledge of him as a subscriber, but emphatically pronounce the tips sent by him not to be mine. I merely state this to put gentlemen on their guard against being duped by such humbugs."

A firm boasting the aristocratic names of Howard and Clinton informs the world that—

“All the betting circles in town ring with nothing but Howard and Clinton’s extraordinary successes.”

One Alfred Milo “defies all England, and all the wonderful would-be prophets to boot, to equal him in the extent and value of his information ;” but Joe of Kensington seems to have been the greatest advertising genius of his time in that walk of life to which his steps had turned, as witness the following advertisement :—

“Joe begs to acknowledge the receipt of numerous congratulatory letters from his grateful friends, one of which, being a fair sample of the rest, his pride induces him to publish. Copy:—‘Dear Joe—Having backed your two horses freely, from the straightforward nature of all your communications, in which you have never deceived me, I am proud to say I am now a winner to a considerable amount. You are certainly a first-rate fellow, and I would give the world to know you personally. I shall be staying a fortnight, before my return to Ireland, at — Hall, and if you will come and spend a few days with me, either this week or next, I will put down £25 to head a subscription for a piece of plate for you.—Yours faithfully, —.’ Joe’s terms :—Single events, 3s. 6d. ; Derby or Oaks, 5s. each ; yearly subscription, 21s. ; half-yearly, 10s. 6d.”

There can be no doubt, from the number of advertisements of this class that appeared in the sporting papers up to the time of their prohibition by law, that the persons, Joes and others, who put them into the

papers found the operation a profitable one, although their tips were worthless, and money entrusted to them to invest found its way at once into a private bank, whence it was impossible to withdraw it. At the same time, it is only fair to admit that among the tipsters were some men who supplied their subscribers with really trustworthy information, which they collected with much painstaking and intelligent labour on their behalf, who could be trusted with money sent for investment, and who did the best they could to put their patrons on a winner or a "good thing." It is, however, extremely doubtful if such persons were more likely to be successful in what is termed "spotting the winners" than the sporting writers of the daily papers, who, writing from day to day, with the best sources of information at their command, are frequently able to direct the readers of their articles to the winning-post.

The public betting-houses were largely fed by the wages of persons ignorant of the sport, many of whom had never even seen a horse-race, but who were subscribers to the circulars of the Kensington Joes and Abd-el-Kaders.

The profits of the tipsters were great, and the advertisements of their successes proportionate to the length of their purses. The sporting prints, then comparatively very few in number, were filled with the advertisements of the fraternity, which, in some cases, were as long as an ordinary newspaper leading article. Promises were made of a sure for-



tune and no risk by backing the outsiders they were able to select—victory, nine times out of ten, of course following their selection. To the more sensible classes of Englishmen such puffs carried the opposite conviction to that they were intended to produce; but the inexperience of boyhood and youth—children of ten were known to make bets of pence on their own account—and the ignorance of servants and others of the least intelligent class fell an easy prey to the wiles put forth to entrap them. Servants, porters, shopmen, and clerks, who should have known better and acted very differently, not seldom came before the City magistrates, charged with the offence of embezzlement, traceable to their having unfortunately become customers of the betting-houses with which the City of London abounded, with moneys taken from the tills of their employers. The existence of the betting-houses became a public nuisance and a public scandal in the metropolis and other great towns; and, not any too soon in the interests of those exposed to temptations they found it hard to resist, the Corporation took up the matter, with a view to the suppression of the list-houses. In 1852, at a meeting of the Aldermen at the Guildhall, the foreman of the inquest of Farringdon Ward Without handed in a presentment which he said related to a subject of great importance in the City of London, the gambling and betting-houses in the ward, by which great mischief was done. Facilities were given at these houses, of which there were a

great number in the ward, for betting, from sums of threepence or fourpence upwards; and by these means many servants and boys, who certainly had no money of their own to bet with, were induced to lay wagers that too often led them into a career of crime.

There were, of course, among the betting-houses others of a different and entirely respectable kind where a large business was transacted, and where the frequenters were mainly persons who could be trusted to make bets, from their being men of some means, who presumably were betting with their own money in all cases. Of these houses the chief was a tavern, The Dolphin, in Milk-street, off Cheapside, kept by Mr. Beeton; and this Eastern Tattersall's, as it was called, was a thoroughly well-managed and reputably conducted house. The newspapers quoted the state of the odds at "Beeton's" as regularly as they published the condition of the Turf market at Hyde Park Corner.

The Act for the Suppression of Betting-houses was introduced into the House of Commons by the Attorney-General, on the 12th of July, 1853. In moving for leave to bring in the Bill, Sir Alexander Cockburn said that in doing so he considered it unnecessary for him to make any long speech on the subject, as the evils which had arisen from the introduction of these establishments were perfectly notorious, and acknowledged upon all hands. The difficulty, however, which existed in legislating

upon this subject was to be found in the disinclination which was felt in interfering with that description of betting which had so long existed at Tattersall's and elsewhere in connection with the great national sport of horse-racing. But in these modern establishments — the betting-houses — a totally different aspect was assumed, and a new form of betting was introduced, which had been productive of the greatest evils. The course now was to open a house, and for the owner to hold himself forth as ready to bet with all comers, contrary to the usage which had prevailed at such places as Tattersall's, where individuals betted with each other; but no one there kept a gaming-table, or, in other words, kept a bag against all comers. The object, then, of this Bill was to suppress those houses, without interfering with that legitimate species of betting to which he had referred. It would prohibit the opening of houses, or shops, or booths for the purpose of betting; and inasmuch as it appeared that the mischief of the existing vicious system seemed to arise from the advancing of money in the first instance, with the expectation of receiving a larger sum on the completion of a certain event, it was proposed to prohibit the practice by distinct legislative enactment. The mischief arising from the existence of these betting-shops was commonly notorious. Servants, apprentices, and workmen, induced by the temptation of receiving a large sum for a small one, took their few

shillings to those places. The first effect of their losing was to tempt them to go on spending their money, in the hope of retrieving their losses; and for this purpose it not unfrequently happened that they were driven into robbing their masters and employers. There was not a prison or a house of correction in London which did not every day furnish abundant and conclusive testimony of the vast number of youths who were led into crime by the temptation of these establishments, of which there were from 100 to 150 in the metropolis alone; while there was a considerable number in the large towns of the provinces. He believed this Bill would have the effect of suppressing most of them, or, at all events, of preventing the spread of an evil which was admitted on all hands. It had been suggested that the more effectual course would be the licensing of these houses; but for his own part he believed that would be discreditable to the Government, and would only tend to increase the mischief instead of preventing it.

On the 20th of August, 1853, the Act became law, and such was the feeling for its urgent necessity that it passed both Houses with barely the shadow of a debate, and received the Royal assent on the day above-mentioned. The preamble was of the shortest, reciting merely that whereas a kind of gaming has of late sprung up, tending to the injury and demoralization of improvident persons, by the opening of places called betting-houses or offices, and the

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receiving of money in advance by the owners or occupiers of such houses or offices, or by persons acting on their behalf, on their promises to pay money on events of horse-races, and the like contingencies. The Act itself made it illegal to keep such houses or offices, and imposed a penalty of £100, or six months in the House of Correction, on such persons as, after the coming into force of the Act, should keep such houses. The Act came into operation on the 1st of December following, and did not apply to Scotland. Its effect was at once to put an end to the nuisance created by the public betting-houses.

## CHAPTER XI.

## FAMOUS JOCKEYS.

JAMES CHAPPLE, the jockey, was born at Exeter, in or about the year 1802. He first mounted a thoroughbred horse in the stables of Frank Neale at Newmarket: his first public appearance in the pigskin took place at Beccles, in Suffolk, and his second at Newmarket. He won a great many of the good things at country meetings, and the Derby in 1833 on Dangerous, and again in 1838 on Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Amato. He also rode the winner of the Oaks in 1833, Sir Mark Wood's Vespa, the filly starting at 50 to 1. For some years after this he was rarely seen, except in the colours of Sir Gilbert Heathcote—not for want of mounts in plenty, but because he had saved a moderate competence, sufficient for all his wants. In 1850, however, he came out again, apparently as young and fresh as in his best days, and carried off the Cesarewitch, on Glauca, for Mr. Payne, and the Cambridgeshire, on Landgrave, for Mr. Gratwicke. His ability, honesty, and excellent judgment recommended him to the gentlemen who employed him to ride for them, the integrity of "Old Jemmy Chapple" being proverbial,

James Robinson, a contemporary of Chapple, enjoyed a still greater fame as a master of the art of riding. He was born at Newmarket on the 22nd of June, 1794, the son of John Robson, the trainer to Mr. Panton. At the beginning of the present century Robson enjoyed a unique reputation as a trainer, and it was esteemed a privilege to get a boy apprenticed in his stables. To young Robinson this favour was accorded, and in Robson's stables accordingly he began his Turf education. He rapidly showed to the eye of his astute master that he was made of stuff out of the common, and he was soon taken from the common routine of stable work and exercise to the more responsible but better practice of riding in private trials. He deported himself so well in his earliest essays in the racing saddle, that the delighted Robson exclaimed, over and over again, "Why, he can't be a boy, he must be a little man."

Having attracted the notice of Frank Buckle, and others of the Newmarket *cognoscenti*, the young jockey got plenty of riding, and was but little over the age of twenty years when he carried off the Blue Riband of the Turf, winning his first Derby on Mr. Payne's Azor, in 1817. His success in the following years was most remarkable; no jockey of his time rode so many winners, or so often displayed to the lovers of the sport the finest qualities of horsemanship. The story is told that when he was still in his teens he had succeeded in "gammoning"

the great Frank Buckle in a finish on the Heath, when his master in the art of riding paid him the compliment of telling him to "try that on somebody else next time." Seven years after he had steered Mr. Payne's Azor to victory, he was again first past the famous post at Epsom, on Sir John Shelley's Cedric. But the year 1824 saw him snatch a still greater victory from the hands of chance. He won the Oaks on Lord Jersey's celebrated mare Cobweb; and in riding this race, the gag which had been put on the mare having got entangled in the bit, Robinson contrived to lean forward and take it off in running the race. He had previously won the Oaks on Lord Exeter's Augusta. Nor must the great jockey's famous treble event bet be forgotten, in connection with his Derby and Oaks successes of 1824. He took long odds that he would win the two great races at Epsom and be married in the same week, and had the satisfaction of winning his wager, by marrying, on the Saturday of the Epsom week, Miss Powell, whom he had been courting for some time before. But more Turf trophies were in store for the lucky jockey. In 1825 he won the Derby on Middleton, and in 1827 on Mameluke, and in 1828 on the Duke of Rutland's Cadland. He also won the St. Leger in Mameluke's year, on Mr. Petre's Matilda, after a brilliant and exciting finish with Sam Chifney, who rode the Derby winner in the September race. Robinson's last Derby was on Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton.



He was particularly well calculated to handle this horse, as his own temper was as good as the famous bay's was bad. His style of finishing in a race was very fine, and Robinson's rushes passed into a proverb. His character in the social relations of private life was as high as his repute in his profession was widespread, and it was with regret that frequenters of the Turf of all classes heard of his accident when riding Lord Clifden's Feramorz in a match at Newmarket. The horse—a two-year-old—was an ill-tempered brute; and almost immediately after the signal to start was given, it swerved round, and Robinson's stirrup-leather breaking, he fell and broke his thigh. This accident was most serious to a man of his years, but it was rendered the more disastrous in its consequences by the injured limb being set four inches shorter than the other.

Other distinguished contemporaries of Chapple and Robinson were to be found in Nat Flatman, Frank Butler, and Job Marson. Elnathan Flatman, called Nat from the first day he entered a racing stable, was born at Holton, in Suffolk, in 1810. Most of his earlier years, however, were passed at Billesdon, in the same county. At this place lived Mr. Wilson, the breeder of many famous race-horses, and through this gentleman little Nat was introduced into Cooper's stables at Newmarket. Having learned the rudiments of his interesting business in the usual way—namely, from riding horses at exercise and riding them in private trials, at last having a

mount in a race—Flatman's first appearance on a racecourse was some three years after his apprenticeship to Mr. Cooper began. He rode Gold Pin, a two-year-old filly of Lord Exeter's, at the Craven Meeting in 1829, in which race he met Sam Chifney. His weight then was under six stones, and up to 1840 he could ride under seven; so that he enjoyed a very large practice in his profession when his name was once well known. His first great stroke of luck was in getting the chance to display his abilities in the saddle on Lord Jersey's Glencoe, when he won the Goodwood Cup, in 1834. The next year he rode the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, in the purple and black of Mr. Greville; and from this time his success was assured. But he did not become one of the heads of his profession until about the year 1840, when Arthur Pavis's death, followed by that of Patrick Connolly, left open to Flatman many of the best mounts the Turf afforded. His style of riding was by no means brilliant; his seat and form were more suggestive of strength than neatness of finish; and he owed his practice, which was very large, rather to a steady course of good riding and good conduct, extending over many years, than to any characteristic qualities in his jockeyship clearly distinguishing his riding in a race from that of other men.

Celebrated for his quickness at getting off, his great forte lay in the riding of T.Y.C. races; but although he just managed to keep within the edge

of the law, and avoid being fined, he sadly tried the tempers of the starters. Though he had no great dash, and made some downright failures in attempting to finish with a horse all the way from the distance post, his judgment as regards pace and measure in the last few strides was rarely, if ever, at fault. 1848 was his great year, as it saw him first past the post 104 times; but Orlando's year was financially his best, as he succeeded in earning upwards of £5,000 in fees and presents, having taken, besides, some lucky bets. It has often been remarked that many of our most famous jockeys have died at the time of great meetings—for instance, Connolly's death took place at Newmarket First Spring Meeting; Job Marson's death was made known at Doncaster; and Nat Flatman's at York August, 1860. It was his misfortune to have outlived his reputation, this decline dating from his being taken off Toxophilite for the St. Leger, and proving a blow from which it never recovered. He came to be called all of a sudden "Old" Nat; people began to say he had grown nervous, and could not be trusted for a big race. Many of his friends, however, thought that the public, who had perhaps too readily given his riding extravagant praise, now proclaimed the decay of his powers upon very slight ground, and that he was up to the hour of his last illness as efficient a rider as he was a respectful servant and an honest man.

Frank Butler, who enjoyed perhaps as great a

reputation as Nat Flatman, was born in 1817, the issue of a marriage that promised to give the world a jockey. His father was trainer to the Duke of Richmond, and afterwards for many years to the Duke of York, in whose employment he died in 1827; while Frank's mother was the sister of Samuel and William Chifney. Under the care of this excellent mother—who lived to rejoice at the successes in the saddle of her boy, who bade fair to rival the prowess of his famous uncles—Frank Butler received a good education at Dr. Nichol's, at Ealing. The wish of his heart was to be a jockey. Under the eye of William Chifney he learnt the rudiments of the art which was to be the business of his life. From "Uncle William's" careful training the boy went into Lord Orford's stables. The fall in the fortunes of his two relatives influenced to a considerable extent the success of his early years as a jockey. He found few patrons, and it was not until 1842 that he escaped from the cloud that had enveloped his family, to show first-rate qualities in the saddle. From this period his lucky star was in the ascendant, and he rode many winners of great races. Butler was a good judge of pace and a most brilliant finisher; and it was said of his Derby on Daniel O'Rourke that he could have won on either of the three placed, and that "in the list of Derby winners to be handed down to future generations, the name of Francis Butler should stand in place of Daniel O'Rourke."

Quite as famous, if not quite so fortunate, was

the Yorkshire jockey, Job Marson, who was a thorough Tyke, born at Belle Vue training stables, near Malton, occupied by John Scott after Job Marson senior removed his establishment to Beverley. His earliest experiences were gained in riding gallops on his father's horses on Langton Wolds. His first public appearance was at Beverley, in 1831, when he won a race on Mr. Bell's Cinderella. For several years his progress in his profession was slow, but sure; and he obtained considerable employment and a fair share of mounts. His masterly riding of Nutwith in the St. Leger at last made his name famous throughout the racing world. He had shown that he possessed the secret of the "Chifney rush," and that there was something in "knowing how to finish."

Lord Eglinton secured his services as first master, Lord George Bentinck and Sir Joseph Hawley having the next claims upon his services; but it was in the popular Zetland spots that he made himself dearest to the hearts of the Yorkshiremen. There was no "show off" in Job Marson's style of riding: he rode in a plain, straightforward way; his seat was admirable for its ease and power, and his hands were perfect.

The year 1852 would, doubtless, have been Stockwell's year, if he had not gone amiss, and been altogether out of sorts on the Derby Day, when odds of 16 to 1 were laid against his running. The great merits of a large family of children and

grandchildren have made the name of Stockwell a household word, and probably no horse of modern times has ever been more widely known, especially among a class of persons who, as a rule, take but little interest in thoroughbreds or in the sport. As a rule, people who know nothing of sires and dams, and of the pedigrees of racers, can tell that Stockwell was got by the Baron, out of Pocahontas. This most famous among modern sires was a bright chestnut, sixteen hands high, and of great power, with remarkably sound legs and feet. But he was anything but a handsome horse, having been described at three years old by a sporting writer of celebrity as "the very incarnation of ugliness." He was bred in 1849, by Mr. Theobald, and was named after his breeding establishment at Stockwell. The Baron, Stockwell's sire, was bred in Ireland, by Mr. Watt, in 1842, got by Birdcatcher out of Echidna, by Economist. The Baron's racing career was very successful, and he carried off the St. Leger and Cesarewitch of 1845. He was speedily put to the stud, and—perhaps unfortunately—after Mr. Theobald's death was sold to go to France—his price at the hammer being the very moderate sum of 1,010 guineas.

Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell, was bought of Mr. Theobald from Mr. Greatrex; bred in 1837. She was put to the stud in 1842, but up to the time of the Baron cross was distinguished for nothing but having cut up very badly in the Oaks of her

year, for which she had been a favourite, and for her very bad temper. At Mr. Theobald's sale, Pocahontas was knocked down to Captain Thellusson; but after Stockwell's successes she was purchased by Lord Exeter, whose Turf career had then extended over more than thirty years. The blue and white narrow stripes of Burleigh had begun well in 1821, with the Oaks, won by Augusta; and two other Oaks Stakes had fallen to the Marquess's lot, with Green Mantle and Galata; but for a number of years luck seemed to have forsaken the stud, and it was not until rumours of retirement were rife that Lord Exeter's patience was at last rewarded with Stockwell's St. Leger and other victories. Stockwell was ridden in the St. Leger by Norman, a homebred jockey, whose riding was confined entirely to that stable, and who succeeded Connolly and Mann in the service of the Marquess. The following year saw Mr. Bowes win his fourth Derby, with West Australian, than whom a finer specimen of the English race-horse has seldom been seen; sent to the post with the true Whitewall polish on him from the able hands of John Scott, who had "schooled" all Mr. Bowes's previous winners.

West Australian was bred by Mr. Bowes, in 1850—got by Melbourne, out of Mowerina, by Touchstone.

John Wells, the jockey, whose name was a household word before he was out of his teens, was born at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, on Christmas

Day, 1833. He left the care of his parents at a very early age, for Flintoff's stables at Hednesford, where many a good jockey had received his schooling for success in after-life. Master Wells soon displayed his ability on the backs of one or another of Flintoff's long string of horses; and in due time he got a mount in a race. Mr. Fowler, one of those now old-fashioned sportsmen who hated the sight of a racecourse between the Glasgow Stakes day, in the Houghton Meeting, and the "Oyez, oyez" of the scarlet-coated, brass-buttoned Northampton bellman, in front of the little gilt horse, brought out Wells at the race meeting of the bootmaking town. His first essay was on a mare called Ribaldry, for the Trial Stakes, in 1848, and he finished second. Ribaldry proved to be the foundation of Wells's success; for after winning a race or two on her, the country filly and country lad started first favourites for the Cambridgeshire in the following season, and finished a very good third in the big race. The boy's great strength for his light weight, and good judgment for his age, soon gained for him the confidence of owners and trainers, and he got plenty of mounts in handicaps after his Cambridgeshire place. His diminutive size earned for him the sobriquet of "Tiny;" and the little man—for he was never a boy, always a mannikin—soon became one of the greatest of public favourites, and numbers of people made it a practice to back Tiny Wells's mounts in the big handicaps. His successes in the black and



orange cap of the gentleman who ran horses under the assumed name of Mr. Howard; his triumphs on *Virago*, in whose great year he rode the third in the Derby, as well as the winners of eighty-two races in all, warranted the confidence of the public. That year he led off at the head of the list of winning jockeys, and won the Doncaster St. Leger with *Saucebox* the next year—perhaps the most moderate horse that ever won that great race. Mr. Parr's horses were very lucky in his hands, and *Wells* and *Fisherman* are a pair that will not easily drop out of racecourse story. In later years *Wells* was identified with the colours of Sir Joseph Hawley, for whom he rode many winners in the cherry jacket. Fourth on *Rataplan*, third on *Hermit*, and second on *Yellow Jacket*, and "almost first" in 1857 on *Adamas*. *Beadsman* was his Derby mount in '58, when he had a very unpleasant time of it after the race was over, sitting in the scale waiting for his bridle before the "All right" was said.

Great as were his after-triumphs, however, he never had a year like *Virago's*, when he ran away with all kinds of good things—the Metropolitan and City and Suburban, the two Spring Handicaps at York, the One Thousand Guineas Stakes, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups.

The name of Day has been for many years one of the best-known on the Turf, old Grandfather Day's numerous descendants having kept the family name well before the public. The plentiful Ed-

wardses of the Prince Regent's Days on the Heath have since been outnumbered by the jockeys and trainers answering to the name of Day. The subject under consideration, Alfred Day, was the son of John Day (the first "honest John" of Danebury), who trained for the Dukes of Grafton and Portland; his uncle was that excellent horseman, Sam Day; and two other uncles, Charles and William, were well-known riders. Their mother, old Mrs. Day, had actually on one occasion seen four of her sons riding in the same race. The next generation contained a Sam Day of great promise, who met with an accident; John Day, "who sat a savage as if he were screwed on;" and "Our William," whose fame as a trainer eclipses his reputation in the saddle. Of the twelve children of old John Day by his first wife, Alfred was one of the youngest, having been born in 1830. His father gave him a good education at Winchester; but in holiday time, at home, he naturally took to riding his father's horses in their gallops on Stockbridge Downs, and before he was thirteen years of age he had ridden a race at Newmarket, when, at 4st. 7lbs., he rode the Squire's Shocking Mamma in the Cesarewitch of 1843. His progress in his profession was steady, and quite fast enough to please his father. His first great *coup* was when he beat Flatman, in a race for the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket; Chapple, Frank Butler, Jem Robinson, Job Marson, Sam Rogers, Sam Templeman,

and Bartholomew, all having mounts in the same race.

The name of Alfred Day soon after became widely known, and his brothers John and William willingly resigned all the riding to him. After carrying off the Two Thousand Guineas, and riding second for the Derby, he won the great race on Andover, landing a large stake for the Danebury party. Lords Clifden, Derby, and Palmerston, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Harry Hill, were some of the principal masters for whom Alfred Day rode; and with all his employers he was popular, and deservedly enjoyed their confidence and esteem.

One of the great difficulties with which owners of horses have to contend is the risk of fraudulent conduct on the part of the trainers. Misconduct of this kind is really and truly very rare, and there can be no question that trainers and jockeys are far more honest in the present day than in the past, and that they are certainly quite as honest as employers. Very many devices have been invented by employers who thought themselves clever. One of the most singular that has been suggested, and yet one that has certainly at times been tried, is that of lending money to the trainer. Thus, a very knowing personage gave advice to a novice in racing. "When you begin to keep horses," said this mentor, "start with lending your trainer a thousand pounds, and then you can say to him, 'Look here, my friend, if you sell me it will be no Victoria by the grace of

God, but the bum-bailiff in your house, and your wife's bed sold from under her.' That," said he, "is the way to keep them in order."

Another difficulty which has always beset owners of horses is how to keep secret the results of private trials. Old Sir Mark Wood, who, many years ago, kept race-horses at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, hit upon a very extraordinary plan to accomplish this object. One day, having tried a fine colt for the Two Thousand Guineas, he called the lad who rode the horse into his private room, and said to him, "Now, then, sir, do you know the horse you rode this morning?" "Yes, sir," replied the lad. "Do you know the weight you rode?" "No, sir," answered the boy. "Well," said Sir Mark, producing a five-pound note and a pistol, "here are five pounds for you. Now, mind you hold your tongue. If this trial gets about I will blow out your brains with this pistol."

John Day, of famous memory, trained for many years for Lord George Bentinck, but he once committed a sad mistake, unworthy of his general skill and shrewdness. Lord George had a horse which was much fancied both by his lordship and John Day for a big event. One fine morning, after the horse had done a most satisfactory gallop, John Day sat down to his desk to write two letters—one to his lordship, and the other to a celebrated bookmaker at Tattersall's. The letter to his lordship ran thus:—"My Lord—The colt is quite fit, and has done a

rattling gallop. I fancy he is bound to win. Pray back him for all you can on Monday next, if you can only get a fair price." The other letter was as follows:—"Dear Joe—The long-legged lord will be at Tattersall's on Monday. Lay him all you can, the horse is a dead one." Unfortunately, Mr. Day put the letters in the wrong envelopes. The result is obvious.

John Day, in his time, trained many celebrated and successful horses for Mr. Padwick and Mr. Gully. Among them were Hermit, winner of the Two Thousand, Andover, winner of the Derby, and Virago, who won twelve races out of thirteen as a three-year old. He also trained a horse named Scythian, who won the Chester Cup. For reasons best known to himself, Day did not intend that Scythian should win the Chester Cup; and for other reasons, best known to themselves, his two sons, J. and W. Day, were determined that Scythian should, if he could, win the race. About four days before the contest Mr. Padwick received a letter from J. Day, junior, imploring him to come to Stockbridge, and accordingly Mr. Padwick went. On his arrival the state of affairs was fully explained to him by the sons, and the resolution was formed to exclude the old John from the stables, and to entrust the horse to the care of the two brothers. John Day does not appear to have been at all hurt by this slight upon his honesty, but to have been very much hurt at the prospect of losing all the money he had laid against Scythian;

and the story goes that he was even heard to declare outside the stable door that he was a ruined man, and to implore that he might be let in to the stable, if it was only for ten minutes.

The celebrated old John died early in 1860; but his great career in the saddle had terminated fifteen years before, when he rode Worthless for his excellent master, Mr. Wreford, and won a race for him at Ascot. He had not ridden in the Derby since Attila's year, when he had the mount on Coldrenick—"the great mistake of his training life." Old John's dress was more like that of a dignitary of the church than a member of the famous family of trainers and jockeys at Danebury. His manner was remarkable for its solemnity, which well became the cravat and black surtout which the "Lyndhurst of the Turf" always wore in his later years. This honourable *sobriquet* he had earned by his habit of talking sound sense, and no man ever did more to maintain the respectability of his order than old John.

Nature had given him a frame capable in an unusual degree of resisting the wear and tear of a jockey's life, and his natural strength was never impaired by excesses of any kind. His father was one of the best trainers in England, and certainly the best in the county of Hants. His mother was, as a judge of a yearling's chances of training on, only second to her husband; whilst her medical skill enabled her to perform the duties of veterinary-in-

ordinary to the establishment. In his father's training stables he learned his business. The school was a severe one, but it developed and confirmed habits of temperance and self-denial that served him well in after-life. His preliminary period of dressings and exercise cantered over, son John made his first appearance in public at a pony race in Wales, and fell off—an ill omen, it might seem, for a successful jockey's career. He married young, and much against his father's wishes, whose opposition appears to have been based solely on the knowledge that if his son got married his services would be lost to the stable. The son, however, was resolute. In his stable suit, and with ten pounds and a wife, he began the world for himself. His weight was seven stone, and he was, early in his career, lucky enough to "get over" Buckle in a finish at Newmarket. Fresh masters were added to his list, and, knowing his steadiness and skill, he could feel that his bread was buttered for life. The Duke of Portland, some of whose horses he had ridden, sent for him. "John Day," said his Grace, "I am about to make you a handsome present for the way you have ridden my horses this week." The young jockey began to thank his Grace in fitting terms. "I am about," interrupted the Duke, "to give you two ten-pound notes."

John lived to see the presents given by ducal owners to successful jockeys something very different from the serviceable and timely reward received

at the hands of the Duke of Portland. On another occasion, on Newmarket Heath, the Duke, who had his full share of old-fashioned pleasantry, called out to his jockey that he was a thief. "A thief, my Lord Duke!" cried John. "I do not understand your Grace. I never did anything wrong in my life." "Yes, John Day, you have, you stole that race for me this afternoon." A reply that brought young John's cap to the ground.

Other masters were the Duke of Grafton, Lord Berners, Mr. Batson, and Lord George Bentinck, for whom he rode Crucifix. Generally admired and respected, old John had the confidence of a host of the patrons of the Turf, and among them of two such excellent sportsmen and statesmen as Lords Derby and Palmerston. Perhaps his distinguishing characteristic was his ability to read character, and to this he owed it that he was never dismissed by a master. If luck was against him, and a change was coming, John always resigned, but not a day too soon.

Racing in Australia had by this time assumed considerable proportions, and the enthusiasm of the colonists for the sport of Kings was remarkable. Their feelings with regard to racing may be gauged by the following quotation from an after-dinner speech, reported in *Bell's Life in Victoria*, in 1860, after an animal called Flying Buck, a son of Warhawk, selected by Mr. Yuille in England, had won an important race at Geelong. Mr. Simpson, pro-



prietor of the Bonnefield stud, said he was proud of the position he found himself in as breeder of the champion. He admitted, however, that he had scarcely ever seen a race-horse until he came out to Australia. He was born in an island on the West Coast of Scotland, and the only race meeting he had ever attended in the old country was at Paisley, where they ran for silver bells and £10 and £15 prizes. But he had some innate and intuitive feeling about what a race-horse should be; and when he had a few pounds in his pocket he went to Maitland, and ran a filly there. He said to himself that at any rate she was better than anything he had seen at Paisley, and he bought her for £80 in 1837. For years he had studied breeding; he had consulted every work upon the subject; and what Coke upon Littleton was to a lawyer the literature of the Turf was to him. And speaking of the breed of horses in the colony, Mr. Simpson said that when his friend, Mr. Yuille, went to England and shipped Warhawk to him, he thought he had got what he wanted, for in Warhawk were combined the speedy blood of Epirus and the staying qualities of Voltaire.

The taste for sport is born with our Australian brothers, as it is with Englishmen, and there is no danger of the breed of horses degenerating, or horse-racing becoming obsolete in the colonies, while they contain so many gentlemen like Mr. Simpson, the breeder of Flying Buck, who possess an innate and intuitive feeling of about what a race-horse should

be, and who take such great interest in breeding, and in the welfare of the thoroughbred horse.

In 1859, Mr. Tattersall, grandson of "Old Tat," the founder of the house, passed away. It was several years since he had wielded the hammer at the Corner, and his memory had begun to fail him; at the early age of eighteen he became the head of the firm, through the untimely death of his father, and with his brother, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, set to work in earnest to maintain the prestige that the firm had acquired under the first and second of the family name. Mr. Tattersall's character was of the right sort for the work he had in hand, and all his life he enjoyed the entire confidence of the public. He was very fond of seeing a good race; but he had a great dislike to betting, and never did more than take the odds to five or ten pounds on the Derby or the St. Leger. Mr. Tattersall had received many marks of favour from George the Fourth, who held him in high esteem, and he was always one of the guests at Goodwood House during the race week.

At the beginning of 1861 Touchstone retired from his honoured position at the stud; and a few weeks afterwards his death was recorded, after a short illness. He died at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, in the paddocks of his owner, the Marquis of Westminster. He had left the Turf at six years old, after defeating Slane for the Ascot Cup. At Goodwood, Touchstone never ran, but he was never beaten for the Ascot or Doncaster Cups. He left behind him a be-

quest to "Weatherby"—some thirty sons at the stud in Great Britain, and about a hundred and twenty mares, with the dams of West Australian and Hobbie Noble heading the list. Surplice was the finest-looking and biggest of his stock, and Orlando the most beautiful and blood-like. In naming the Touchstones, the vocabulary of words ending in "stone," and the names of the characters in Shakespeare's play, "As you Like it," had been exhausted before the old horse's death.

Lords Eglinton and Chesterfield have written their names indelibly on the page of Turf history. The former of these noblemen began to race in 1831, when he rode his Paul Pry and Lucifer in welter races. Confined at first to the provincial meetings in Scotland, as the stud became larger Lord Eglinton's horses were entered for the meetings on the Northern Circuit; and Potentate—the Fisherman of his day—won eleven races out of nineteen he started for in 1838, and fifteen out of twenty-three in 1839. At this time his horses were trained by Dawson; but shortly after he had won the St. Leger, Lord Eglinton conceived a dislike to having his horses trained in a public stable, and he accordingly engaged Fobert, who trained for him until he gave up racing.

Under Fobert's *régime* his horses ran well, and won three Northumberland Plates in five years; the Great Metropolitan Stakes with Glensaddle, the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Pompey, and the Ascot

Stakes with Lucia, were among the substantial successes of the stable. Van Tromp and the Flying Dutchman, however, were the two immortals of Lord Eglinton's stud, and the defeat of the first-named for the Derby was a great disappointment to his owner and to Lord George Bentinck, who on the Derby Day stood to win £20,000 on him. So anxious was Lord George, indeed, for the success of Van Tromp in the great race, that he sent his own confidential servant to Epsom to see that the box was in proper order for the winter favourite to pass the night in; but, arriving early at Epsom on the morning of the Derby Day, he went straight to the box in which Van Tromp was placed, performed his own toilet with a cake of yellow soap, a jack towel, and a basin of water set on the corn-bin, and never left the stable until Fobert led the horse on to the Downs, and he had seen him handed over to the care of Job Marson. A careful investigation of all the facts will lead to the acquittal of Marson upon the charge of not doing his best to win. Lord Eglinton and his friends, however, at the time did not think so, and the tartan jacket was taken away from the old jockey and given to Marlow—a blow from which Job Marson never recovered.

The St. Leger gave Van Tromp an ample revenge over Cossack; and the Flying Dutchman, two years later, placed the Derby to the credit of the Eglinton party, and followed that success with another St. Leger triumph. With the exception of West Aus-

tralian, the Flying Dutchman was the worst horse Davis ever had on his books; and in these times of cooler and more limited speculation on the Turf, the sums Lord Eglinton's famous horse was backed for seem almost incredible. The fame of the performances of Van Tromp and the Flying Dutchman will never be allowed to die out while horse-racing flourishes in England; nor is the other undertaking with which Lord Eglinton's name is associated likely to be sooner forgotten. The rehearsals of the Knights armed *cap-à-pie* at St. John's Wood, and the grand tournament at Ayr, when the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouch were transferred for the nonce to the Scotch county, to be literally washed away by the storms of rain which fell on spectators and combatants, had something more in them than is common to a mere *fête*. Lord Eglinton desired to show his love of all manly sports, in many of which he was an adept.

In about a dozen seasons his horses—of which Knight of Avenel, Hippolytus, and Claverhouse were among the luckiest—won about £80,000 in stakes; but politics called Lord Eglinton from Turf pursuits, though he always had a kind word for Fobert, and a chat about times gone by, whenever he met his old trainer. It was said of the late Duke of Beaufort that he was the most popular man in England; of Lord Eglinton it might be said, with truth, that he was the most popular man in the three kingdoms. As Viceroy he had won the hearts of the Irish, in England he was esteemed as the soul

of honour, while his own countrymen revered him for his devotion to their national sports.

Lord Chesterfield's connection with the Turf was hardly so fortunate as that of the Scotch earl, but many of the prizes of racing fell to his share, among them being several of the chief three-year-old stakes. Coming of age in 1826, after a long minority, and finding a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds in cash and an income of fifty thousand a year at his disposal, Lord Chesterfield had every reason for gratifying his love of a thoroughbred horse by keeping a stud of his own. Accordingly, in the same year in which he attained his majority, his name appears among the list of winning owners. A year or two later he entered into a confederacy with Mr. Greville, and trained with Prince. Money was no object, and in 1829 he bought Zinganee for 3,000 guineas, and won the Ascot Cup of that year with him.

Sam Chifney rode, of course, and his reply just before the flag fell to the question, "How do you feel?" was that he should be very much better in five minutes' time.

The field for the Cup on that anniversary was a fine one, comprising as it did Mameluke and Cadland, Derby winners; Colonel and Green Mantle, winners of St. Leger and Oaks respectively; together with two other animals of great repute, Lamplighter and Oppidan.

Priam Lord Chesterfield gave the same sum for,

and won the Goodwood Cup twice in succession with him, and afterwards sold him to go to America for 4,000 guineas.

This purchase was made of William Chifney, as Zinganee's was, and both horses proved cheap at the prices paid for them, which were then considered fabulously high. For with Priam, in addition to the Goodwood Cups, Lord Chesterfield won the Eclipse Foot at Ascot, and a very heavy match against Augustus at Newmarket. Two Oaks winners likewise were left in his lordship's stud before this sire was sold at a profit of 1,000 guineas on Chifney's price.

Shortly afterwards Lord Chesterfield sent his horses to John Scott to be trained at Whitewall; and the St. Leger with Don John, and the Oaks with Industry, justified the change to the North.

Lord Chesterfield's horses, when trained by John Scott, were ridden by W. Scott and Connolly. Afterwards Taylor trained his horses at Bretby, and Frank Butler, Flatman, and Wells rode for the stable. Lord Chesterfield's interest in his horses was very great, and he was enthusiastic about their winning. When he ran out from the enclosure to meet Don John coming in to weigh, after he had won the St. Leger, Lord Chesterfield, in his hurry, ran against and knocked down the time-keeper, who remonstrated. "Oh, hang the time, I've won the Leger!" was the reply of the excited and jubilant owner of Don John.

During his lordship's tenure of the office of Master of the Buckhounds, a "Golden Age" ob-

tained, in which the prominent figures were the Duke of Beaufort, Colonel Anson, Count D'Orsay, Sir George Wombwell, and Sir David Baird.

When a change of Ministry caused his retirement, his friends decided to give him a dinner at the Clarendon. An unequalled banquet was the result. D'Orsay composed the *ménu*, and in doing it laid all quarters of the globe under contribution. The price was six guineas a head.

*Ménu* of dinner given in May, 1834, to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty.

#### PREMIER SERVICE.

*Potages*.—Printannier, à la reine, *turtle* (*two tureens*).

*Poissons*.—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*), saumon à la Tartare, rougets à la Cardinal, friture de morne, *whitebait*.

*Rélevés*.—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine, dindon à la chipolate, timballe de macaroni, *haunch of venison*.

*Entrées*.—Croquettes de volaille, petits pâtés aux huitres, côtelettes d'agneau purée de champignons, côtelettes d'agneau au pois d'asperges, fricandeau de veau à l'oseille, ris de veau piqué aux tomates, côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle, chartreuse de légumes aux faisans, filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade, boudins à la Richelieu, sauté de volaille aux truffes, pâté de mouton monté.

*Côté*.—Bœuf roti, jambon, salade.

#### SECOND SERVICE.

*Rôts*.—Chapons, quails, turkey poult, *green goose*.

*Entremets*.—Asperges, haricots à la Française, mayonnaise d'homard, gelée Macedoine, aspices d'œufs de pluvier, Charlotte Russe, gelée au Marasquin, crème marbre, corbeille de pâtisserie, vol-au-vent de rhubarb, tourte d'abricots, corbeille des Meringues, dressed crab, salade au gélatine, champignons aux fines herbes.

*Rélevés*.—Soufflée à la vanille, Nesselrode pudding, Adelaide sandwiches, fondus, pièces montées, &c.

#### DESSERT.



## CHAPTER XII.

ELLINGTON'S DERBY—JOHN GULLY—SIR TATTON SYKES  
—ASCOT CUP—THE MARQUIS AND BUCKSTONE—  
GEORGE OSBALDESTON—LUKE SNOWDEN.

ELLINGTON won the Derby in 1856. His victory was marked by a singular incident in connection with his trainer. The horse had been heavily backed for the race, but suffered defeat some few days before the great event. The consequence was, neither his owner nor his trainer was able to hedge any of his money. His trainer was Mr. T. Dawson, of Middleham, the eldest brother of the well-known family of which Mr. Jos. Dawson, Mr. Matt. Dawson, and Mr. John Dawson, are equally distinguished members. The result was that Mr. T. Dawson, against his will, won £25,000 by the victory of Ellington. On the Monday after the race, he went to Tattersall's to receive his money. The whole of it was paid to him in bank notes. After the settling he dined, and took the train for home, first having packed his bank notes in an old leathern hat-case, without any lock, but simply tied with a piece of string. Mr. Dawson fell asleep in the train, and when the guard, who knew him well,

awoke him at Northallerton, and told him he must change carriages, Mr. Dawson got out of the train, leaving the old hat-case behind. In those days telegraphy was not quite so simple a matter as now, and Mr. Dawson did not recover his hat-case for a whole week, during which time it had travelled to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and various other places. Ultimately it came back to the rightful owner, with the string neither cut nor untied, and with all the bank notes safe inside. We need hardly say that Mr. Dawson, with that astuteness which never forsakes the professional Turfite, took particular care not to display the slightest anxiety about his hat-case, but merely informed the station-master that he had possessed the article for a good many years, and as there were some papers in it which could not possibly be of any use to any one but himself, he should like to recover it.

Two men of great celebrity—one a Yorkshireman and the other a native of Somersetshire—both of whom lived to a good old age, died in the spring of 1863—Mr. John Gully and Sir Tatton Sykes. Mr. Gully's career was remarkable and interesting. He was born in 1783, at Wick-and-Abson, a village between Bath and Bristol, the son of a small yeoman. Early in life young Gully showed a precocious ability to use his fists for the purpose of damaging other people's faces. He had many youthful "sets-to," and finally fought his way to London, when he was about one-and-twenty, and speedily got locked

up for debt. In prison, one Pearce, well known in pugilistic circles as the "Chicken," found him. Pearce was a countryman, an old acquaintance and one of the Fancy. They put on the gloves together, merely to pass away the time, when Gully showed such aptitude for the manly art that a match was made by willing backers for him to fight his friend the "Chicken;" and his debts were paid in order that he might win their money, prizefighting being one of the few amusements not permitted to the occupants of our old debtors' prisons. "Chicken" Pearce's backers staked six hundred pounds to four hundred on their champion. The encounter of pluck and muscle came off in October, 1805. Gully, fearfully punished, was removed by his party after the fifty-ninth round, defeated but not disgraced. His prowess had won for him many admirers; and on Pearce's retirement he was offered the proud title of Champion of England. However, before the honour was proffered him, he had fought a great battle with Gregson, the Lancashire Giant, at Six-mile Bottom, near Newmarket, for two hundred guineas; and, after a battle of thirty-six rounds, had convinced the Giant that he had come from the North on a fool's errand. Not so, however, Gregson's backers. They would not believe that their man could be beaten on his merits by an opponent of inferior height and size; and accordingly another contest between the men took place in Sir John Sebright's Park in Hertfordshire, when Gully gave a

most decisive beating to the Giant. So large were the crowds which were brought together to witness this prize fight, that the country people fancied the French must have landed to cause such an influx of strangers, and called out the yeomanry and volunteers. "Boxiana," a great authority on pugilistic matters, thus sums up Mr. Gully's merits as an exponent of the noble art of self-defence:—"Gully as a pugilist will long be remembered by the amateurs of pugilism as peculiarly entitled to their respect and consideration; and if his battles were not so numerous as those of many other professors have been, they were contested with decision, science, and bottom rarely equalled, and perhaps never excelled, and justly entitle him to the most honourable mention in the records of boxing. His practice in the art, it was well known, had been very confined, and his theoretical knowledge of the science could not have been very extensive, from the short period during which he had appeared in the lists as a boxer. But his genius soared above these difficulties; and, with a fortitude equal to any man's, he entered the ring a consummate pugilist. In point of appearance, if his frame does not boast of that elegance of shape from which an artist might model to attain perfect symmetry, yet nevertheless it is athletic and prepossessing."

Honour and upright conduct in the field had placed Mr. Gully in possession of a moderate competence. Following the almost invariable rule with

his predecessors among the champions of the prize ring, on leaving it he took a public-house—the Plough, in Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields. From the publican to the sporting publican was an easy step; and after a profitless period of two years as a backer (1810—1812), Mr. Gully appears in the character of an owner of racehorses, and a bettor of the odds—or, as he was then called, a leg, or bettor round—surely establishing his position, until some years later (1827) he became the purchaser of Mameluke from Lord Jersey, at the price of 4,000 guineas, after that ungenerous horse had won the Derby. In the St. Leger, backed by his owner to win an immense stake, he had to be flogged from the post by the stout arm of the ex-prizefighter, and was beaten by Matilda.

This was the first really good horse Mr. Gully had possessed; the price at which he had secured him was a great one, and for that day enormous. Among his bets were two with Crockford of ten thousand pounds each level—one that Mameluke beat ten different horses, the other that he beat nine, and Matilda was in both the lots. Immediately after Mameluke became Mr. Gully's property he was sent to Sykes to be trained, and as the Derby winner he was first favourite for the St. Leger, for which event his price was five to two. This price, to the astonishment of his backers, was always forthcoming, from parties better known on the Turf for their rashness than their solvency. On the St.

Leger day it was believed these persons had "got at" the starter, and he was subsequently discharged. Half a dozen half-broken horses were started, in order, by delays at the post, to further irritate Mameluke's temper, never the sweetest; and these tactics were so successful that after a number of false starts the Derby winner became so fractious that it was almost impossible to make him face the flag. When Forth and Matilda were seventy yards ahead, the word was given; yet so great was Mameluke's turn of speed, that if Nicholson would have consented to pull aside in the race at the Red House, as Chifney asked him to do, it is probable, nay, almost certain, he would have won. To foul play Mr. Gully ascribed the defeat of his horse; and so satisfied was he that Mameluke was a better animal than Matilda, that he challenged Mr. Petre for a match on the Friday, offering him a seven pound pull in the weights. But John Scott would not hear of it, telling Mr. Petre he had won the St. Leger by a fluke, and advising him in strong terms to let well alone.

Mr. Gully was the first at the Rooms on settling day, and the last to leave them, paying freely the large sums he had lost by his unlucky venture.

At four years old Mameluke retrieved his position, and recouped his owner by winning the Whip and the Oatlands, then a very heavy betting race; and as a five-year-old he ran second to Zinganee. After this, Mr. Gully sold him to Mr. Theobald, of

Stockwell, somewhat hurriedly, and, repenting his action, offered old "Leather-breeches" any sum in reason to get the horse back; but Mr. Theobald would not sell until, years after, the Americans bought the horse from him.

The Ugly Buck, Pyrrhus the First, and Mendicant have made Mr. Gully's name famous in connection with the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the Oaks, when old Sam Day was his jockey. He was elected member of Parliament for Pontefract—an honour for which he did not very much care, as his heart was with his horses. His partner in making immense books on the great races was Mr. Ridsdale, whom he finally quarrelled with and assaulted in the hunting field, as is recorded in a previous chapter. Mr. Gully lived to the good old age of eighty. *And his successor?*

Sir Tatton Sykes, for years an object of veneration with Yorkshiremen, passed away in the spring of the same year. As the meetings on Knavesmire and the Town Moor came round in the autumns of succeeding years, one of the first questions asked by old *habitues*, one of another, was, "Well, and how is Sir Tatton looking?" His last visit to Doncaster was to witness his seventy-seventh St. Leger; but his friends, with justice as the event showed, feared this would be his last. He was the centre of interest and attraction on the Grand Stand, and strangers were always told they would never see such a man again—a doctrine which Yorkshire had good reason

to believe. Sir Tatton might almost have remembered the effect produced in his native county by the Declaration of Independence by the States, and, as a matter of fact, had never seen the Derby run for after the year 1792, which was the second and last occasion of his presence on Epsom Downs. Born at Wheldrake, his father's seat, on the 22nd of August, 1772, he enjoyed a long life, spent in works of benevolence. His father, Sir Christopher, sent his sons first to a tutor at Bishopthorpe, and afterwards to Westminster. School-days over, Sir Tatton Sykes went to Oxford, spending some time at Brasenose. He was then placed for a short time in London with a firm of attorneys, Messrs. Atkinson and Farrer, and finally set to learn the business of a country banker at Hull, walking thence to his father's seat at Sledmere, thirty-two miles, after the day's business was done, on his first Saturday there, and repeating the feat on Monday morning, arriving early, and perfectly fresh for the duties of his desk.

It was his habit all his life to be up with the lark in the summer, and before the songster in winter; a favourite breakfast was an apple tart and a hearty draught of new milk, a great deal of healthy exercise, on horseback or on foot, always intervening between Sir Tatton's early breakfast and his luncheon. The latter meal was very often a crust of brown bread, Yorkshire cream cheese—of which he was very fond—and a pint of the Sledmere home-brewed. His ales were famous, not only over the county of York,



but throughout the North of England, and in his cellar the tap was always turned. With perfect truth, and to his great honour, it has been said that from Sir Tatton's hospitable door none ever went away hungry or thirsty.

There were three things that Yorkshiremen always expressed a wish to show to strangers and visitors—the first was York Minster; the second varied according to circumstances and tastes; but the last was always "Old Sir Tatton."

But the doings of this admirable example of the country landed proprietor really belong more to the records of agriculture, stock-breeding, and fox-hunting, than to the History of the Turf. True, Sir Tatton was one of the largest breeders of blood-stock in England at the time of his death, his stud numbering upwards of two hundred horses and mares; but the story of his actual connection with the Turf, except as a skilful breeder, is soon told. His name first appears in the annals of Weatherby in 1803 as an owner of race-horses, when his *Telemachus* ran at Middleham. In 1805 he rode his own horse, *Hudibras*, at Malton, in a sweepstakes of five guineas each—gentlemen riders, twenty-five subscribers—and won the race. A few years later, 1808, he matched his mare *Theresa* over a four-mile course at Doncaster, owners to ride. For twenty years after this date, Sir Tatton, from time to time, kept a few horses in training at Malton, chiefly for the purpose of mounting them himself in

racers for gentlemen riders. His colours were orange and purple; and the last time he wore them on a winning horse of his was in 1829, when he won the Welham Cup at Malton. The name of the horse suggested the quality of his owner—it was All Heart and No Peel.

Some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy he became M.F.H., and continued master of a pack of foxhounds for forty years. He loved a good horse, a good hound, a good shorthorn, a good sheep; and at Sledmere he gratified his taste for all of them on the grand scale. He had a very large stud of thoroughbred horses, and among his hundred and twenty brood mares all the best blood of the English Stud-book was represented. Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, and Elcho, were among the best horses bred by Sir Tatton Sykes. He was seventy-four when he led back his namesake to scale a St. Leger winner, and from that hour till the day of his death every jockey that rode a St. Leger winner claimed, as one of the rewards of winning, a shake of the hand and a kind word from the Yorkshire patriarch. Keen and shrewd, yet in many aspects of his character a Sir Roger de Coverley, Sir Tatton Sykes lived to an age far beyond the Biblical threescore years and ten, honoured and beloved by a whole county as few men have been before. He had lived an ideal patriarchal life: he was everybody's adviser that wanted advice, everybody's friend that wanted help;

he was his great county's pride; his name was a proverb and a household word over all the broad acres of Yorkshire; and at his funeral three thousand persons were present to pay the last tribute of respect to as fine an English gentleman as any age has seen.

There has never been a more magnificent contest than that witnessed in 1863 for the Ascot Cup, when Tim Whiffler, belonging to the Duke of Cleveland, and Buckstone, belonging to Mr. Merry, ran a dead heat. Buckstone had run third for the Derby in the previous year, with Caractacus and the Marquis in front of him, and he had been defeated by the Marquis for the St. Leger by a head. Tim Whiffler had also been an extraordinary performer as a three-year-old, and was made the favourite for the Ascot Cup, and there really can be little doubt but that he was the better horse of the two. When the race was run a second time, Buckstone won rather easily by about a length and a half. The result of this contest was, and always has been, a mystery to most sportsmen; but, if rumour can be trusted, there was a very easy explanation of the mystery. It is commonly believed in Newmarket that Tim Whiffler carried nearly a stone more than his proper weight. Both horses were four-year-olds, and the weights were 8st. 7lbs. But the jockey who rode Tim Whiffler always had great difficulty in later years in getting himself down to that weight, and 9st. 7lbs. was about his normal weight. It is not imputed to

him that he purposely carried extra weight with any fraudulent intention, but that he was too lazy to waste, and that he really thought Tim Whiffler was so good a horse that he could win with the additional weight on his back. It may be asked how could the skilful clerk of the scales be deceived; but it is said that immediately the dial reached 8st. 7lbs. the jockey dug his spurred heel on the ground, and lifted himself out of the chair. Certain it is that in the present day Mr. Manning always insists on jockeys keeping their feet in the air while they are in the scales.

In connection with this story, it may be mentioned that the rider of Musjid, in the Derby, is said to have weighed in and weighed out with a whip weighing 7 or 9 lbs., and to have exchanged it for a lighter whip before and after the race.

Another famous veteran of the sporting world, Mr. George Osbaldeston, universally known, however, as "the Squire," survived for some three years the death of Sir Tatton. His celebrity, however, was not nearly so much in connection with the pursuits of the Turf, though he occasionally rode a horse of his own over the flat at Newmarket. The Saddler was one of the best racers the Squire ever owned, his other animals being able to win a race for him only now and then. He generally had a race-horse or two in training, and for some time before his death they were entered for engagements in his wife's name. The hero of a thousand sport-

ing exploits, the subject of a thousand sporting stories, it was said of Squire Osbaldeston that coursing and fishing were the only two manly sports for which he did not care, and in which he did not excel. Fox-hunting was his devotion, and at the cover-side or across country he was hardly ever equalled as a sportsman. He rode a race in a manner equal to the best professional style; he was in the first rank in his day at driving, pigeon-shooting, cricket, and billiards; whilst his powers of endurance were almost beyond belief.

George Osbaldeston was born on the 26th of December, 1787, in Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, and was the son of Mr. Osbaldeston, of Hutton Bushell, near Scarborough. The fashion of the day, which took country ladies of station to London, caused the squire to be born a Londoner, and not a Yorkshireman. When only six years old his father died, and his mother went to live at Bath, where Dash, a fashionable teacher, gave the boy his first lessons in the saddle. Eton followed in due course, after which Dr. Carr, subsequently Bishop of Chichester, prepared him for Oxford. He was entered a gentleman commoner of Brasenose on the 3rd of May, 1805. So early as this, the young Squire was master of a pack of foxhounds or harriers, which he bought from Lord Jersey, and hunted in the neighbourhood of his mother's property at Hutton Bushell. This was an earnest of sport in the future, when he became master of the Ather-

stone, the Quorn, and Pytchley packs. His extraordinary match and his no less notorious duel with Lord George Bentinck have already been sketched in the pages of this work. The great match called forth pages of doggrel, and also some fair verses and epigrams. Perhaps the following lines are the best:—

TIME AND THE SQUIRE—A MATCH.

"Time 'gainst the field," the parsons cry;  
And add by way of commentary,  
To warn each racing sinner—  
"Whatever length life's course may be,  
A.T.M.M. or T.Y.C.,  
Time's sure to be the winner.'  
"Out upon their authority!"  
The Squire exclaims; "What's Time to me,  
That I his steps should follow?  
To challenge him I'm not afraid."  
"Done," replies Time. A match was made;  
And Time was beaten hollow.

Rarely has a jockey established a reputation in so short a time as was the case with Luke Snowden, whose short career in the saddle was identified with many successes in the green and gold of Mr. Saxon, and the red and yellow jacket of Lord Ailesbury. He was born near Scarborough, in 1840, and in due time articulated to Mr. Lister, at Beverley, and afterwards served out his apprenticeship with Mr. Saxon, who was always his firm friend. Snowden began to ride in public in 1854, when he won five times; and his last season was 1861, when he rode a winner sixty-four times. His doings in connection

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with the St. Leger are remarkable, for he only had four St. Leger mounts. In 1858 he won on Sunbeam, for Mr. Merry; the next year he was second for Mr. Saxon, on Defender. In 1860, he rode the winner, Lord Ailesbury's St. Alban's; and in 1861 he was second on Kettledrum. Luke Snowden died at the early age of twenty-two, of typhus fever, having as high a place for honesty and skill as any man in his profession.

There is, it is asserted, no other instance on record of a lad who was for only eight seasons on the Turf, and yet was the victor in two St. Legers, second in two more, and a winner of the Oaks. During the last five seasons his average was fifty-eight winning mounts per year.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW TATTERSALL'S—TESTIMONIAL DINNER—BAD  
SPORTSMEN—MILITARY RACES.

ON the 10th of April, 1865, Messrs. Tattersall removed from the old premises at Hyde Park Corner to their new yard at Knightsbridge, their ninety-nine years' lease of the "Old Place" having run out, the business having begun in 1766. The occasion was very properly marked by a testimonial dinner to the proprietors of the "Corner," which took place at Willis's Rooms on April 11th, when about three hundred of Messrs. Tattersall's friends sat down to dinner. The sideboards and table were decorated with a very large number of racing cups and trophies, lent for the occasion by the noblemen and gentlemen who owned them, and collected and arranged by Mr. Hancock. The chair was taken by Admiral Rous, and all the principal patrons and *habitués* of the Turf supported him. The gallant Admiral proposed the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the house of Tattersall," in a happy speech. In speaking of their esteemed guests, Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Edmund



Tattersall, he said it was not the duration of time a great trade had been carried on which commanded our respect, but it was the probity and straightforward conduct which had characterized that firm from father to son. "My Lords and Gentlemen," said Admiral Rous, "we shall long regret the old Corner, the gravel walk, the green lawn, the very cow—so emblematical of milk—and the plane tree under whose shade mysterious books have been scrutinized and judgment recorded. But we are not here to express our regret for what we have lost, but to compliment our guests on having completed a magnificent building, which may be regarded as a national institution, with a world-wide fame, which gives its patronymic to similar establishments in our colonies and in many cities in Europe. Every gentleman in this room, and thousands outside, must cordially hope that the house of Tattersall may flourish until Macaulay's New Zealand chief moralizes over the ruins of St. Paul's."

Mr. Richard Tattersall said: "My Lords and Gentlemen—I cannot find words to express the feelings of pride and gratification which fill my heart at seeing so many noble and distinguished guests assembled here this evening to do honour to so humble an individual as myself. I cannot but be aware that this compliment arises from no merit of my own or of my partner, but rather from a feeling inherent in the breast of every Englishman—to wish success to a business carried

on by the same family and in the same locality for so long a time. It is now a hundred years, bar one (much laughter), since our great grandfather leased from the Earl Grosvenor the piece of ground on which he established our place of business. He was best known to his contemporaries by the name of 'Old Tat,' and by his honesty and uprightness he acquired the goodwill and respect of all who knew him. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, then a young man, was a constant patron of the establishment, and it was at his own desire that his bust was placed in the middle of the yard, where it remained until we were turned out, and which has now been transferred to the yard of the new premises. The Prince was also a frequent visitor at my great-grandfather's seat, Highflyer Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds; and many strange stories have been told of the Prince of Wales and his companions there. Among other things, I have heard of a postchaise galloping into the town of Newmarket at night, with his Royal Highness riding the leaders, and Charles Fox the wheelers. Towards the end of the last century, my great-grandfather was succeeded by his son, my grandfather, who, like his father, had the reputation of being an honourable and an honest man. He was joint proprietor, with the Prince, of the *Morning Post* newspaper. In 1810 my father and uncle succeeded to the business, which they carried on successfully for fifty years. No man, perhaps, was more popular with all classes than my

lamented father ; and no man, perhaps, ever made more sincere friends, and among others I may mention the name of an English nobleman who was a model in every relation of life—I mean the late Duke of Richmond. Time and the Marquess of Westminster have driven us out of our time-honoured locality, and we have taken a piece of ground as near as we could get it to the Corner. But although we have changed our premises we have not changed our principles, and we hope and trust we may still be honoured with the same confidence and patronage which we have enjoyed for so many years. There is one important point in our establishment upon which I should like to say a few words. Although large sums of money depend upon horse-racing, yet the occupation of the book-maker was a few years since a very small business. It was confined to but few persons. Like the electric telegraph and the railways, it has sprung into importance only of late years, and has now passed from noblemen and gentlemen of high standing and means to persons of lower rank, who, years since, would as soon have thought of keeping a tame elephant as a ‘book.’ The art of book-making has, however, increased with the number of trainers and horses. In 1818, my father opened a small room, then used as a laundry, in his house for a subscription-room. The number of members gradually increased, until, in 1842, the room not being large enough, a more spacious one for this class of patrons

of the establishment was opened on the lawn. That was the room in which we have seen so many ups and downs in horses and races, and where such large sums of money have changed hands during the last few years. That room, however, had also become too small; and in our new premises we have spared no money to make the new room worthy of the objects for which it has been erected; for this portion of the business has now become one of the institutions of the time. In conclusion, I thank you for the handsome manner in which you have spoken of our firm, and for your kind attendance this evening; and as long as I live I shall ever look back to this day as one of the proudest of my existence."

Mr. Edmund Tattersall said: "I beg to thank you each and all for the great honour you have conferred upon us this day—an honour, I believe, such as was never paid before to a private firm by so distinguished a company; for, when I look to the right and left of me, I see the highest and the noblest of the land; and I look upon the owners of the magnificent cups which adorn the table as present in feeling, if not in person, to do us honour. I take this great compliment as paid in some measure to the high character of those who have gone before us—my father, following his father, who was so well known to all of you; while I succeeded my uncle, who was equally esteemed by all who knew him. I think, when I see around me all the great elements of the sporting world, that you will agree with me that those gentle-

men who, like our chairman and the gentlemen who support him, take the trouble to regulate the affairs of the sporting world, do as much good as those who make our laws, by inculcating a manly spirit of fair play. What but a love of racing could take 300,000 persons annually to Epsom on the Derby Day? And the spirit which animates that multitude is the love of sport, and the knowledge that the best horse will win. We have present, also, many gentlemen distinguished as masters of hounds, who do more good by bringing all classes together in the pursuit of sport than could be done in any other way. And here, too, are those gentlemen whose names are so well known to the world as the great spirits of the Sporting Stock Exchange, who will lay you the odds to any amount, and are safe as the Bank to pay. There are, besides them, gentlemen of all classes, each one of whom comes here to do honour to us; to each of whom I tender our warmest thanks, because that honour is paid simply because we have done our duty—as our ancestors did before us, and as we intend doing as long as we represent the 'Old Firm' at the 'New Tattersall's.'"

Betting men are considered, and not without reason, to be very bad sportsmen. They know nothing about pedigrees, and they care nothing for the noble animal. To them he is nothing more than a dice box or pack of cards—a medium for gambling and money making. A singular illustra-

tion of their ideas as to pedigree was afforded a few years ago on Newmarket racecourse. A horse galloped up the course before the race, and Lord Westmoreland, on his hack, called out to Mr. W. Nicoll, asking how the horse was bred. Mr. Nicoll had a secretary, who, although bearing the aristocratic name of Percy, was not supposed to have any close connection with the great Northumberland family. In answer to Lord Westmoreland's question, Mr. Nicoll exclaimed, having evidently laid long odds against the horse, "So help me, he is like Percy and me here—he has got no pedigree at all."

In the present day, when military races are all the rage—at Aldershot, Sandown, and the Curragh—the Plungers and the Light Brigade have a good day's racing for cups and stakes, on the flat, over hurdles, and in steeplechases. The unsophisticated observer would naturally suppose that these, of all races, were worthy of encouragement; that they constitute sport in the best sense of the word; that they were got up for the amusement of the regiments, to test the horsemanship of the officers and the courage and endurance of their hacks. We do not pretend to say that the observer in the present day would be wrong in his conclusions, but many singular stories have been told of "arrangements" for military races. One of the most celebrated trainers of the day had an astounding experience, many years ago, of what military men can do on the Turf. At that time, this trainer—who now has forty or fifty horses in his

stables, and who certainly has the most magnificent house, grounds, and stables of any trainer in England—was asked by an officer to find a horse to run in a military flat race. The regiment had borrowed Ascot Course for the day; and the trainer, being clearly of opinion that his horse would beat anything of the military class at a mile, readily assented to the proposal. The officer assured him that the stakes were of no object at all, and that he merely wished to borrow the horse for the honour of coming in first. It was arranged that, if successful, the horse should put the stakes to his master's credit, the officer being satisfied with acting as jockey on the occasion. About half an hour before the race, the trainer, having looked over his adversaries, came to the conclusion that his horse could not possibly lose, and sent a friend into the Ring to back the horse for a "pony." He then took up his station near the well-known turn for home on the course. As soon as the flag fell the horse jumped to the front, and had all his opponents settled in the first quarter of a mile. To the horror and astonishment of the trainer, however, the officer turned in his saddle, and shouted to the twelve other riders, "Come on, you beggars—I shall never be able to hold him!" And finding he could not hold him, the officer, instead of coming round the turn, rode straight across the course into the furze bushes. When the race was over, insult was added to injury, for the officer rode up to the trainer, and severely censured him for

lending him a horse which he could neither guide nor hold. The trainer, smarting under his defeat and the loss of his money, immediately challenged any horse of the twelve for £500, over the same course, the trainer's horse to run with a boy on his back, and in a snaffle bit; the fact being that the animal was one of the gentlest and most tractable in his stables. As may be supposed, the challenge was declined.

About a year afterwards, the trainer was passing Long's Hotel, when the officer suddenly came out, and, after mutual recognition, the officer asked the trainer to come in and take a glass of wine, and then said he desired to offer a thousand apologies for the wrong he had done him. "The fact is," said the officer, "we had arranged the night before which horse was to win, and I had no idea yours was such a good one." "Why, bless me," said the trainer, "thirteen runners, and arrange which was to win! Well, I have heard of arranging the winner out of three or four at Kingsbury and Bromley, but I never heard of settling it with thirteen runners. I thought officers were gentlemen; but I find that you are a bigger set of thieves than can be found on any racecourse in England." "Oh," said the officer, "that is nothing. I don't mind telling you that we had arranged the winner of every race the night before." "Well," replied the trainer, "I never had anything to do with military races before, and I will take care I never do again."



It is by no means intended that an inference should be drawn from this anecdote, to the discredit of military races generally, or of the officers who get them up, and take part in them. On the contrary, such races afford much harmless amusement in rural districts where out-door sports are held in due regard; and commonly, doubtless, military races are managed with as much honesty and straightforwardness as the best meetings in the country. The foregoing anecdote, however, is a matter-of-fact relation of what took place on such an occasion, those particular officers probably acting in the belief that to settle the winner beforehand was a natural and entirely proper course to pursue in connection with their Garrison Cup or Stakes. It is only charitable to hope that no regimental mess has acted upon such a conviction since.

A conspicuous example of unswerving honour and uprightness during a long career on the Turf is afforded in the person of the late Marquess of Exeter, who, born in 1795, succeeded to the marquissate on the death of his father in 1804. The late Lord Exeter was an old-fashioned sportsman of the best school, educated at Eton and St. John's, Cambridge, the ancestral college of the Burghleys ever since the time of William Cecil, Elizabeth's minister. We find him early showing an inclination for the sport, and happy in the possession of a thoroughbred horse. His trustees had for some years previous to 1816 given a fifty-pound Plate to be run for at the Stam-

ford Meeting, and here in that year Lord Exeter inaugurated the long existence on our racecourses of his blue and white stripes by winning a Plate with Woodpecker.

The rent-roll of large estates of the Cecils, which he inherited, in the counties of Northampton, Rutland, and Lincoln, enabled him to gratify his tastes for sport on the grand scale. His first purchase, after he attained his majority, was Captain Candid, a horse which he bought to run at Stamford Meeting, and for which he gave eight hundred guineas to Mr. Watt. These were the days of the Cadland blue and the Grafton scarlet, and, as well as the noble owner of the latter colours, there were the Dukes of York, Portland, and Rutland, with large studs and great enthusiasm for the sport. Matches and weight-for-age races afforded opportunities of equine distinction to such stout animals as Whalebone, Waxy, Whisker, and Selim, piloted to victories by Clift, Jackson, Chifney, Arnull, and Buckle.

Lord Exeter early saw the necessity of a large establishment, if he was to cope successfully with such opponents as he had to meet on the Turf at that time. Marson first, and after him Harlock, was chosen for the post of trainer, and a range of stabling, which included a covered riding-school and tan gallop, soon rose, adjoining Foley House, his residence at Newmarket; while the breeding establishment at Wothorpe, near his seat of Burghley, was the finest of its time. Sultan was the

sire chiefly employed, and in one year (1832) the winnings of his stock amounted to twenty thousand pounds. The engagements of Lord Exeter's horses in training were second only to those of Lord George Bentinck's string, while his considerate care provided for the numerous regiment of lads in attendance upon them a schoolmaster, who, in their more leisure hours, should give them an education suitable to their position in life. It was in the fifth year of his career on the Turf that Lord Exeter, to his great delight, carried off the Oaks with Augusta, ridden by Jem Robinson. Seven years afterwards, his beautiful filly, Green Mantle, with Dockeray on her back, repeated the triumph on Epsom Downs; the same race falling once again to his lot—in 1832—when Conolly bore the blue and white stripes first past the post on Galata. The Derby he never won, so that Lord Exeter always, and justly, thought Epsom an unlucky course for him; while Ascot and Goodwood had proved just as fortunate for the Foley House colours. Newmarket, however, was his favourite racing-ground; for, rivalled by few of the veterans of his day in the art of match-making, and excelled by none, it was on the Heath that he had oftenest seen his own judgment proved to be correct by the issue of a well-contested race over the T.M.M. or Across the Flat.

Among Lord Exeter's principal successes on the Turf might be mentioned—in addition to his three victories in the Oaks—three Two Thousands: 1829

and 1830 with Patron and Augustus, and in 1852 with Stockwell, with whom, it is well remembered, the St. Leger was afterwards won, to the great joy of Wothorpe; the Goodwood Stakes, the Ascot Cup—his Galata beating Lucetta, described as “the wonder of the age,” in 1833, in the presence of William the Fourth and his Court. It was on the Royal Heath, too, that Stockwell ran such a tremendous race with Teddington for the Emperor’s Vase, a prize which might have gone to the sideboard at Burghley, had not the afterwards famous sire pulled Norman quite out of the saddle and overpowered him when half the distance had been covered, which was probably the cause of Job Marson’s being able to land Teddington the winner by a head on the post. Lord Exeter’s sideboard might, indeed, well spare the Vase, as it was already laden with Cups and other trophies, placed there through the fleetness and stoutness of its owner’s coursers. But in later years the successes of the Wothorpe paddocks were few and very far between; and the immensely popular narrow blue and white stripes were much oftener seen carried hopelessly in the rear rather than in the van, where all, and especially the bookmakers, would have preferred to see them. The cause of this was probably to be found in an attachment of Lord Exeter’s—like that of Lord Glasgow—to certain strains of blood, and perseverance in breeding from them long after their worthlessness for the purposes of competition had been

demonstrated to everybody else acquainted with the subject of breeding and racing. Lord Exeter always bred for stoutness, and his haras near his seat at Burghley produced many good horses; and the stable contained Stockwell—though it had not the good luck to breed him—who proved at the stud one of the most successful horses of modern times. Stockwell, bred by Mr. Thellusson in 1849, was by The Baron out of Pocahontas by Glencoe. He won the St. Leger in Lord Exeter's colours, and by Marquis's year was already the sire of three St. Leger winners in succession—St. Albans, 1860; Caller Ou, 1861; and The Marquis, 1862—a feat that had only been rivalled by Sir Peter; and in the next five years was the sire of three more St. Leger winners, Blair Athol, Lord Lyon, and Achievement. On the decease of Lord Londesborough, to whom the horse had passed from Lord Exeter, Stockwell was sold to Mr. Naylor for 4,500 guineas. His stock first appeared on the Turf in 1858.

In 1855, Lord Exeter had to provide a sum of seventy thousand pounds for the construction of a branch railway to Essendine, and he thought proper to offer his stud for sale in one lot for ten thousand pounds, as Lord George Bentinck and Colonel Peel had done in previous years. The purchase would have contained Stockwell—as the Bentinck lot included Surplice—and so would have been a very advantageous bargain for whomsoever had bought it. Lord George sold incontinently a Derby win-

ner, and missed the prize he had so long striven for when it was within his grasp. Lord Exeter's horse was good enough to have "spread-eagled" his field for the Derby of his year. "Stockwell, but for an attack of lampas, which came on between the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, and an accident in running the race, would have won for the Marquis of Exeter that prize which he so much deserved; but his disappointment was atoned for by the St. Leger, which Stockwell carried away in a canter, the little Daniel looking like a pigmy beside him." One of Stockwell's grandest performances was his victory over Kingston in the struggle for the Whip at Newmarket. In that race, over the Beacon Course, each horse carried ten stones, and the race was run at a splitting pace, both jockeys having orders to make the running. Those in charge of Stockwell were convinced that he could beat Kingston for stoutness; and those in charge of Kingston thought, and not unreasonably, that Stockwell was not thoroughly trained. Indeed, it is a tradition to this day at Newmarket that Stockwell never was really "fit" during his whole racing career, and that his immense superiority to other horses of his time was never shown. In the race for the Whip, Kingston collapsed at the Turn of the Lands, and Stockwell rolled in, much distressed after his terrific gallop.

No private offer for Lord Exeter's horses being forthcoming, it was decided, in October of the

same year, to call in the assistance of Mr. Richard Tattersall, who disposed of them under the hammer. Except the sale of the Hampton Court stud on the death of William the Fourth, and of the Londesborough stud, no sales had previously created so much interest in the sporting world; but so high were the reserves that only sixteen animals were disposed of—namely, four brood mares, two yearlings, and ten foals. Stockwell was the subject of a great contest; but at last Scott, the manager of Lord Londesborough's stables, venturing to exceed his commission, secured the great sire of the next generation of horseflesh for Yorkshire, in opposition to the spirited biddings of the French buyers.

A Tory in politics, Lord Exeter, like his illustrious ancestor of the Elizabethan period, was in high favour at Court, and, under successive administrations, he became Lord Chamberlain and Groom of the Stole to the late Prince Consort. Lord Exeter died in 1867, and his successor—a respectable officer of militia, and county magistrate—has shown no sign of reviving the glories of Wothorpe and Foley House.

Contemporaries of the Marquess, Lords Derby and Palmerston, though both lovers of the sport, raced from different motives. The nobleman whose career on the Turf has been sketched in the preceding pages, kept a large stud, bred horses extensively, and entered them liberally for engagements, because, probably, among the less serious pursuits of

life, he loved seeing a horse-race best, though a herd of shorthorns was almost as dear to his eyes.

The two statesmen, who for so many years took a leading part in the politics of their country, were undoubtedly both of them keen lovers of the sport; but, honest as they were, they had a regard to popularity as well; for it has long been held as gospel that the leader of either of the two great parties but considers his own interests in the country if his colours are occasionally seen to the front at Epsom, Goodwood, Newmarket, Ascot, and Doncaster. Lord Derby, who was equally a good sportsman in the stubble and on the moor, may well be supposed to have inherited the great partiality of his father and grandfather for the sport of which he was for so many years one of the strongest supporters. While his father's horses were under his management, Pearce and Saunders trained them; but after his father's death, when the stud became his own, he transferred the horses in training to the care of John Scott, with whom he remained, leaving to the great Northern trainer the entire control of his racers. Unfortunately, De Clare and Boiardo, horses of whom much was expected, broke down during their training for their three-year-old engagements, while Dervish and Toxophilite proved non-stayers. In spite, however, of Derby disappointments, the scholarly Tory statesman had his share of the good things of the Turf, winning the Oaks, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Cesarewitch, the



Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, innumerable produce Stakes at Newmarket, Ascot, and York, besides a whole host of minor races all over the country, which fell to his lot. In 1858 Lord Derby decided to sell the greater portion of his stud—an announcement that created much surprise at the time. Mr. Tattersall sold the lots at Doncaster Meeting, when the amount realized by those sold was upwards of £5,000. Lord Derby was a large breeder at Knowsley, and his crosses were very judicious, resulting in some good animals. His favourite jockey was Frank Butler, whose riding he admired, and whose services he held in high esteem.

Lord Palmerston, though perhaps rather more than Lord Derby's equal in statesmanship and popularity with his countrymen, cut a decidedly inferior figure on the Turf. But the reason may well have been that he had not a Knowsley rent-roll at his back. He was a good judge of horses, a clever breeder, though on a small scale, and a good patron and supporter of the national sport; and had his fortune been larger, there can be no doubt his name would have appeared in the pages of "Weatherby" as the owner of a very long string of horses in training, for nobody knew better the value to a popular statesman of being seen pretty often on a race-course, and winning a fair share of straight run races between March and November every season.

A Hampshire proprietor, Lord Palmerston natu-

rally gave his first support to his own county; and so far back as 1816 his name appears as an owner of a race-horse running at Winchester. This was a filly named Mignonette, by Sorcerer, trained for him by Grandfather Day, sire of Honest John, and grandsire of the present old John Day. To Oughton Downs Lord Palmerston was true in his allegiance for many a year, and would have remained so to the end had it not been for his stud groom, Ward, quarrelling with the Days, and insisting on his lordship's sending his horses to Goater. Lizborough, Greyleg, and Conquest did good service to Lord Palmerston at all the South-country Meetings. His best animal, however, was Iliona, knocked down to him for sixty-five guineas at Lord George Bentinck's sale at Tattersall's. With this capital mare he won the Cesarewitch and several other races. Her breeding, by Priam out of Galopade's dam, suggested the name Iliona—

*"Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserit olim  
Maxima natarum Priami."*

though it was usually Lord Palmerston's custom to name his horses after his farms; and a pretty squabble followed as to the quantity of the "i"—Lord Maidstone, who had taken a first-class at Oxford, maintaining at a white heat that the "i" was long; while Mr. W. H. Gregory, then member for Dublin, a scholar of repute, at an equal temperature took the short side. Mr. Greville, Mr. Payne, and other followers of the sport who knew the classics, were

consulted; but their opinion was not considered of sufficient authority to settle the bets, which were heavy—"long or short" at the time being sufficient to provoke an almost interminable argument and many wagers in any company of gentlemen. It was at length decided to refer the matter to the Master of Trinity, and abide by his decision. The Master said the "i" was short, and "an immense amount of money changed hands."

In Iliona the racing fortunes of the great statesman culminated. After this his stud rarely if ever contained an animal of first-rate merit; but he always kept a few "second-raters" in training, in which he took a great personal interest whenever political business and the cares of State permitted him to visit them. His jockeys were confined to the Day family, who were proud of their connection with Broadlands, five of its members having had Lord Palmerston's jacket. At last, however, when Alfred Day was no longer able to ride the weight, Sam Rogers and George Fordham had the mounts.

If Lord Palmerston won few great races during his long connection with the Turf, and was unable to add to the plate at Broadlands or Cambridge House any of its most splendid trophies, his influence upon the national sport was none the less marked.

To his assistance in a large measure must be ascribed the passing of the Act to restrain those nefarious *qui tam* actions which form the subject of

a previous chapter. For these services Lord Palmerston received the unanimous thanks of the Jockey Club, and was elected a member of the Club without ballot.

To him the Epsom week owes the title of "our Isthmian games," and by him the Derby was called "the Blue Riband of the Turf," it is said, before Lord Beaconsfield used the phrase in his conversation with Lord George Bentinck.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MR. GREVILLE—CARACTACUS—CALLER OU—GLADIATEUR—BLAIR ATHOL—JOHN OSBORNE—J. F. HERRING.

THE name of Greville, well known in political circles as that of a Whig of the old school, always in the list of guests at the dinners at Lansdowne House, powerful at Brooks's and White's, was omnipotent with the Jockey Club. At the two former institutions, Mr. Charles Greville often filled the position of arbitrator upon various affairs of honour and matters in dispute, while at Tattersall's his *dicta* were rarely or never appealed from. True, as we have seen, he was unable to calm the troubled waters raised over the "i" in Iliona; but upon most social political and racing matters referred to him his word was law, while his extensive and accurate knowledge of classical literature pointed to him as a proper referee in such a controversy. As he was a Whig of the Whigs, so he was a sportsman of the old-fashioned school, adhering as rigidly to the single-breasted green coat of the Regency as the Duke of Wellington did to the blue frock coat and white trousers. Liberal almost to a fault with his ser-

vants, he always avoided the error of rushing into an excess of lavishness after a great race, and giving the jockey and trainer the stakes between them, as some owners have done. Mr. Greville was, after the manner of the generation to which he belonged, what would now be considered a heavy bettor, as he often stood to win many thousands over a race; for example, when Teddington won the Derby, Davis, the "Leviathan," handed him a crossed cheque for £15,000 on the Thursday morning. Mr. Greville's greatest success on the Turf was with Mango for the St. Leger in 1837, when he won a great stake, having backed his horse very heavily after Honest John's trial of him with The Drummer on the Winchester racecourse. Lord George Bentinck was a sharer in the spoil, and at his suggestion £500 each were given to John Day for his artistic trial of Mango; to Sam Day for his admirable jockeyship, and his courage in "splitting" Abraham Newland and The Doctor in the race, and so securing the first place for his own mount; and to Dilly for his skilful training. Dilly continued to train for Mr. Greville until Muscovite's victory in the Cesarewitch, when he retired into private life, with a competent fortune, with the kindest wishes of his employer, the reputation of having passed a long life on the Turf in incorruptible integrity, and with the knowledge—probably rare in those days—that he had never once been under an obligation to a betting man, and never had backed

a horse for a greater sum than ten pounds in his life.

After Dilly's retirement, Mr. Greville's horses were sent to be trained, some to Alec Taylor at Fyfield, and some to Tom Taylor, his brother. As the number of horses in training was reduced, the breeding stud was increased; Orlando, purchased of General Peel, being the lord of the harem and the most fashionable sire of his day. The mares were selected with rare judgment from the reputed best blood to be obtained; and Mr. Greville's stud at Hampton Court was for years one of the finest in England.

Mr. Greville was partial all his life to racing in confederacy with one or another of his friends. First, on Lord Chesterfield taking to the Turf he was associated with him; when at length a separation between them occurred, he joined the "Napoleon of the Turf," Lord George Bentinck. They parted, some years after, because Mr. Greville insisted upon their horse Preserve being started for the Goodwood Stakes, a course strongly objected to by Lord George Bentinck. The third and last confederacy was with that splendid sportsman and most honourable of men, Mr. George Payne, in whom Damon found a Pythias, and their close friendship continued to the end.

But, considerable as were Mr. Greville's successes on the Turf, large as was the number of good horses he always kept in training, and numerous as were

the prizes which fell to his share, his career but illustrated the line—

“Man never is but always to be blest;”

for his Derby favourites, Canadian and Alarm, did but disappoint the hopes they had raised. Alarm, who had been tried and found good enough to carry off any Derby, was knocked down in the race—Merry Monarch's year—by The Libel, and so had his chance extinguished. Mr. Greville was not then on good terms with Lord George Bentinck. They were standing near each other in the Ring at Epsom when the accident occurred, and the first intimation Mr. Greville had of the wreck of his hopes was hearing the cold tones of his old confederate's voice, as he remarked to a bystander, with his telescope to his eye, “There is a horse down on the ground; he is kicking violently; his jockey lies insensible. I don't think he will be able to ride again this season. He has a dark blue jacket, and I believe it is Mr. Greville's Alarm.”

At the time, Mr. Greville stood to win forty thousand pounds by the victory of his horse, of which but a moment before he felt assured, and he had also the first call on the services of the disabled jockey, then at the zenith of his popularity, Elnathan Flatman.

The Canadian affair, with all its attending unpleasant circumstances, has been recorded. Here there was no after-satisfaction; but Alarm did make up for his owner's misfortune by winning for him the



Cambridgeshire and a good stake in bets; the Ascot Cup, defeating the otherwise unconquered Orlando, ridden by Flatman; the Orange Cup at Goodwood, the Claret Stakes at Newmarket, and three out of four very heavy matches made for him.

Adine was another valuable animal to Mr. Greville, as with her he won the Ebor Handicap in 1852, landing a large sum in bets, and in the next year the Goodwood Stakes; and an idea of the state of the market in the Ring at that time may be formed from the fact that upon John Osborne's remarking to Captain Scott, a great bettor of that time, that Adine "went better than anything else," the Captain was able in ten minutes to back the mare to win him £15,000 without materially altering the betting.

Frantic was another good horse, as he beat Daniel O'Rourke at York, and won the Manchester Union Cup in a large field. Concerning this victory there is a curious contemporary anecdote preserved. Mr. Greville, taking his ticket at Euston Station, overheard a person in the crowd instruct a friend at once to "wire" an agent to back Frantic for all he could get on at certain odds, as "the old gentleman would never have gone down to such a place as Manchester unless he had at least a stone in hand."

Muscovite, although he carried off the Cesarewitch, was an unfortunate horse for Mr. Greville's friends, as they had backed him heavily in the Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, when he was beaten by Mr. Padwick's Virago. He was the "sensation"

horse of the year. In spite of his going to Newmarket thoroughly trained, he was the subject of the constant opposition of the Ring, or rather of a few individuals connected with it. Dilly, the trainer, was afraid of his horse being "nobbled," so furious was the opposition of the "pencillers;" and only Mr. Payne, Mr. Greville, Nat Flatman, and the head lad, who had been in the service of the stable for twenty years, were allowed access to the horse. "He came to Newmarket as fine as a star, went like a bullet, and was located in Nat's own stables; but the same fearful hostility was displayed against him in the Ring as had been exhibited on previous occasions; and so frightened were both Mr. Greville and Mr. Payne that they hardly dared back him." The trainer's opinion, publicly stated, was that, if his horse was not shot on the Heath, he would go in alone. This he did; and one of his opponents had to pay £27,000 over the victory of Muscovite.

Mr. Greville was very unfortunate in what his friends termed "falling foul of the press." In the days of his managing the Duke of York's stud at Newmarket, the *Daily News* attacked him in his capacity of Clerk to the Privy Council—a post he held through several Administrations; but to these violent party diatribes he never replied. The *Sunday Times* charged him with "milking" Canadian for the Derby. This drew forth an answer, in the shape of an action for libel, and damages for the plaintiff, £250, followed in due course. The *Racing*

*Times* made a hubbub about his lending Cariboo to Lord Derby to make the running for Canezou in the Goodwood Cup, instead of trying to win that race for himself with his horse. The article was undoubtedly libellous. Mr. Greville rode down to the Strand, to the office of the paper, on his roan hack, when he found the leading line of the contents bill to be "Old Greville and his Cariboo!—boo!—boo!" His features were well known at the publishing office, and he caused some alarm by purchasing a copy—it was supposed for the purpose of proving publication—and riding off with it. This time, however, Mr. Greville only laughed, as he showed the paper to his friends, and told them that he was called in it the greatest villain under the sun. Mr. Greville died in January, 1865.

The Derby of 1862 brought with it a surprise to most backers and followers of public form, in the victory of Caractacus over an immense field, which included Mr. Hawke's *The Marquis* and Mr. Merry's *Buckstone*. A large number of persons, however, were "on;" and as the horse started at 40 to 50 to 1, a large stake could be won against a small sum. Caractacus was bred by Mr. Blenkiron, at Eltham, in 1859, by Kingston out of *Defenceless* by *Defence*, her dam by Cain out of *Ridotto* by *Reveller*—Walton. Kingston was bred by General Peel, in 1849, by *Venison* out of *Queen Anne* by *Slane*. It was rather through Caractacus being started three times

as a two-year-old, and five times as a three-year-old, without winning, than to any want of appreciation of his good qualities as a yearling, that he was allowed to start at such a forlorn price; for on his appearance in the sale ring at the Middle Park summer auction in 1860 he created much interest by his fine appearance. "Great stir," we read, "was occasioned by the appearance of the next lot, a rich bay colt by Kingston out of Defenceless, having, oddly enough, the near hind leg grey, his quarters being also ticked. Combined with the finest symmetry, he could boast of rare strength, his hocks, knees, and legs being as good as ever stood under a thoroughbred. From 100 guineas, the first bid, he quickly reached 250 guineas, up to which, by 'tenners' at a time, he was pertinaciously bid by Mr. Snewing, who seemed little to relish the hesitation Mr. Tattersall displayed when obliged to give the final knock at a figure so little commensurate with the colt's really fine appearance, and for which, had he belonged to the Royal Stud, at least double the price would to a certainty have been obtained."

Mr. Snewing got a great bargain, and Mr. Blenkirton lived to turn the tables on the Royal Stud sales. But Caractacus did not at first fulfil his yearling promise. He was sent to William Day to be trained, and his first appearance was made at Harpenden; but this and his subsequent attempts at two years old proved failures. At three years old, after five losses—though one was a head second for the

Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom—Caractacus won the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath, ridden by J. Grimshaw, and with 10 to 1 betted against him. On that day week, with J. Parsons on his back, he carried off the Derby. Goater was selected to ride him for the great race, but he preferred a mount on Spite; and in the emergency it was decided that Parsons, the lad who had always "looked after" the Somersetshire Stakes winner, should have the mount. To prevent his having a nervous week before the event, he was simply told that in a few days he would have to ride a trial. He was told also to live as well as he could, eat whatever he liked, and get as heavy as he could. Parsons obeyed instructions with a will, heard the news of his luck and advancement without trepidation, and "finished in front" past Epsom Stands with a coolness that showed him a jockey. But he had hardly eaten enough; for the "all right" at the scales was almost as near a thing as it had been with Wells and Beadsman. The bridle was brought in to him, and he pulled the scale. On this occasion, "Orange Blossom," the poet and prophet of *Bell's Life*, specially distinguished himself by these lines, which were published on the Saturday preceding the Derby:—

"Caractacus, whose wonderous shape  
Sets every country mouth agape—  
And if, of the outsiders there,  
One horse should pass the winning chair,  
Enrolled in the successful three,  
Be sure Caractacus is he."

Caractacus did not start for the St. Leger, which was won by the Marquis, beating Mr. Merry's Buckstone second, and Lord Glasgow's Clarissa filly third, for the great North-country race. The Marquis, bred by Mr. Stanhope Hawke, in 1859, by Stockwell out of Cinizelli by Touchstone, her dam Brocade, by Pantaloon—Bombasine by Thunderbolt.

Soon after the Marquis's St. Leger, there passed away Bill Chifney, brother of the great Sam, at the ripe old age of seventy-eight. For years he had been in very poor circumstances, living in the Model Lodging-houses at Pentonville, and getting down to his "dear Heath" when the state of the exchequer allowed of a third-class return ticket to Newmarket. Even there he was sometimes too feeble to get farther than the top of the town, where, with his back to the cemetery wall, he would watch the horses returning to stables after their races. When it was one of his good days, he braved the blasts of the Heath in an ancient blue cloak, and a hat made secure with a parti-coloured bandanna. He was in appearance "like a tall, thin, elderly clergyman, rather lame; but he retained all that high-bred manner which marked him as a relic of the Prince Regent's Turf prime." He was garrulous, but a *laudator temporis acti*. In his London lodging, or at a Newmarket tavern, he would gather round him a knot of such as were willing to listen to the traditions of the giants—the history of the palmy times. Of his father, of Buckle and Robinson, of Connolly,

and his nephew, Frank Butler, he would talk by the hour; but his brother Sam he rather affected to pooh-pooh. Then, with his pipe in his mouth and a cup of ale before him, he was Sir Oracle. "There he sat, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until, on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse"—though poor Bill Chifney talked rather of men than of horses, Zinganee being the only animal he ever seemed to have a pride in mentioning.

1861 saw the victory of Caller Ou by Stockwell, in the St. Leger, to the intense surprise of everybody who witnessed it. The breeder and trainer was Mr. I'Anson, already well known on the Turf as the owner of Blink Bonny, and the breeder and owner of her famous son Blair Athol by Stockwell; and his principle of going to work was identical with that of his old friend, the author of the maxim that if horses want sweating, "let 'em sweat for the brass." Caller Ou, as much as any animal that ever trod the Turf, did "sweat for the brass" as a two-year-old. She was started no less than twelve times with very indifferent success. Her first appearance was at Beverley Races, in June, 1860, where, ridden by Charlton, and carrying 8st. 3lbs., she was unable to get a place even for the Bishop Burton Stakes, for which, however, she started favourite, at 2 to 1 against her, in a field of twelve runners. Altogether, she won three times out of her twelve attempts as a two-year-old, on

these occasions beating nothing of particular merit; but she ran three highly respectable seconds in her first year, and was regarded by her party at home in a very different light from that in which she was viewed by the public at large. Her winnings amounted at this time to £230, but the next year was to tell a very different tale. She started seventeen times, and won eight events, ranging in value from a £50 Plate at Malton to the St. Leger at Doncaster, £4,300—her total winnings for the season being £5,784. Challoner was chiefly associated with her in her performances, riding her in her head victory in the St. Leger with great skill and judgment; and with him in the saddle she walked over for her first Queen's Plate, at Richmond, Yorkshire—a race in which she afterwards became as famous as Fisherman had been in his day.

In this year, Mr. Percy Wyndham began a crusade against Queen's Plates, by a motion in the House of Commons, which, after a speech and some discussion, he withdrew. This motion came with singularly bad effect from the mouth of a descendant of Lord Egremont, living at Petworth, rich in memories of Whalebone and Gohanna, and close to the town of Lewes, pre-eminent for the annual struggle for its Royal Plate over a period of three-quarters of a century. The grounds on which Mr. Wyndham thought proper to urge the withdrawal of the Royal grant were those of economy. £5,000 a year might be saved if Parliament would agree to his motion,



and refuse the vote this year, being as nearly as possible £2,000 a year less than Mr. Gladstone was at that time obtaining for the national exchequer from the duty on race-horses. It was urged on the other side that Royal Plates had conserved their original object of improving the breed of horses; that this small boon was still as important almost to the welfare of racing as when it was granted for the "Royal Diversion," and furnished forth only the race at Black Hambleton. It was admitted that to the great Meetings it made no difference whether they had a Queen's Plate or not; but to small Meetings, at which it is a matter of difficulty to get subscriptions, where the attendance of the Ring and the public in the Stand enclosure is small, the matter is of the first importance; whilst the saving to be obtained by the withdrawal of the annual grant would be hardly an appreciable benefit to the public purse. This subject has very often been debated, and various proposals for the modification of the existing grant have been made, sometimes by persons versed in Turf affairs and cognisant of its requirements, at others by *dilettanti* improvers, themselves alike ignorant and unimprovable. The great increase in the value of other Stakes at all the great Race Meetings which the last twenty years has seen, arising from the greater liberality of the various executives in the matter of added money, very likely called for some alteration in the stereotyped hundred guineas doled out from the national purse, and

appearing as one of the charges in the Civil List. Accordingly, at length a change was made—some fifteen years after Mr. Wyndham's motion for the abolition—that involved no increase of expenditure of public funds, nor any diminution of the small sum annually given in the way of State support to the national sport. In effect, it was this: to roll two or three Queen's Plates into one stake, and so endeavour at the better class of Meetings to attract more competitors, and those competitors of higher quality. The change came into force for the first time in the racing season of 1876, the Master of the Horse having decreed the alteration, in conformity with generally expressed opinions, and with the sanction of a majority of the members of the Jockey Club. The sum annually given for Queen's Plates in England amounted to 3,200 guineas, divided into sums of 100 guineas each, and distributed among thirty-two different Meetings. For years past the number of starters for Queen's Plates had been generally very small, owing to the large sums of money added to races at all good Meetings, and the Royal guineas had constantly been either walked over for or won by horses of the most moderate calibre. A reform suggested in many quarters had been previously carried out. The three Queen's Plates allotted to Newmarket had been consolidated into one Plate of 300 guineas, to be run for in October; and this had been found to answer so well that Lord Bradford followed the precedent in dealing with the twenty-

nine Queen's Plates which were run for in what in sporting language are termed the "provinces." The Ascot Queen's Plate was suppressed; the York and Richmond prizes were arranged in such a way that there should be one of 200 guineas, to be run for at the former place every year, and at Richmond every two years; and the twenty-six others were grouped into thirteen, to be run for in alternate years, at Northampton and Huntingdon, Chester and Shrewsbury, Ipswich and Chelmsford, Manchester and Liverpool, Winchester and Salisbury, Hampton and Egham, Newcastle and Carlisle, Nottingham and Leicester, Goodwood and Epsom, Lewes and Canterbury, Weymouth and Plymouth, Lichfield and Warwick, and Lincoln and Doncaster. They were run for in that year at thirteen of the places in the list, and also at Newmarket and York, and there were altogether fifty-nine competitors for the fifteen prizes. Lilian, who secured seventeen Queen's Plates in 1874 and six in 1875, was first in the list, for she was successful in four of the new prizes.

The effect has been good from the first, as Mr. "Launde's" celebrated mare, Apology, won the two races at Manchester and Newcastle before her withdrawal from the Turf; and upon the whole the quality of the winners has been better since the alteration than it was for years before it. There can be no doubt that the experiment, successful as it has been, would have been much more so had the Master of the Horse followed the Newmarket prece-

dent, and reduced the number of races still further, so as to make the value of each Plate 300 instead of 200 guineas. That such would have been the case may be inferred from the fact that the largest and best field of the year 1876 assembled at the post for the Newmarket prize, there being eight runners for it; while at Winchester, Hampton, and Nottingham there were six; at Lichfield and Lincoln, five; at Ipswich, four; at Northampton, York, and Weymouth, three; and only two at Chester, Manchester, Newcastle, Goodwood, and Lewes.

To return to Caller Ou. The great mare was bred by Mr. I'Anson, in 1858, by Stockwell out of Haricot by Mango or Lanercost, her dam Queen Mary by Gladiator, her dam by Plenipotentiary out of Myrrha by Whalebone.

Haricot was also bred by Mr. I'Anson, in 1847, and was the first foal of Queen Mary, dam of the famous Blink Bonny. Haricot was herself a good performer on the Turf. She threw Canty Boy and Cramond before Caller Ou, after whose birth she was sold by her owner to Colonel Towneley. Caller Ou's appearance was anything but prepossessing, though she was known in the stable as one of the "cut and come again" sort. She was described at three years old as an odd, old-fashioned filly, standing fifteen hands three inches high; of a bad mealy or rusty-brown colour, with wonderful depth of girth and fine shoulders as her chief points. Her thighs were voted good, but otherwise she was a "short, common-

looking mare," of "hacky" appearance. She had a swish tail, mean quarters, a plain head, and a quick, vulgar walk, altogether resembling very much her distinguished aunt, Blink Bonny, in appearance, action, and, it may very well be added, in performances. Her price for the St. Leger, when she beat Colonel Towneley's Kettledrum and a good field, was nominally 1,000 to 15, but 100 to 1 could have been obtained as often as wanted.

Challoner's riding in Caller Ou's St. Leger gained him great praise, and he has maintained, by ability and good conduct, the opinions formed of him. Trained for his profession by John Osborne, at Ashgill, in ten years from his first mount he was at the head of contemporary jockeys. His first appearance in public was in 1854. In the seven years that passed between his race on The Spinner at Warwick and his riding Caller Ou for the St. Leger, he had had a large share of business. That race, and his dead-heat on Gaspard against Artless for the Cesarewitch of 1859, stamped him a jockey. "At Doncaster, on Caller Ou, he electrified the whole world of Tykes and strangers by beating Luke Snowden and Kettledrum by a head for the St. Leger," with any odds you pleased from 100 to 1 against the mare. Challoner had also ridden her for the Oaks, but her peculiar temper had not then been quite interpreted. In days gone by nobody but a Sam Chifney would ever have dared to be seen so far out of his ground, as the layers of the odds on the green and gold have now

pretty generally to watch and wait for the old mare "a-coming."

With Caller Ou it was always necessary to ride a waiting race, and in Queen's Plates she was often so distanced that to all but those who knew her rare staying powers it seemed impossible that she could ever again rejoin her field.

Twenty to one was once laid on her in a Queen's Plate at Liverpool, won by Stanton: a well-known Ring man, who took 2,000 to 100, remarking at the time that he had only one chance, "There's t' canal at bottom of t' coorse—her may roon into that." In this instance she was beaten by an inferior horse, through having got hopelessly behind her field in the first half of the race.

Good judges have held that the three best horses of modern times have been Blair Athol, Favonius, and Cremorne; and they have asserted, with much show of confidence, that either of the three could have galloped Eclipse or the Flying Childers to a standstill. If this is the case—and it is a matter which it is impossible to settle in this world—there has been not only no deterioration in our thoroughbred stock, but a certain and steady improvement from equine generation to generation, culminating in perfection—the English Derby winner in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Like Caller Ou, Blair Athol was bred—in 1861—and trained by Mr. William I'Anson at Malton: by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny by Melbourne, her dam Queen

Mary by Gladiator, grand-dam by Plenipotentiary out of Myrrha by Whalebone. The celebrated Blink Bonny, like Eleanor, winner of both Derby and Oaks, was also bred by Mr. I'Anson, in 1854. She did not train on, and was in consequence put to the stud. She was put to Newminster, and her first foal was Borealis, a filly of more than average merit, foaled in 1860. The next year she threw Blair Athol, and in 1862 his own brother, Breadalbane. To the great loss of her owner, the Malton trainer, this splendid mare died soon after dropping Breadalbane—Mr. Chaplin's sensational Derby candidate three years later—and her orphan foal was brought up on the milk of another mare. Blink Bonny's dam, Queen Mary, the mother of Mr. I'Anson's stud, had also a somewhat peculiar history; for she was originally made a present to Mr. I'Anson by Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, and some time afterwards, not being valued at much more by the trainer than she had been by her former owner, she was sold for a small sum. Subsequently Mr. I'Anson altered his mind, and bought her back again, with her produce, Braxey and Balrownie, in addition to "the flower of the flock," Blink Bonny. Queen Mary also threw, in successive years, Haricot, Blooming Heather, Bonnie Scotland, Balnamoon, Bab-at-the-Bowster, Bonnyfield, Bonny Breastknot, and Bonny Bell.

At the time of his running for the Derby in 1864, Blair Athol was stated to be the joint property of Captain Cornish and Mr. I'Anson. This grand colt was

ridden by James, brother of Luke Snowden, with great judgment. But it is matter of history that the colt was so raw in running his first race, that at Tattenham Corner his jockey was obliged to raise his whip and give him a smart side-binder; at the distance, however, he had all his horses beaten, and he won very easily by two lengths. The public were on the horse to a very large extent; but the winnings of his immediate party were comparatively small, considering the good prices obtainable about him all through the winter, and that he started at 14 to 1. The race over the historic mile and a half was run in two minutes forty-eight seconds. The field was very large and very good in quality, including Lord Glasgow's General Peel, second, and Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief, third. To the astonishment of the sporting world, he suffered defeat, on the Sunday week following the Derby, by M. H. Delamarre's Vermout, for the Grand Prix de Paris, of 100,000 francs and the piece of plate given by the late Emperor. Blair Athol had continually disappointed the public by not appearing for any of his engagements as a two and three-year-old, never having left his owner's and trainer's stables at Malton until he faced the vast crowd on Epsom Downs. The general backer, however, was not to be "stalled off," and in the event was the greatest winner. At the time of his first appearance in public, Blair Athol was a beautiful bright chestnut horse, standing within half



an inch of sixteen hands, but hardly looking his height. A handsome head, a blaze of white in his face, a strong, muscular neck and shoulders well laid back to gracefully rising withers; a very short back, splendid loins, and a great depth of girth; one white heel and sound feet, rather inclined to be small. He was further described as "a light, wiry, short horse, as full of go as an India-rubber ball, and, indeed, better in his stride than to stand alongside of, when his appearance is not so telling; while his action, though rather high, is very free and dashing."

Count Lagrange's Fille de L'Air, winner of the Oaks, was the heroine of the same year, and one of the finest movers ever seen on the Turf. She was bred by the Count at Dangu Stud Farm, in Normandy, in 1861, by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Pauline, by Volcano (son of Vulcan), her dam Bathilde, bred in France. Faugh-a-Ballagh, winner of the St. Leger and Cesarewitch, carrying eight stone, was bred in 1841 by Mr. George Knox, of Brownstown, County Kildare; and, after covering, the same season was sold to the French in 1855. Faugh-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules out of Guiccioli by Bob Booty, and was own brother to Birdcatcher. Among the best of his progeny may be reckoned Leamington, Polestar, The Hadji, Master Bagot, and The Brewer.

At the Dangu haras likewise was bred, in the following year, the best horse owned by Count Lagrange, Gladiateur, winner of the three-year-old

treble event—Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger—in 1865. Gladiateur, bred in 1862, by Monarque out of Miss Gladiator by Gladiator, her dam Taffrail, by Sheet Anchor—the Warwick mare, by Merman—Ardrossan.

The sire of Gladiateur, Monarque, had been bred in France ten years before the birth of his great son; but it was not very certain whether he was got by The Baron, Sting, or The Emperor—the first, being esteemed the best of the three horses, is generally credited with the authorship by the Jennings' connection. Monarque's dam was Poetess, by Royal Oak, her dam Ada, by Whisker—Anna Bella, by Shuttle—by Drone. Monarque was a good performer on both sides of the Channel, and was familiar to Englishmen, having won the Goodwood Cup in Count Lagrange's colours in 1857, and the Newmarket Handicap in 1858; while he had previously supplied our Turf with a number of sons and daughters not strangers to the winning-posts at Newmarket, if they fell far short of the excellence displayed by the French champion of 1865.

Miss Gladiator was bred by M. Aumont, and bought at his sale by the Count. She was out of Taffrail, a mare bred by Lord Wenlock, claimed by General Peel out of a selling race at Newmarket, bought from the General by Count Waldstein, who shipped her to Germany in 1853, and subsequently sent her to France as one of a lot bought by M. Aumont.

As Gladiateur appeared at the time of his three-year-old engagements, he was a bay, with black legs, standing sixteen hands one inch high, with a large, plain, but eminently sensible head, a beautifully arched neck, well set on powerful sloping shoulders. His arms and thighs were very muscular, and his girth deep. As a two-year-old he only won one out of three attempts, his victorious essay being for the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket. But his three-year-old doings were splendid, as he took not only our three great prizes, but the Grand Prize of Paris, which Blair Athol had missed the year before. The subscriptions also were very good, the value of the Derby being £6,825, of the Two Thousand Guineas £5,100, of the Grand Prize of Paris (with an object of art) £5,744, and of the St. Leger £5,950.

Although Breadalbane was very heavily backed, yet the public won largely by the success of the French horse, which altogether was very well received. It unfortunately happened, however, that, as Gladiateur was a remarkably well-grown horse of his age, some doubts existed in the minds of many persons as to his being really only three years old. His owner having run his horses in honourable fashion, it was putting an affront upon him to insist upon a veterinary examination. This, however, Mr. Graham, the owner of Regalia, did, principally because he had heard people say they would accept him as a five-year-old without wanting to look into his mouth ; for when Mr. Graham was informed that

affidavits of Gladiateur's age had been put in after the Derby, he had no further cause to show, and no evidence to produce, simply saying, "People thought he was older than three." The proposal was the more annoying to the Count Lagrange and his friends, because, the year before, Fille de l'Air's mouth had been opened to satisfy John Osborne. At that time there was a good deal of suspicion about "forward" French colts and fillies, and obstinate people persisted, as long as Gladiateur was in training, in saying that he was a year older than he was represented to be. The veterinary surgeons and the stewards, however, were satisfied that he was two years old, and no more, when he came to be trained by Jennings for his engagements, and that the French certificates of date of foaling were correct.

Indeed Gladiateur had an exceptionally "young mouth," so that there really was no foundation even for the theory that he was born very late in the summer of 1861, instead of in the spring of 1862. Gossips, however, persisted in the fable that his age was not correctly stated; and when, upon his death being announced to T. Jennings on Newmarket Heath, the trainer inquired what the horse died of, his informant coolly replied—"Why, of old age, to be sure."

Gladiateur was ridden in his great races by Harry Grimshaw, a promising jockey, who had all the riding for the French stable, but who, unfortunately, met

his death by being thrown from a dogcart, on a dark night, near the toll-gate on the Cambridge and Newmarket road, about a mile and a half out of the University town.

Regalia, the heroine of that year, winner of the Oaks and second in the St. Leger, was bred by Mr. James Cookson, in 1862, by Stockwell out of the Gem by Touchstone, her dam Biddy by Bran—Idalia by Peruvian.

Regalia exhibited a most striking likeness to her half-brother, Blair Athol; for, besides being a bright chestnut and a "Stockwell all over," her white face and legs, and general conformation, reminded all who knew him very strongly of the Derby winner of the year before.

Fisherman, "the ugly brown, with the big hips, long, crooked thighs, high legs, knife-like back, and jumping bump, all in keeping," quitted this earthly scene in August of Gladiateur's year. His name will ever be remembered in connection with the number of Queen's Plates he won, and the "cracks" he broke down. The Stakes he ran for were generally small. In sixty-nine races he won £10,707, and in his one hundred and thirteenth struggle he was beaten only a head—game as ever. A sporting paper gave him the sobriquet of Pride's Purge, and he well deserved the title. He "had' a cut," as George Hall called it, at most of the "cracks" of his day over long courses, and was always in training and always at work—a couple of days' rest and

a gallop at home always sufficing to send him to the post in fit condition to win. Ellington, Lord Zetland's good mare Zeta, Winkfield, Gemma di Vergy, Warlock, Skirmisher, and a host of other horses, had every reason to recollect him, whether he quite "landed" or not. For the power of doing the work of any ten ordinary horses, for ugliness of appearance and hardiness of constitution, Fisherman must be regarded as one of the most remarkable horses the Turf ever saw. Though a "glutton" at long distances, his best course was considered to be one mile and a quarter. Fisherman, like Monarque, was a "bastard," for his pedigree was given as "by Heron, Stork, or Gobler."

John Osborne, sen., the well-known trainer, began life as a hunting groom to Mr. Taylor, of Kirton, and his appearance in connection with the Turf dates back to Charles the Twelfth's year. He gradually got into the way of having a long string of indifferent horses in his hands year after year, until 1842, when the Marquess of Westminster entrusted his string to his care—Sleight of Hand, Maria Day, Auckland, and a number of other animals. Of the last-named horse the Marquess was always very fond, and he placed a very high figure upon him. What were styled the London and North-Western Boiling Stakes, however, were the best he ever won. He was reared at the Moor Park Paddocks, and was travelling North, in the early days of the railways,

with another filly of the Marquess's in the same box with him. The boiler of the engine, which was next the box, burst, and nearly killed the filly on the spot, her scalds being so terrible that she died soon after; but Auckland was lucky enough to escape with some rather bad scalds on his back, taking some of the skin off. The compensation given for the two—and chiefly for the injuries to Auckland's back—was £5,000. John Osborne was unable to make a show with the colt in the Derby—which the Marquess was anxious to win; and after nearly winning with Maria Day and Job Marson at Doncaster, he resigned the charge of the Eaton yellow jacket, which "had nearly given him the jaundice."

There is no doubt that when Osborne left the service of Lord Westminster he had little more of this world's wealth than when he entered it; but a turn in the tide of his fortunes came, and he afterwards acquired a considerable fortune, became patron of a living, now held by one of his sons, and lord of a manor, now held by another son, owned what had been a deer park, and left personalty sworn under £40,000. With Black Doctor, 1850, the fortunes of Ashgill began steadily to rise, and as an artist in the treatment and ripening of two-year-olds old Johnny had no superior. Exact, Lambton, Little Stag, Prince Arthur, King Arthur, Wild Agnes, and the others of the lucky Agnes family, completed what the Doctor had begun, and made the eccentric Ashgill trainer a rich man.

Lords Zetland and Londesborough, Sir Charles Monk, and other Yorkshire owners, were among the best patrons of Plain John, who, by the way, would have been an immortal if it were for nothing else than his grand maxim with two-year-olds, "If they are to be sweated, let 'em sweat for the brass. Do not keep them at home to run one against another for love on Middleham Moor, but let them stretch their young legs on any racecourse in England where good guineas are going, and they have the same chance as the rest—of pouching them for me." It was a policy that in Johnny's clever hands paid well for many a year. Among the best jockeys turned out at the Ashgill academy were John Osborne junior, Challoner, Harry Grimshaw, and Carroll. The old trainer was buried in Coverham Churchyard, in the Coverdale Valley, sacred to the memory of so many Yorkshire jocks.

Of all the men who have painted the English race-horse, John Frederic Herring, without doubt, is entitled to stand first. The efforts of Marshall, Gilpin, Stubbs, and Sartorius are far behind those of the last and greatest master of the art. Herring was born in 1795, the son of a fringe maker, in Newgate-street, and was originally bred to his father's trade; but having, to his father's disgust, shown some artistic tastes, and expressed a desire for instruction, he was placed under a Mr. Phelps, who, being an honest man, returned him after one



lesson, declining to teach him any longer, on the ground that his pupil knew more than he did. The stories that are told in the *New Sporting Magazine* of Herring's early life, by a friend who knew him, have all the air of a romance about them. The lad falls in love, and at an opportune moment his father takes ship for Holland. In the father's absence he is able to win the young lady's affections, and before his father's return, knowing the old man's objection to early marriages, young Herring elopes with his mistress when the ship from Holland is nearly due. They have no money; and, except that they intend to get out of the way of a wrathful parent, they do not know where they shall go. An expedient suggests itself: they possess a gazetteer; the husband tells his wife to hold it while he at random sticks his penknife among the leaves. "Wherever this knife points, my girl, there we go." The blade indicated Doncaster as their future home, and to Doncaster they went. In the quaint old Yorkshire town, as luck would have it, Herring found a bungling painter botching a white horse on the boot and two panels of a yellow coach, to indicate that it ran to the inn of that sign in Fetter-lane. The man lends him his paints and brushes while he goes to dinner. Herring wipes out the anomalous quadruped freshly daubed on the boot of the coach, and when the man returns he finds a well-painted horse in its place. The proprietor of the coach appears on the scene in the nick of time. He discharges the incompetent

workman, and Herring earns his first three guineas by his art for the three white horses he painted on the yellow coach. The fame of the young painter grew. Innkeepers ordered new signboards from him; farmers saw the lion, the bull, or the boar, for the first time looking natural, "in his habit as he lived," and bespoke the artist's attention for their hunters and shorthorns. The young painter also, for the purpose of attaining proficiency in the delineation of horses and coaching scenes, drove a coach running out of Doncaster for several years. He was a good whip, and handled "the ribands" in professional style; while the acquaintances he made on the road became in many instances customers for the production of his easel. He was likewise a skilful musician, playing the clarionet well, and singing the old-fashioned songs with such effect that he was once induced to sing for a period of three weeks at the theatre at Doncaster. His disguise was complete, only his wife knew the handsome painter in the fat, old, snub-nosed fellow on the stage, and her he told, after twice deceiving her as to his identity.

From Doncaster, with his reputation made, Mr. Herring removed to Fulbourne, between Cambridge and Newmarket, rightly considering the headquarters of the Turf the best place for the exercise of his profession. He had for his patrons all the wealthy lovers of the horse, from her most gracious Majesty downwards; and the subjects he painted were numberless. His masterpieces were Arabian horses, and one of

his best pictures is the Queen's Arab, with the camp background, in the collection at Windsor. Mr. Herring died in 1865, at Meopham Park, a short distance from Tonbridge, where he had resided for about ten years, and was buried in the churchyard at Hildenborough, with his son Charles, whose untimely death he felt very keenly.

At the sale at Christie's, in February, 1866, the pictures sold well; but the host of unfinished sketches and studies, as might be expected, fetched but small prices. The "Horse Fair" brought 180 guineas, and the "Cattle Market" being held in Tonbridge High-street, with Market House and Butter Cross complete, sold for ten guineas more; ten somewhat similar lots making an average price of £71 a piece. There was a spirited competition, also, for the finished portraits of horses—sketches made for the larger pictures painted for owners. Among these were likenesses of Bay Middleton, the Flying Dutchman, Glencoe, Irish Birdcatcher, Stockwell, The Baron, Touchstone, Whalebone, Emilius, Orville, and a large gallery of the equine notabilities of the Turf. The result was considered satisfactory by the family, as 190 lots brought £1,806 5s. The sale was well attended by friends and acquaintances who had known the painter in life, out of respect to his memory after he had joined the majority. "It was a good finish to a great career," wrote a friendly pen, when the day was over.

## CHAPTER XV.

LORD HASTINGS'S HORSES—THE DUKE—KANGAROO—  
LADY ELIZABETH—RACING DEBTS—EXTRAVAGANCE  
—THE SCRATCHING OF THE EARL—CORRESPOND-  
ENCE—DEATH OF THE MARQUESS—COMMENTS OF  
THE PRESS ON HIS CAREER.

THE Marquess of Hastings was one of the most prominent figures on the English Turf during his connection with it. A plater called Consternation was the first animal he owned to carry the Donnington scarlet and white, and this was in 1862, when his age was barely twenty. Seven seasons on the Turf saw the end of a career that provoked much comment and many severe remarks; but in dealing with such a man as the late Marquess of Hastings, it is well to bear in mind the injunction contained in a couplet applied to a man of somewhat similar character, and

“Be to his foibles somewhat blind,  
And to his virtues ever kind.”

The son of the Lord Hastings whose connection with foxhounds in the Donnington country—a district formed out of the Quorn—made him famous among M.F.H.s, the late Marquess was born on the 22nd of July, 1842. He succeeded his brother in the

Marquessate, in January, 1851, and his mother in the Barony of Grey de Ruthyn, in November, 1858. Eton and Oxford had the care of his education in the various branches of polite learning; but his stay at the latter seat of sound learning and religious doctrine was brought to a premature close, through a visit he paid to John Day's stables at Danebury, at the invitation of a nobleman of his acquaintance. A liking for the Turf and its pursuits, long half-dormant in his heart, was awakened by a realization of all the charms of a racing stable and training-ground. Consternation became his property, and John Day soon added a string which included Garotter, Tippler, Redcap, Old Fuller, and Attraction. Thus the season of 1863, his second on the Turf, was brought to a close; his platers having rendered a good account of themselves, and paid their way from Northampton right through to Shrewsbury. Lord Hastings was now of age, and something more; and the season of 1864 saw him with a number of animals added to the list of his horses in training. Of these were Trumps, Grinder, Lady Egidia, Lady Florence, Ondine, Olive, Pantaloon, Catalogue, and Ackworth. This year, also, The Duke, with which all the Danebury party hoped to secure Derby honours, was brought out in a Bien-nial at Stockbridge, and won very cleverly in the hands of Judd, so that after his race he was within an ace of being first favourite for the Derby of the following year; and notwithstanding his double

defeat at Newmarket July Meeting, in the July Stakes and the Chesterfield Stakes, he was until a fortnight of the great race always second or third favourite for the Blue Riband. Influenza having strüek him down, he was scratched about fourteen days before the Derby. This was a great blow to the Danebury party, as John Day had stoutly maintained the opinion that he would beat Gladiateur when they met on Epsom Downs.

Up to this time, as far as the backing of his own horses was concerned, Lord Hastings had been very fortunate, for his string had among them carried off a host of the smaller events. The first great race, however, that fell to his lot was the Cambridgeshire Stakes, won by his horse Ackworth, whom he purchased from Mr. Hill, after running third for the Cesarewitch Stakes to Lord Coventry's Thalestris and Mr. W. Robinson's Gratitude. Ackworth's victory brought a very large stake in bets to the exchequer; and Cannon, who rode the winner, received a very liberal sum as a mark of his master's appreciation of his riding in the race. This year also saw him married, after a romantic elopement, to Lady Florence Paget, daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey.

By the year '65, the string of horses carrying the scarlet and white hoops, in the hands of John Day at Danebury, was rarely, if ever, less than fifty, among the lot being many good animals. A "sensational" purchase was made in the spring, by the advice

of his friends, who doubtless thought their counsel sound. Kangaroo had won a three-year-old Biennial at Newmarket, very easily beating a Danebury favourite, and was engaged in the great races. It was urged that the owner of such a wonderful performer would have the historic prizes of our Turf in his grasp. In an evil hour for his purse, Lord Hastings adopted this conclusion as his own, and paid Mr. Padwick for Kangaroo the highest price that had ever been paid for a race-horse. The colt turned out to be the rankest of impostors, his win in the Biennial on the Heath had been a fluke, and his trial on the Stockbridge racecourse a mistake. But the Marquess bore his great disappointment with that stoicism which always distinguished him until his nerves became shattered.

He had reason, indeed, to regret an error in connection with his estimation of the merits of a horse even more than the mistake he made when he consented to become the purchaser of Kangaroo. Hermit he believed to be unable to win the Derby, and this opinion cost him probably ten times as much as he lost over Mr. Padwick's Biennial winner.

Lady Elizabeth and Lecturer got him back some of the money he had lost, but he was never to know ease of mind again: an intolerable burthen of money troubles he had to support for the remainder of his short life. All was paid at that time. After the "rose" of Mr. Chaplin had shot to the front in the Derby, the Marquess dashed into Epsom in a

barouche and four, apparently as gay as any of his friends. "Let the galled jade wince" was written on his face, but his heart had received a blow it never recovered. When he admitted to a friend, a few days before his death, that the Hermit hit had fairly broken his heart, he added, "I didn't show it—did I?" His debts to the Ring led to a great scandal, kept up for months; and it was at Newmarket, on his last visit to the Heath, that the bookmaker who had laid him a small bet on one of the races of the day reminded him of his fallen state, in the proviso, "Mind, I'm to have this paid." To this sketch of the Turf career of the unfortunate Marquess of Hastings may, perhaps with advantage, be added two contemporary articles, one written in his lifetime, and showing the state of feeling about his gambling debts; the other after his death, by a not unfriendly hand. The newspaper articles are from a leading sporting journal and a Liberal daily paper:—

"It is a thankless task to rake up the muddy waters of Turf scandal; but when they threaten the stability of the institution itself, every one who would see it preserved should gird up his loins for the work. It is, we are assured by the adage of popular wisdom, impossible to touch pitch without being defiled; but the cleanest of hands should not at times shrink from the risk of contamination. These observations, introductory of some few comments on a flagrant scandal which at present forms the chief topic of conversation in Turf circles, and



which more deserves the strictures it arouses than anything of the kind in the modern history of our national sport, are in no degree intended as an apology, for I consider it a duty to assume for the moment a Curtian part, and speak out boldly in the interest of justice, decency, and fair dealing. After these remarks, it is almost unnecessary to add that the *esclandre* referred to is that in reference to the position, in regard to the Turf, of the Marquess of Hastings, whose non-settlement or non-arrangement of his last year's racing accounts has excited an unprecedented amount of consternation and ill-feeling, not only among his creditors, but throughout the sporting world. When the argument of the whole story is, that his lordship owes large sums of money to men from whom it is possible he may, through his agents, in a few days demand a fortune; that they will have to pay him, while he distinctly refuses to pay them; that, in a word, the greatest defaulter on the Turf is at the same time the owner of the first favourite for the coming Derby, your readers will be somewhat prepared for the miserable details I must lay before them. In the *Sporting Gazette* of last Wednesday, I find the following sweet paragraph—a work of art, executed with all the skill that beneficent nature and long practice furnish to the aristocratic toady:—

THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS'S ACCOUNTS.—The gentleman who has hitherto exerted himself towards effecting a settlement of the Marquess of Hastings's accounts 'retired from the contest' yesterday, on finding so many impediments thrown in his way.

In the ordinary affairs of life, as conducted by straightforward, honourable, and business men, the only recognized mode of settling an account is to pay it.

Strange as it may seem to the *soi-disant* pious, who regard sport as the broad road with the undesirable terminus, there are on the Turf straightforward, honourable, and business men, who take precisely the same view of their own and other people's liabilities. There are, undoubtedly, others who delude the unwary into entrusting them with money, with which they subsequently run off; but, as a rule, they are not marquesses—they are looked upon by sporting men as scoundrels, and they are known under the generic title of 'welshers.' It is all very well for our friend Jeames to give 'the gentleman' credit for 'exertion,' and to attribute the non-payment of his lordship's debts to 'impediments thrown in his way.' The writer evidently knows on which side his own bread is buttered, and undoubtedly deserves all credit for an ingenious mode of stating the case, which serves his own interests, by at once 'smoothing down' the Marquess of Hastings, in leading the world to suppose he has been hardly dealt with, and, by implication, throwing the *onus* of the unfortunate 'situation' on the shoulders of the very men on whom it entails the greatest hardship.

In the face of a representation so plausible and yet so misleading, I feel it my duty, knowing

the whole facts of the case, to lay a 'plain, unvarnished tale' before the sporting world. During the early part of the present year, after much diplomacy on both sides, and a vast amount of smooth words and broken vows on that of his lordship's advisers, a definite proposal was at length made during the Newmarket First Spring Meeting to the more prominent creditors. It was to the effect that a sum of £10,000 should be immediately forthcoming, and that at the same time a guarantee should be given that a similar sum should be furnished in six months. It was estimated that the total amount, £20,000, would be sufficient, after clearing off some of the smaller claimants, to allow of the payment to those of larger interests, of a dividend of something like seven shillings in the pound. That these are the true facts of the case I am in a position to assert fearlessly, as some of the principal creditors—representing among them more than half of the whole liabilities of the Marquess—did me the honour to consult me as to what was best to be done in the matter. I suggested that they should demand a guarantee for the settlement in full of their claims, in the event of Lady Elizabeth winning the Derby; but at the same time strongly advised that in any case they should accept the terms offered as described above. My proposals meeting with favour, they were adopted as a line of action; and it was confidently hoped that at length a most annoying and harassing dispute would be brought to a happy termination.

What was the result? That the programme chalked out by his lordship's advisers during the First Spring Meeting was wholly abandoned, and that on Monday last the creditors were offered a new arrangement, to the effect that they should be paid £10,000, but without any guarantee that a like sum would be forthcoming in six months. The creditors were, in fact, offered what would positively amount to a present payment of three shillings or three and sixpence in the pound, and were left to imply that they might at once 'abandon hope' of the balance. Is it a matter of wonder that some of the principal claimants, feeling that they have been dallied with and humbugged beyond endurance, have now indignantly determined to reject all such proposals, and leave their noble debtor to be dealt with by public opinion and by his own conscience—if he has not long ago got rid of such a troublesome article? From first to last the affair has been most discreditable and disgraceful, and connected as it is with a member of the Jockey Club, must be excessively annoying to members of that august body. It is idle for the legislators of the Turf to urge that they take no cognizance of betting, and therefore must occupy the position of mere spectators in any dispute of which it may be the foundation. They can never get over the fact that a notorious defaulter takes part in their deliberations, on a footing of equality with themselves; they can never forget that they are men of high social standing, of unimpeached

honour and of unbounded influence over not only the business but the morality of the Turf; and in view of such dignity, character, and power—in view of the slur that is cast on them by the association with a man in the position of the Marquess of Hastings, it behoves them—and I for one earnestly implore them—to save from further disgrace the sport whose destinies are in their hands, by the immediate adoption of such steps as will prevent the repetition of so flagrant a scandal and cause of reproach. It is well known that, from the peculiar framing of the laws in regard to defaulters at Goodwood, York, and Ascot, such a state of things as I have described is utterly impossible, as any creditor can prevent his debtor's horses running so long as he fails to absolve himself from his default. Is it not a grievance that at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and all other meetings but those I have named, this very stringent but necessary law does not obtain; and that any man, even though steeped to the lips in debt, may run his horses, and make money on them if he can—all the while snapping his fingers at the creditors whose just claims he refuses to recognize? As the case now stands, a member of the Jockey Club, a body whose power in such matters is unlimited, is at once the greatest defaulter of the Turf and the owner of the first favourite for the Derby. It is known—in fact, it is not denied—that he has backed his mare to win him an enormous sum at long odds; and it is certain

that, by merely guaranteeing the liabilities of the commissioners who in this case have acted in his behalf, he actually stands to win a fortune from the very men to whom he is at the same time so deeply indebted. In fact, should Lady Elizabeth win the Derby—and the present market odds are only 3 to 1 against such a contingency—the bookmakers will have to pay to his lordship's agents the money they have betted against the mare; while, though they know that every farthing of the money so obtained from them will pass direct into their debtor's pocket, they have, under the present laws affecting racing and betting, absolutely no power to deduct either what is due to them on past accounts, or even reimburse themselves for the bets made by the Marquess on this very race—some of them so long ago that they are now possibly so much lost money. Is it not high time that the laws which sanction so monstrous an injustice should be swept into the dusthole of all effete, oppressive, and absurd legislation? Is it not high time that the Jockey Club, who alone can institute a reform—sweeping, indeed, but indispensable to the welfare of the Turf—should bestir themselves to prevent a repetition of the gross scandal which has drawn attention once more to the subject? And is it not high time that all honourable men should join in a respectful but earnest appeal that they who hold the reins of the sport should no longer be indifferent to the ruinous course which it is pursuing?

If I might venture to make a suggestion to Lord Hastings, *or his advisers*—on the supposition, of course, that they entertain a real intention to at least attempt the clearing off his liabilities—I think there would be no difficulty in devising a plan which would at once accomplish their object, without entailing much real cost. It is well known, as I have before said, that his lordship stands to win an enormous stake on Lady Elizabeth at long odds. If he desires a relief by honourable means from his embarrassment, he has only to send into the market a commission to hedge his money, which could now be done on such highly favourable terms as to realize a sum which, added to the £10,000 he and his friends pretend they are willing to produce, would at once very nearly clear off the whole of his liabilities. By this means he would be able to pay the bookmakers from the profits he could even now realize upon the transactions he has at present outstanding with them. I am quite aware that, should a large sum of hedging-money be suddenly thrown into the market, it might possibly affect the favourite's position in the quotations; but even this difficulty might readily be got over, for I fully believe not one of his lordship's creditors, if good names were given, would refuse to take the present market odds about the mare to sums proportionate to the amounts owing to them. Providing these bets were to be taken in part payment of their demands, they would, I am quite sure, take their chance of finding an opportunity of retail-

ing them. In this view of the case, supposing that the Marquess owes a little over £40,000, in set-off against this he is the present holder of bets upon which, were he so disposed, he could easily realize a ready profit of upwards of £20,000 of the amount. I throw out this suggestion, confident that it would prove an easy means of rescuing the Marquess of Hastings from a position disgraceful to himself and his ancient name, embarrassing to his friends, and discreditable to the order to which he belongs, and of, at the same time, doing justice to a class of men by whom he has never suffered any pecuniary loss, who have never dealt unfairly by him, and who suffer in mind and pocket from his ungentlemanly and unjust treatment of them. Let it be noted that it is capable of proof that his lordship has not lost money on the Turf; that, as a matter of fact, he has absolutely won from most of the bookmakers; that three of his heaviest creditors have assured me they have on the balance paid him large sums of money; and that one gentleman who paid him last year £24,000 is now out of pocket by his transactions with him to the extent of no less than £4,000, and cannot even get an offer of settlement. Let it be remembered, also, that this defaulter has from the commencement trifled with, laughed at, and now defies his creditors; that he owes them thousands of pounds which they have little hope of ever recovering; and that he has every prospect of winning an immense fortune from them, which he will put into his pocket, and pro-



bably keep there; and the racing world and the general public have some means of arriving at a true conclusion as to the honour of a nobleman, and the prospects, under present laws, of the national sport of England."

It was understood at the time that the writer of the foregoing article on the financial position of the Marquess of Hastings with regard to his betting debts was a bookmaker of the highest standing, himself a creditor for a large amount, and one of the proprietors of the paper in which it appeared. The facts that the Marquess was very heavily indebted to the Ring, that he had no present means of paying such debts of honour, and that had Lady Elizabeth won he would have been a great winner, are sufficient excuse for the publication of such an article. The pique shown at the appearance of an apologetic paragraph in another paper arose from its being matter of notoriety that the Marquess was himself one of the founders and proprietors of that paper.

It was the constant assertion of the members of the Ring that they had not won any money of Lord Hastings, as the balance of their accounts showed. To his own outrageously extravagant style of living, wholly disproportioned to his means, they attributed—and it is stated, on the best authority, with truth—his financial distresses. Of course, upon the first default of his agents to pay at Tattersall's, a demand was made by his creditors for payment in full of their demands. This was continued for some

weeks; but when the real state of his affairs was confidentially disclosed to a few of the principal bettors in the Ring, and among others to the writer of the article above quoted, it was agreed that seven shillings in the pound should be accepted by the large creditors, while the small ones should be paid in full. It must be admitted that this was a very liberal offer, as Lord Hastings was to be treated in the Ring after this settlement as if he had never defaulted; and it must be remembered that, had his mare won the Derby, he would again have been in possession of an immense sum in ready cash, and there appeared at that time every probability of her carrying off the Blue Riband for him. Such was the basis of settlement agreed to by the Ring creditors on one side and Lord Hastings's advisers and agents on the other. But the seven shillings in the pound was not forthcoming, for the very good reason that Lord Hastings, having parted with his interest in nearly everything he possessed in the world, could not find reasonable security for more than half the amount required to carry out the arrangement that had been entered into on his behalf. In this state of affairs, the proposition that the debtor should surrender to his creditors his bets on Lady Elizabeth, —then, as the article sets out, a 3 to 1 favourite for the Derby—was a most proper one, offering as it did an easy mode of releasing a prominent member of the Jockey Club, popular with the public, and not unpopular even with the great majority of his cre-

ditors, from a position most unhappy for a man of honour. So large were the investments Lord Hastings had made on Lady Elizabeth through his commissioners, that the Ring men would have been willing to give him £20,000 down for his chances of winning, provided he would apply the sum to the part payment of his debts to them.

The suggestion, however, came to nothing, and Lady Elizabeth's misfortune prevented her owner from winning the bets he had taken about her. The article was published at the time, it was thought, in the interests of the Ring, and certainly with the knowledge and concurrence of several of the largest creditors of Lord Hastings, but it was really as much in his own interest that he should settle with his creditors as in that of the creditors themselves. It has all the bitterness of contemporary criticism on his doings, but since his death a different feeling has generally prevailed.

The unfortunate Marquess was very frequently in what is termed "hot water" about his horses; much, if not all, of the unpleasantness arising from his constant state of pecuniary embarrassment. The scratching of The Earl for the Derby, and the report that Admiral Rous had put down Lady Elizabeth's shameful defeat in that race to the administration of an overdose of laudanum, created a great sensation.

The Earl, one of the best horses ever possessed by Lord Hastings, was bred at the Royal Paddocks

at Hampton Court, in 1865, by Young Melbourne out of Bay Celia by Orlando, her dam Hersey, by Glaucus out of Hester by Camel — Monimia by Muley—Sister to Petworth by Precipitate.

Young Melbourne, bred by Lord Glasgow in 1855, is by Melbourne out of Clarissa by Pantaloon, her dam by Glencoe out of Frolicsome by Frolic — Stamford — Alexina. Young Melbourne never started but once, in 1857, as a two-year-old, when he was beaten in a match at even weights by Lord Derby's Whitewall; but Lord Glasgow's colt fell in the race. Young Melbourne's stock came out in 1861, and he is the sire of the following winners:— Maid of Masham filly, Beauvale, Coalition filly, Passion, Rapid Rhone filly out of an Orlando mare, filly out of a Birdcatcher mare, filly out of a Game-boy mare, Brother to Rapid Rhone, General Peel, Emigration, Chessman, Melbourne, Mary, Arcade, Strafford, Barmaid, Satanella colt, Bab - at - the - Bowster filly, colt out of a Teddington mare, Lizzie Hesham, The Earl, Epigram, Geelong, Kingsland, Owain Glyndwr, Python, Scotchman's Pride, Actress, Agrippa, Anne Boleyn, Baroness, Miss Sarah colt, another Maid of Masham filly, Clovis, Di Vernon, Liberal, Poinsettia, and Prince Imperial.

Bay Celia, bred by General Peel, in 1851, passed into the late Mr. Henry Elwes's hands, when as a two-year-old she showed great promise, winning the Lavant at Goodwood and the Hopeful at Newmarket; her only other appearance during the year

being at Bibury, where she ran second to a large field for the Champagne. Bay Celia never ran afterwards.

The correspondence on the subject of The Earl's being scratched was begun by Admiral Rous, who never minced his words when he was engaged in what he considered the discharge of his public duty. He wrote as follows, under date June 15th, 1868:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

SIR—Observing in your paper of to-day the following paragraph quoted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"The *Sporting Life*, with more audacity, mentions what Admiral Rous said on the course—that if he had taken as much laudanum as had been given to the mare, he would have been a dead man." Permit me to state that it is perfectly untrue. My belief is that Lady Elizabeth had a rough spin with Athena in March, when the Days discovered she had lost her form—a very common occurrence with fillies which have been severely trained at two years old; that when the discovery was made they reversed a commission to back her for the One Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket; and they declared that Lord Hastings would not bring her out before the Derby, on which he stood to win a great stake. I am informed that when Lord Hastings went to Danebury to see her gallop, they made excuses for her not to appear. If he had seen her move, the bubble would have burst. But the touters reported "she was going like a bird." Ten pounds will make any horse fly if the trainer wishes it to rise in the market. *She has never been able to gallop the whole year.* Lord Hastings has been shamefully deceived; and with respect to the scratching of The Earl, Lord Westmoreland came up to town early on Tuesday from Epsom to beseech Lord Hastings not to commit such an act. On his arrival in Grosvenor-square, he met Mr. Hill going to Weatherby's, with the order in his pocket to scratch The Earl, and Mr. Padwick closeted with Lord Hastings. In justice to the Marquess of Hastings, I state that he stood to win thirty-five thousand pounds by The Earl, and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will

ask, "Why did he scratch him?" What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. J. Rous.

13, Berkeley-square.

To this outspoken statement Lord Hastings replied in the following terms:—

SIR—I have read with the greatest astonishment a letter in *The Times* of to-day bearing the signature of Admiral Rous. I can only characterize this letter as a tissue of misrepresentation from first to last. There is no one single circumstance mentioned as regards my two horses—Lady Elizabeth and The Earl—correctly stated. I wish also to add that, so far from being "shamefully deceived," as stated in Admiral Rous's letter, The Earl was scratched by my express desire and authority, and that I myself wrote to Messrs. Weatherby to scratch him, and that no one either prompted me or suggested to me to adopt that course. I trust that this distinct contradiction will induce Admiral Rous to abstain in future from publishing statements which he could find to be unfounded if he had previously taken the trouble or sought the opportunity of verifying them.

Your obedient servant,

34, Grosvenor-square.

HASTINGS.

Mr. Padwick, who was mentioned by the Admiral as "closeted with Lord Hastings," was much blamed by public opinion as an interested party to the scratching, and was perhaps wrongly believed to be the Spider of the Admiral's letter, also published his reply:—

SIR—Admiral Rous having thought himself justified in using my name in a letter which he has addressed to *The Times*, I beg you will be good enough to permit me to make in reply the follow

ing statement:—I was desired by the Marquess of Hastings (who did not intend to be at Epsom on Tuesday before the Derby) to scratch The Earl for his Derby engagement. Lord Hastings informed me that he had determined upon that course, as Lady Elizabeth had arrived safely at Epsom, and was to run in the Derby. In consequence, however, of a conversation which I had with the Duke of Beaufort, I did not comply with Lord Hastings request, but returned to town for the purpose of representing to him the conversation which I had had with the Duke of Beaufort. The conversation was to the effect that his Grace wished Lord Hastings to reconsider his intention of scratching The Earl, as his doing so would be unsatisfactory to the public. I faithfully represented this to Lord Hastings, who, notwithstanding, decided upon scratching the horse. This he himself did, by writing a letter to Messrs. Weatherby, which was conveyed to them by Mr. Hill. Shortly after the letter had been sent, Lord Westmoreland came into Lord Hastings' room, where there were already Mr. Coventry, Captain Barlow, and some other gentleman, whose name I do not remember. Before leaving the room, I mentioned to Lord Westmoreland that I had reported to Lord Hastings, the representation made by the Duke of Beaufort, but without effect; and I added that Lord Hastings had sent a letter to Messrs. Weatherby desiring them to scratch The Earl. I had no control over or interest in the horse, and I was no party to his being scratched; and Lord Hastings, in the presence of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, accepted the exclusive responsibility of the act.

In conclusion, I beg most unhesitatingly to state that I had not betted one single shilling either on or against The Earl for his Derby engagement.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY PADWICK.

4, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, June 16.

The Days, however, who were accused of having shamefully deceived their employer, and, as a consequence, helped to bring about his ruin, had most cause for complaint at the Admiral's strong Saxon.

Their injury they evidently thought to be too great for mere explanations to the public. They instituted proceedings.

SIR—We have been consulted by Mr. John Day, of Danebury, in reference to a letter which appeared in *The Times* of the 16th instant, signed by the Hon. Admiral Rous.

We have been instructed by Mr. Day to institute legal proceedings against Admiral Rous, with a view of vindicating Mr. Day and his family against the imputations which have been cast upon them, and we have, by to-day's post, written to Admiral Rous, requesting to be furnished with the name of his solicitor. In the meantime, we rely on your sense of justice to permit us to give, on behalf of Mr. Day, in your columns, the most unqualified and unconditional contradiction to the aspersions which Admiral Rous has thought proper to cast upon Mr. Day.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

VALLANCE AND VALLANCE.

20, Essex-street, Strand, June 17.

The feeling, not only of the followers of the sport, but of the general public, was now thoroughly aroused. The conspicuous position on the Turf of the parties to the correspondence, and the prospect of an action which should clear up all the mystery surrounding the wretched performance of Lady Elizabeth in the Derby, and the non-appearance of her stable companion for that event, which all England believed he could have won, excited unusual interest in this "most notorious Turf scandal," as it was termed.

There was a necessary lull until, in the autumn,



the correspondence was further resumed after this fashion:—

4, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, W., Sept. 28, 1868.

SIR—I applied, as you are aware, to the stewards of the Jockey Club, to institute an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the scratching of The Earl for the Derby and St. Leger, and felt confident, had they complied with my request, I should have been able to refute the imputations cast on me by your letter to *The Times*. The Jockey Club declined to entertain the subject, stating no charge had been made affecting my character. Having no other tribunal to appeal to, I now ask you to reduce to some distinct form the imputations cast on me by your letter, that I may meet and deal with them in a manner which I have every confidence will induce you to acknowledge the injustice of those imputations, and withdraw the charges you have made against me.

I remain,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY PADWICK.

To the Hon. Admiral Rous.

Mr. Padwick having been refused the favour of a full hearing by the Jockey Club, had called upon Admiral Rous to put his charges into distinct terms, to which the Admiral replied post haste next day by asking a most awkward question, and expressing a charitable wish after it that it might turn out that the Marquess and his financial agent had been the victims of a conspiracy.

Newmarket, Sept. 29.

SIR—In answer to your letter, requesting me to reduce to some distinct form the imputation cast upon you respecting your connivance at scratching The Earl for the Derby after he was paraded at Epsom, and requiring me to withdraw the charges I have made against you, I shall be happy to do so if you will explain why The Earl (by your orders to Messrs. Weatherby) ran at Newmarket in

your name and colours in the Biennial, and received forfeit in the match as Mr. Padwick's The Earl against See-Saw. If you had no interest in the horse, which you stated to me in your June letter, why were all the winnings, including the three Ascot sweepstakes, paid to your account? These facts must be explained by Lord Hastings and yourself, under oath at the tribunal you have advised Mr. Day to appeal to; and, wishing that you should exculpate yourself, and that you and Lord Hastings have been the victims of a conspiracy,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. J. ROUS.

To Hy. Padwick, Esq.

Then it is Mr. Padwick's turn. He explains the state of affairs with regard to the Marquess's horses at the time, and points out his kindly and disinterested anxiety for his noble friend and for the public at large.

4, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, W., Sept. 30.

SIR—In reply to your letter of the 29th, I beg to state that, previous to The Earl running at Newmarket, in the Craven Meeting, the solicitor to the Marquess of Hastings applied to me for a loan of a large amount, to meet some claims requiring prompt attention; and in making the advance I received, with other securities, a bill of sale, which included The Earl and other race-horses of the Marquess. That bill of sale was duly registered. The Marquess had various creditors pressing him and an execution about to issue, in which case the sheriff would have seized the race-horses, and removed and sold them, unless protected by myself. I was advised that The Earl, at the time you refer to, had better run in my colours, but neither his winnings on that occasion nor any subsequent were ever carried to my private account by Messrs. Weatherby, but placed by them to a separate account; and every shilling appropriated by the Messrs. Weatherby to the payment of the forfeits and engagements of the horses sold to various persons by Lord Hastings, under Lord Exeter's conditions. Even the

winnings of the animals I purchased at his public sale (one-third of which the Marquess became entitled to) were paid over to Messrs. Weatherby to the private account of the Marquess, and I have further contributed the sum of £1,400 out of my own pocket, up to this moment, to enable him to keep faith with the public. I give you the benefit of these facts, which will be confirmed on oath when required; but, in the meantime, being anxious to give you every possible information, I enclose two letters, received at different periods from Messrs. Weatherby, on the subject of my own account, and that marked No. 2, which is that of Lord Hastings; and you are at perfect liberty to apply to Messrs. Weatherby for any information with reference to the above, and they will have my authority to afford it.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HY. PADWICK.

To the Hon. Admiral Rous.

The only reply to this letter to be got from Admiral Rous was a curt line returning Messrs. Weatherby's letters. After waiting a fortnight, Mr. Padwick again returns to the charge, announcing his intention of publishing the correspondence, a course he took.

4, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, W., Oct. 16.

SIR—I have now waited a fortnight since my last letter to you and your return of Messrs. Weatherby's letters, in the expectation held out to me, not only by your letter of the 29th ult., but by many gentlemen with whom you have conferred, that you would not only withdraw the imputation cast on me by your letter to *The Times*, but would award to me the only reparation in your power, by an admission that the charges made against me by you had no foundation. With everything placed before you in my power to enable you to satisfy yourself as to facts, I am entitled to demand from you a full retractation, or to attribute the absence of it to a want of moral courage on your part to admit a wrong, or remedy

—so far as you can—a most unwarrantable and wilful injustice. In the absence of any satisfactory reply, I shall take the liberty of publishing the further correspondence which has passed between us, leaving the public to form their conclusions.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY PADWICK.

The Hon. Admiral Rous, Newmarket.

And to this the Admiral, who was at head-quarters, sent the following reply:—

Newmarket, October 20.

SIR—In answer to yours of the 16th instant, I must remind you that you misinterpret mine of the 29th of September. The explanation as to the interest of yourself in The Earl, which I told you I should await before any further public statement on my part, was an explanation (as appears by my words) to be given at the ensuing trial of the pending action, *Day v. Rous*. In your letter of the 30th of September, you refer, among other matters, to a bill of sale from Lord Hastings to yourself. A copy of this document is now before me, and I am bound to tell you that, having regard to the terms and other circumstances of the case, I do not feel justified in saying more at present than that, for the sake of everybody, it is essential that the facts should be thoroughly sifted by the examination of all parties before the tribunal before which you yourself have advised Mr. Day to appeal. Should you publish the correspondence between us, may I beg you to include this letter.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY JOHN ROUS.

The Earl had been struck out of the Derby on the day before the race, at seven o'clock in the evening. He was struck out of the St. Leger, and all his other engagements in 1868, on the Friday afternoon before

the Doncaster race, whereupon the following certificate was issued:—

London, September 5, 1868.

I hereby certify that I have this day examined at Danebury, by request of the Marquess of Hastings, a thoroughbred horse called The Earl, and am of opinion that the said horse is lame from a strain of the suspensory ligament of his near fore-leg, and quite unfit to run in the approaching St. Leger race.

WILLIAM MAVOR, M.R.C.V.S.

The backers of The Earl were as much dissatisfied with his St. Leger non-appearance as they had been with his failure to run for the Derby. Opinion was very strong at the time, and was expressed in terms as strong; but when it came to be established as a fact that the unfortunate colt had really broken down, much sympathy was expressed for his owner, broken in health and in fortunes. The scarlet and white hoops had always been a prime favourite up to a few months before, when, for the first time, the Marquess, or those who controlled his horses, were suspected of not running straight.

The curious and interesting proceedings regarding "The Earl affair" came to a most lame conclusion. The action *Day v. Rous* was never brought. The following letters were interchanged between plaintiff and defendant, the excitement ended, and this Turf scandal was left to rest, if not to be forgotten.

SIR—On the 16th of June last a letter appeared in your columns from Admiral Rous, under the title of "Admiral Rous on the Turf," containing reflections upon me and my family.

I have now to request the favour of your giving publicity to a letter which has been addressed to me by the Admiral, withdrawing his former letter, and a copy of which I beg to enclose.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN DAY.

Danebury, Stockbridge, Hants, Jan. 19, 1869.

13, Berkeley-square, Jan. 18.

SIR—As the legal proceedings pending between us have been stopped by you, I now withdraw my letter published in *The Times* newspaper on the 16th of June; and the fact of my having addressed a second letter to the editor on the same day, requesting him not to insert the first, is a proof that I did not consider myself justified in desiring it to be published.

I am, Sir, yours,

H. J. Rous.

To Mr. Day.

The opinion expressed by a writer in the *Saturday Review*, on the occasion of the publication of the last two letters of the correspondence, was precisely in accord with that of the public generally:—

“The action is withdrawn, and the letter is withdrawn; but whether the action is withdrawn on condition of the letter being also withdrawn, or whether the letter is withdrawn on condition of the action being withdrawn, and which withdrawal was first proposed and first accepted, and from which side the surrender was suggested, we, at any rate, know not. Very likely we shall hear that the sporting oracles congratulate themselves and their peculiar people on the good feeling displayed by all parties, on the necessity of avoiding public scandal, and the happy termination of this painful matter. But then we are not sporting people, and to our poor minds the termination of this queer business is just the most discreditable thing about it. To hush up such a case aggravates it. ‘Brother, brother, we’re both in the wrong,’ may be a very amiable sentiment, and is a very convenient conclusion in this

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case. But the case is just one of those in which two wrongs certainly do not make one right."

But some two months before the foregoing letters, which brought to a conclusion the exciting controversy of Lady Elizabeth's and The Earl's year, their unfortunate owner had been laid with his fathers. Remarkable and brilliant as Lord Hastings's career had been, its end was wretched. Worn out in body and in mind, broken-hearted and bankrupt, died the still young man, who had succeeded to the jaunty lad, with an honest liking for a race-horse of his own, of a few short years before. There is sufficient evidence that the ruin of his fortunes was brought about, not by betting on horse-races, but by extravagant expenditure and high play: that of his constitution—never a strong one—by late hours and indulgence.

The second article previously mentioned as worthy of republication here appeared in a leading daily paper on the 12th of November, 1868, as follows:—

"'The Earl's year' has reached a sad climax in the death of its leading actor. The Spider and the Fly drama is ended. That poor coroneted youth, who had crowded into six years more Corinthian excitement and weightier Turf cares than many 'fast men' know in a lifetime, has laid down his weary load. He was only twenty-six in July, and he had frittered away two fine family estates. Betting is said to be the touchstone of the Englishman's sin-

cerity, but with the Marquess a craving for the odds had really become a disease. He worshipped chance with all the ardour of a fanatic. His wits were, he considered, worth to him in the Betting-ring at least £20,000 a year, and he sometimes threaded his way through the mazes of trials and public running with all the sagacity of a wizard. His public *coups* were often so brilliant that it was hardly to be wondered at that he believed in his own destiny and his power to break the Ring. He cared little whether the draining or other improvements on his Donnington estate were stopped, if he only got fresh supplies for another Newmarket campaign. The Ring, on the other hand, had marked him for their own, and never left him. They would cluster beneath the Jockey Club balcony at Epsom, holding up their hands to claim his attention, and catching at his replies like a flock of hungry hawks. There he would stand, smiling at the wild tumult below, wearing his hat jauntily on one side, a red flower in his button-hole and his colours round his neck, and cool and calm, while 'the talent' made his horse a 'hot favourite' at once, and a few slipped back to the Ring to follow his lead. For a time he was a perfect Cocker; but he fell at last in the unequal strife, and the men who had 'drawn' him most copiously were among those who set their faces most sternly against him when he wished to see the Heath once more.

The Marquess's taste for the Turf was not an hereditary one. His father's heart was with hound



and horn. He loved to halloo 'the red rascal' over the rides far better than watching the Leger horses close up round the Red House turn. The men of the Midlands still speak of him as quite a representative sportsman with Will Goodall and the 'Sir Harry' whom they lost so early. He would hardly have stepped aside to see a race; but a scarcity of foxes in Charnwood Forest, or finding himself above twelve stone on the scales, would have sorely vexed his soul. His son cared for none of these things. Still, he could not bear to see the Quorn without a master, and he stepped boldly into the breach when Mr. Clowes resigned in '66. He wore the horn at his saddle bow for conformity's sake, but he never blew it; and he let the field go its own way, and hunted the country on no system. A bit of a gallop, a check, and then trotting off to sift a favourite gorse for a fresh fox, jumped much more with his humour than an old-fashioned hunting run, where hounds had to puzzle it out. Often, when his hounds had reached the meet, ten or twelve miles away, he was hardly out of bed, and he would turn up 'on wheels,' and occasionally from London by special train, and give Wilson the word to draw when half the field had gone home. No wonder that caricatures were drawn, and squibs flew gaily about, and that even Leicestershire said it would rather be bled in the purse-vein than have the country hunted gratis in such fashion. Satirical verses failed to sour him. He took the sting out of their tail by reprinting

them at his own private press, and posted them far and wide. On the last day of his mastership he slipped quietly away to the station, and when they looked for him to give him a parting cheer he had been well-nigh gone an hour.

The honour of being 'the man who belongs to' The Duke, or The Earl, or little Lecturer was no burden to him. He took quite naturally to the Turf from the first, enfolded under the wing of Danebury. In 1862 not six people at Newmarket knew who the slim lad was on the grey cob; but the Ring soon saw that he was a veritable Hampshire ambassador when he put down the money so unflinchingly on a Danebury pot. To John Day's suggestion that in his position he was morally bound to have a nice yearling or two of his own, he leant no ungracious ear. When the rivalry round the Hampton Court and Middle Park Rings almost foamed into madness, and 2,500 guineas and 2,000 guineas were among the yearling prices of one afternoon, he was never tempted beyond 1,650 guineas for King Charles, and 1,500 guineas for Robespierre. The former would have been dear at fifty guineas, and the latter won well in the colours of another. His two best horses, The Duke (500 guineas) and The Earl (450 guineas), were among his cheapest purchases. The late Alfred Day first wore his colours on Garotter, in the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton, and Sam Rogers won a Maiden Plate on that colt a few weeks afterwards. The first great victory for the

'red and white hoops' was the Cambridgeshire of 1864, with Ackworth, which had been esteemed a dear two thousand purchase. Gradually his stables swelled to upwards of thirty, and about £70,000 were the spoils of six seasons. Catalogue was a great pet of his Lordship's, and he did not care how much he backed her for in a Selling Sweepstakes, and how dearly he redeemed her. A cycle of barrenness followed one of profusion, and Mr. Padwick graciously allowed him, in 1865, to have Kangaroo at, it was said, £12,000, and he never won as many halfpence; while The Duke was useless, from influenza, till half the season was over. In 1866, which produced him a One Thousand Guineas winner in Repulse, and a Goodwood Cup one in The Duke, the stable was once more at a deadlock for a Cesarewitch horse; but little Lecturer, a foal from the Sledmere sale, carried 7st. 3lbs., and won, it was said, £40,000 for the Donnington party.

A winter's reflection convinced his Lordship that Hermit could never win the Derby, and £103,000 was the price he paid for his thoughts. People were once wont to tell, almost below their breath, that 'Davis, the Leviathan,' had been known to pay away £60,000 on the Derby. The present age is capable of greater efforts, as before the Monday the bankers and solicitors had consulted, and the whole of the Marquess's losings were found for him. Thus panic was averted from 'The Corner;' but the fair lands of Loudoun passed from his hand. At Ascot

his lucky star rose once more. Lady Elizabeth and Lecturer were both in form, and his Lordship kept backing them, and piling on the winnings again by a sort of geometric progression, gambling till he had won nearly half 'his ain again.' It was now the turn for reverses. His Lordship rather fancied The Earl, but the stable overruled him in favour of Lady Elizabeth. The flying filly came back with a sadly chequered fame, a bad fifth for the Middle Park Plate, and yet the victress in one of the most wonderful of modern matches at 9lbs. with the three-year-old Julius.

The Marquess had now fallen back again to nearly the same 'agony point' in finance as when he saw the 'all rose' handed home for the Derby. A weary winter followed, and he was so driven from pillar to post by many troubles and Turf creditors that he lost his interest in Turf matters, and his head for calculations with it. The irritable Lady Elizabeth wasted to a shadow in her training; and how The Earl was scratched, and then became the hero of the Parisians and the Ascot visitors, and how the few words that were dropped at York proved the precursor of his Leger doom, are all dark passages of Turf politics, and not easily forgotten. We saw the last of The Earl when he was bought in, as stout as a burgomaster, for 3,900 guineas, at Tattersall's; and then he departed to Findon, with a leg upon whose chances of standing a preparation each man seemed to differ with his fellow.

The late Marquess had been abroad all the summer in his yacht; but no northern breezes could fan him back to health. He came to Doncaster, from Norway, on crutches, and looking very ill and nervous; and well he might, as, instead of having a St. Leger winner, he had only the lean comfort of a veterinary certificate from Mr. Mavor. At the First October he was on Newmarket Heath in a basket carriage, which he only quitted to say a word to the pretty Athena, 'which once was mare of mine,' when she was led back a winner. As at Doncaster, he did not go beyond 'a pony' or two. 'Mind, I'm to have this paid,' said one Ring man when he booked it to him; and after that week they saw him no more. Nearly seven seasons had passed by since he first came, a lad of nineteen, fresh from Eton, to Newmarket; and he left it, a shattered man, only to die. He spent some time at Folkestone, and visited town for a few days, before he set out for a winter sojourn with his wife on the Nile. Some few friends dared to hope that he might come back a new man, and live quietly in his old country home, and train the foals by The Duke. It was not to be. 'All the wheels were down,' and now the fourth and the last Marquess of Hastings only lives in racecourse story."

The figure of the late Marquess filled so large a space in the Turf world during his short connection with it; his career was regarded with such great interest, not only by Turfites, but by the public at large; and his sad death at an early age evoked so

much sympathy for him, and caused such torrents of abuse to be poured forth upon the system of things which it was alleged had brought about his ruin, that no apology needs be made for reprinting the previous articles concerning him. As, however, it may appear that they are not representative, but merely expressions of opinion—one from a writer who, familiar with the incidents of the Marquess's life, had no sympathy for the national sport; the other from the pen of a man who, if not piqued himself, was, at all events, the representative of the pique of others—appended are five or six short extracts from as many different journals, which will sufficiently show the opinion of the press upon what was the subject of universal comment—the career of the Marquess of Hastings.

*Baily's Monthly Magazine* said:—"The daily journals have well worked out this new vein of sensationalism, and, amid the excitement and attraction of political strife, have found a place in their columns for pitiless attack and outpourings of bitter resentment upon one whose past life mercy would fain consign to oblivion. What influence, whether for good or evil, his example has had upon Turf morals, it is beside our purpose to inquire. To trace his ruinous downfall to his connection with the Turf alone would be as notoriously ridiculous as to attribute the present state of Turf affairs to any influence he may have exercised upon them during the period of his devotion to racing pursuits."

*The Saturday Review* said :—" Though a master of hounds, he was the worst sportsman that ever hunted the Quorn; and on the Turf he seems to have neglected, or never found himself able to comprehend, that which alone makes horse-racing a refined pursuit. It was not so much the blood or bottom of the horses that he studied, as their practical use as the chequers by which he played his tremendous games of gambling. Whether it was simple fatuity that consigned him as a prey to the devices of the Ring, or whether gambling had become a fanaticism to him, it is not for us to know. We have not the materials on which to pronounce. Enough that conscience, judgment, and feeling must have all been obliterated before such a career was lived through. And now the end has come. A constitution feeble from the first has been actually long-lived, when it has taken a lustrum of such a constant strain on body and mind, culminating in such a crash of ruin and disgrace, to destroy it."

*The Field* said :—" There was something approaching to insanity in the way in which he scattered his means; a suicidal rendering of the *tela sparsimus* which speaks to the honours of his family. And then the return—the great object to be obtained—was so small in comparison with the risk he courted. Let us make the most we can of it, and say he

' Blazed forth at once, Newmarket's brightest star,  
With knaves of all descriptions popular ;'

and the notoriety of the Marquess of Hastings is at its zenith. He had not even a sportsman's excuse for his prodigality. He had no personal prowess; was no horseman, and cared little or nothing for the hounds he kept for a season or so, for he would leave them in the field on the first opportunity; whilst the thousands he wagered on a plating race might, as far as real sport was concerned, as well have depended on the length of a straw or the colour of a cow."

*The Sportsman* said:—"The Hermit losses of Lord Hastings, like his gains on Lecturer, were unparalleled in the history of racing. When Mr. Chaplin's horse came in to weigh, after winning the Derby, we recollect that the man who was almost the first to pat him on the neck was the nobleman of whom we are now writing; and knowing, as we did, how he must have lost by the result, we could not but wonder at the composure with which he surveyed the scene before him, not an expression of mortification escaping his lips."

*Bell's Life in London* said:—"As a master of hounds he totally ignored all the recognized rules of the noble science. Of hounds he knew nothing; could scarcely distinguish a badger-pied one from a black and white. Of riding across country he knew as little. To describe Lord Hastings as a friend of racing would be impossible; and we fully endorse the remark of a leading Turf authority, that the Marquess of Hastings was the worst



enemy to the Turf he ever recollected during the course of his experience."

*The Sporting Gazette* said:—"On being recently asked his reason for scratching The Earl by a legal emissary, the simple answer the Marquess gave was, 'Because I chose.' He had a great eye for neatness to appointments, and has been even known to find fault with his *chargé d'affaires* if the men did not loop their boots up to the same button on the knee. He cared little really for his shooting, though he liked to have it 'well done;' and it would almost seem as if he never expected to see his pheasants shot again, for he sent out all his annual game presents this year for the first time in partridges instead."

Severe as were the comments of the Press, it is impossible to say they were undeserved. At first the Marquess undoubtedly loved his race-horse *quâ* race-horse; but soon he learned to value him only as an instrument of gambling. His influence on the national sport was bad, and it is for the good of the Turf that the inflated gambling spirit and high wagering that distinguished the Hastings period of its history passed away soon after the disappearance of their chief supporter.

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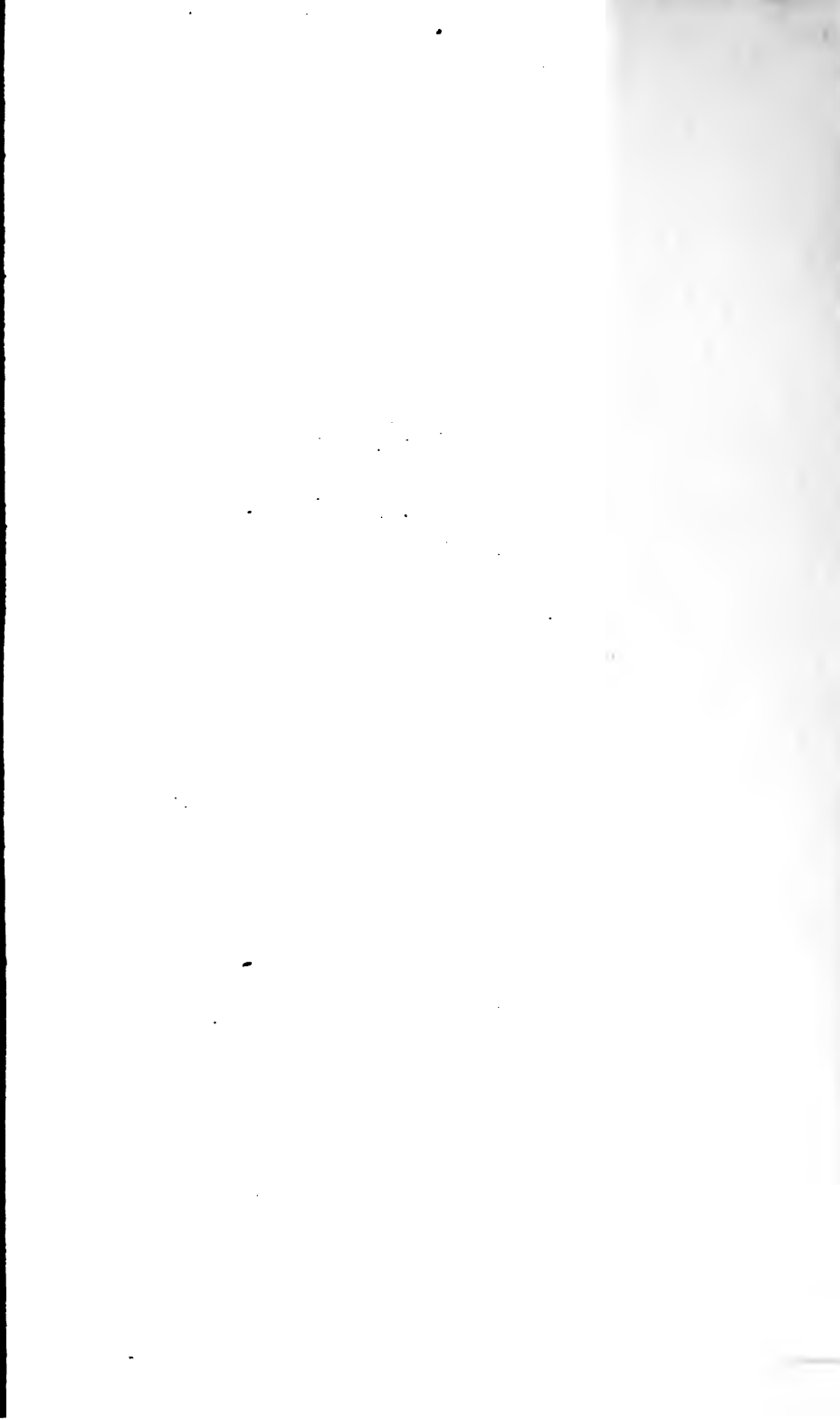
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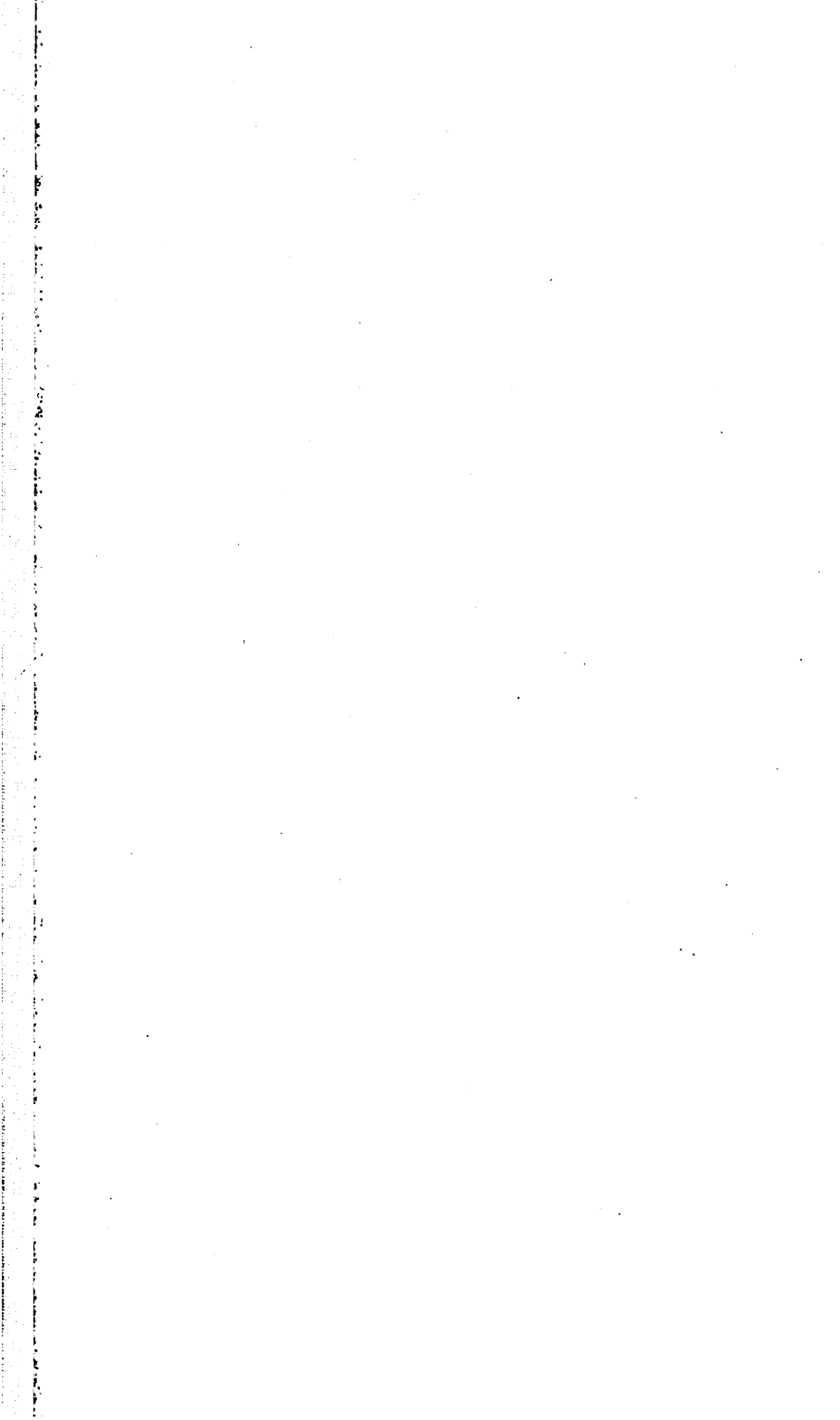
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